

METHODIST REVIEW

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A STUDY OF THE PRAYING AND PROMISES OF JESUS

Is it not most significant that he prayed at all? Jesus had every form of strength which men associate with the most masterful masculine life. He had strength of body. He had strength of mind. He had strength of purpose and will. He had marvelous strength of affection. He had strength to move amid foul conditions without catching their contagion. He had extraordinary patience and was absolutely fearless in the presence of hostility. He was calm and undaunted when assailed by official religion. He had every form of strength which men count admirable. Yet this man prayed, and was constantly praying. He was the strongest who ever trod the ways of men, so strong and pure that he had no sense of sin, no need of repentance, no prayer for pardon, and yet we have no other such record of prayer. There are two ways of learning from a master: one is to watch him, the other is to listen to his teachings. In this study we shall combine both methods.

At one place where he was praying, when he rose from his knees one of his disciples said to him, "Master, teach us to pray" (Luke 11. 1).

This little sidelight from Dr. Weymouth's translation, showing Jesus on his knees, is very suggestive and most instructive. Jesus upon his knees. I think of this as, up to that time, one of the happiest moments in the life of the Master. He then realized that the disciples had begun to learn the secret of his strength, which was prayer, and when they said, "Master, teach us to pray," his joy must have been great. Let us watch him pray.

The first impression as we watch him is that, notwithstanding all his strength and purity, he had an ever-present consciousness that he needed help outside of himself, and, further, that that help was always available. Perhaps that truth is nowhere better illustrated than when he stood at the grave of Lazarus. There was nothing to be seen to encourage his faith. There was the body dead four days, and the doubting crowd weeping, but Jesus, conscious of both need and help, said, "Father, I thank thee that thou heardest me," with the suggestion that he had prayed it out privately with his Father, and added, "I know that thou hearest me always." Then he cried, "Lazarus, come forth," with the natural consequence, "he that was dead came forth." Thus this consciousness of need and a Father always ready to hear and answer is the first conception we get of the prayer life of Jesus, and in this incident the foundation of his prayer life and teaching concerning prayer is illustrated. That he loved to pray is the second impression. This love became a passion. The Spirit drew him back to the Father at every leisure moment just as naturally as the mother's heart turns to the child. This is manifested in the amount of prayer. There are fifteen recorded accounts of his praying, and in three of these, we read, he continued "all night in prayer." How many more is not recorded. A few statements clearly show that only a few strokes or outlines concerning his praying are given from which we can make our picture. In the fifth chapter of Luke it is said, "He withdrew into the wilderness and prayed," but a more correct rendering is, "He was retiring in the desert and praying." "But Jesus himself constantly withdrew into the desert and there prayed." These more correct translations suggest a habit running through his life. Again on the night of his arrest, when he selected his place for prayer, it is said, "And he came out and went, as his custom was, unto the mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place," Mark tells us it was Gethsemane. Think of Gethsemane being known as the place of prayer where it was his custom to go. Three whole nights of prayer are recorded in three years of ministry. Not fanatical, so as to break his health, yet tremendously suggestive. Christ's prayer life by contrast to

most of ours will stand out if we ask ourselves, "How many 'whole nights' during a life time have I continued in prayer, in communion with my heavenly Father?"

His times and places of prayer impress us as full of significance. It appears that the very early mornings were his favorite times. "In the morning, a great while before day," or, "When it was day, he came out and went into a desert place," "He rose early, while it was yet dark." Christ's example would certainly encourage the keeping of the "morning watch." His most loved places of prayer are suggested by "the deserts," "the mountains," "a solitary place." But his constant spirit of prayer is suggested by another statement showing that he did not need to be in any of these places to be "alone" with his Father; "And it came to pass as he was praying alone the disciples were with him." The pictures of his prayer life are given like an etching in black and white where the fewest possible strokes make up the picture. What a revelation there is in this stroke—in the crowd, but "praying alone" with the Father.

In prayer he received wisdom and power for his lifework is another impression we receive as we watch him pray. When he was baptized as a fulfilling of the law before entrance upon his public mission, not for the remission of sin, it is said, "And praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Spirit descended," and in the power of the Holy Spirit thus received he went up into the wilderness and overcame the prince of devils. When the great crisis was upon him of choosing the twelve, what do we read? "It came to pass in those days that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day he called his disciples, and he chose from them twelve, whom he also named apostles." And the narrative runs on naturally. The same day there is a description of "a great number of people" from all Judæa, Jerusalem, Tyre, and Sidon, who came "to be healed of their diseases." Then notice what followed: "All the multitude sought to touch him; for power came forth from him and he healed them all." Remember carefully that this marvelous day's work was preceded by, "And he continued all night in prayer to God." He had his own way of getting rested for so great a

day of service. What a comment upon his rebuke to his disciples when they could not cast the evil spirit out of the possessed boy! But Jesus cast him out. Then the disciples asked him privately, "How is it that we could not cast him out?" Jesus answered, "This kind can come out by nothing save by prayer"—"and fasting," which was in the Authorized Version, is not in the Revision. Dr. Weymouth's translation reads, "An evil spirit of this kind can only be driven out by prayer." His second night of prayer is recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Matthew and the sixth chapter of Mark, and was followed by Jesus walking on the water and coming the next day into the land of Gennesaret, where he went into the "village, or cities, or country," and "they laid the sick in the market places and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment, and as many as touched him were made whole." A night of prayer followed by a day of marvelous service. The third night of prayer was the night of the transfiguration, in which the disciples saw "a complete eclipse of all former revelations of God in man," when "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." The disciples were given a view of Moses and Elijah "in glory," or humanity as it is after death, and in Jesus of humanity as it can be in this life; illustrating the unappropriated power of prayer. Dr. Jowett has said of this prayer: "He went up into a mountain to pray." And why did he go? Before him there stretched the darkening road to appalling desolation. Yonder loomed the cross. And this was the temptation which, I think, approached his soul: 'Is it worth while?' Should he go on to night and crucifixion, or there and then finish with translation? Reverently, I believe these were the alternatives in those days of gathering gloom. Should he choose an immediate reentry into 'the glory which I had with thee before the world was,' or a reentry into the world of resentment, where dwelt the evil spirits of malice and rejection? Should he finish there, or go on to the bitter end? 'He prayed,' and while he prayed he made his choice. He would go down to the scene of rejection, down to the waiting multitude, down to the envious eyes, down to the malicious designs, down to the cross." Who that has entered into fellowship with Christ in travail for souls

has not known a similar hour, as far as human limitations would permit? Who has never been tempted to ask if a certain bit of blood-demanding work was worth while? It was in that hallowed ground of prayer, where it was "his custom" to go, that in agonizing prayer he got the victory over everything for the final and greatest work for which he came into the world—to "give his life a ransom for many"—and was able to cease to mention his own will, and to say, "Thy will be done," concerning the cross. The Father who always heard him could not save the world and save his Son from that hour, but his prayer was answered, "for there appeared unto him an angel from heaven strengthening him"; and in the strength gained in prayer he finished the work given him to do and redeemed a world.

His method and order in prayer we may learn in his prayer of Intercession. Conscious that through a life of prayer he had finished his work, though the greatest event was yet to follow, he prayed first for himself, thus: "Glorify thy Son, that thy Son may also glorify thee." Having thus prayed that his own work might be so completed that he might glorify his Father, he next prayed for his disciples in these words: "I pray for them . . . I pray not that thou shouldest take them from the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil one." Then he passed on to pray, "Neither do I pray for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." Here he passes on in his prayers to pray for all who were to believe on him through the influence of his disciples all down through the centuries. Here we learn the true order of prayer. First, each one should pray that he may so finish his own work that the Father may be glorified in his perfect life and the perfect accomplishment of what has been given to each to do. Second, to pray that all God's people "may be kept from the evil one," then to pass on to the great work of praying for the outside world that shall yet believe in Jesus through the influence of a church kept from the Evil One. What a marvelous program of prayer, and how vital the order. First, each disciple pure through his own prayers; second, a pure discipleship through united prayer, then those who are to believe, and finally the climax, "that they all [for whom he has prayed] may

be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou didst send me." These are but some of the lessons we learn as we watch Jesus in his humanity as our model in the prayer-life. Only by following in his footsteps, in his life of prayer during his humanity, can any disciple fully accomplish his life-given work. Let us now proceed in our study to his teaching and promises to those who pray.

His teaching concerning prayer begins, "After this manner therefore pray ye;" not necessarily using these exact words, but after this manner, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Not, "My Father," or, "Your Father," but "Our Father"; the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. For all the same as for himself, a Father in heaven. In the very foundation of his teaching he places this eternal rock of truth concerning prayer; the Fatherhood of God, which includes the Motherhood. This alone lifts Christianity into a realm of revelation infinitely above any other religious system. He takes the highest conception of human relationship and obligation and lifts it as high as the heavens are above the earth. Encouraged by a knowledge that all power is back of "our Father," we are taught to pray, "Give us," "Forgive us," "Deliver us"; that is, when we pray we are to think of our Father in heaven as the divine Giver, the divine Forgiver, and the divine Deliverer, and under these three conceptions we are to ask for all needed gifts, forgiveness and deliverance, the inheritance of all those who truly pray. There is a growth in his teaching of the laws of prayer. Andrew Murray wrote a book, *With Christ in the School of Prayer*. This suggests the true idea of his teaching; the possibility of a life-long advancement in the knowledge of the laws and life of prayer. It is a university in which none but he has ever graduated. Let us begin with his teachings to the little ones on the first benches. Matthew in the seventh and Luke in the eleventh chapter tell of the disciples saying to Jesus, "Lord, teach us to pray," and Jesus proceeds to give the first lesson in prayer. "Every one that asketh receiveth." Here he begins with, "Every one" has a right to pray, and any one who "asketh receiveth." There it stops. Receiveth something, but Christ does not say what. Nothing could be worse for a beginner in prayer

than to believe that he would receive whatever he would ask. There might be selfishness, enmity, and many other such elements, for the beginner to get what he would ask might prove his ruin. So the first promise is simply that he will receive—something. The second lesson is one of great encouragement. In giving an explanation of what the asking one will receive, Christ says, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children," "HOW—MUCH—MORE"—climb up to heaven on that ladder of three rungs, "HOW—MUCH—MORE—shall your Father who is in heaven give GOOD GIFTS to them that ask him?" "Good gifts" is what "every one who asks receiveth"—good gifts from your heavenly Father. The third lesson, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." Thus we are taught that those who pray receive answers in the following order: first, something; second, "good gifts"; third, the very thing they need. Not what they want or imagine, but what they need. "My God shall supply all your need." The fourth lesson contains a yet more wonderful promise: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Here the Holy Spirit is promised to them that ask. It is in connection with the story of the man asking his friend at midnight to rise and give him bread. His friend, not for friendship, but "because of his importunity," arose and gave him all he needed. Blessed are they who cease not to pray until they have received the Holy Spirit. The teachings thus far in the blessed school of prayer are that every one who prays will "receive" something; that something will be "good gifts," then the very thing needed, then the Holy Spirit.

Passing on we come to the promises in his farewell address, in which after he had announced to his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you," he went on to give them very special teaching and promises. They were to be Christ's representatives in their time, as is each generation of Christians in their time. In this address is found the outstanding promise of the New Testament concerning prayer, and I shall quote it in full:

"Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very work's sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you,

He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name that will I do."

Herein Christ claims equality with the Father and promises that divine power is at the service of the asking disciple. This is such an amazing promise that one feels it is fair to carefully gather out from the address the conditions on which the answers will be given.

1. "He that believeth on me." Believeth the revelation concerning me.

2. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name." "In my name" is a vital condition. To illustrate, Amanda Smith tells of being in Africa and needing money and of praying for it and expecting it from America. She prayed for months and watched every ship that came in from America, but no money came and she reports herself as being greatly distressed. In her distress she went one day into the woods to pray it out and to tell the Lord that he had never treated her in that way before. While she was there, as she reports, the Spirit said to her softly, "Amanda! Amanda! you are not asking in my name, you are trusting America. Cease to trust America and 'ask in my name.' Amanda says, "I fell on the ground, confessed my sins, and asked in His name only, and soon the money began to come from almost every country." Are we not all in danger of making in some form Amanda's mistake?

3. "That the Father may be glorified in the Son." Self dead, the Father's glory the sole motive. This also is most vital. It is in the promise itself. This condition means self-death. How often, after one has given a helpful address or Bible lesson, there exists a strong hope that appreciation of the service will be expressed by others. Just self; self struggling back to life and seeking the glory. The dew comes down and does its work and loses itself in the doing of it—that illustrates this condition of effectual prayer.

4. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will and it shall be done unto you." Living the abiding life is another condition.

5. "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love." This tenth verse is Christ's own explanation of what it means to abide.

The conditions laid down in this final address are not hard; they are within the reach of the humblest disciple. They are not good works, large gifts, great learning, high standing. The conditions are within the reach of all. The promise is not indefinite, "I may do," but "I will." O, the power of God's "I will do it." As the disciple prays, God works. "You ask and I WILL do" is our marching order. Ask! ask!! ask!!! Is that hard? Is it out of your reach to ASK, ASK, ASK? This promise covers the whole range of Christian service. Jesus passes on to his disciples the privilege in prayer that he had himself when in his humanity on earth, and said, "I know that thou hearest me always." The church praying for an imprisoned Peter and the doors opening and the chains falling off is a sample of the way Christ worked in answering the prayers of the early church. In our day when scientists are making such marvelous advances in the knowledge of God as revealed in nature, should not the church be making surprisingly marvelous advances in gaining a greater knowledge of God in the realm of prayer? Is not lack of faith on the part of the church in such matchless promises the chief reason why Christ is not doing many more marvelous works in this greatest of the centuries? After one of Mr. Moody's great evangelistic campaigns in great Britain he returned to New York and was met by a delegation, who said: "Mr. Moody, we greet you. We glorify God in behalf of the things you have done over in Europe; but, Mr. Moody, you can't do that over here." Mr. Moody looked at those Christian men and replied, "If God Almighty will take the infidelity out of the heart of the church in America we will bring America to Christ." And Moody announced a truth as true as the promises of God. General Booth tells of a man who lost his position and went from one stage of poverty to another until he and his family were on the verge of starvation. With his wife and little ones about him he was sitting in the deepest gloom when there was a rap at the door and the postman brought a letter which

contained a message from a former employer, who told him that he had just heard of his distress, and that he would reemploy him, but in the meantime he inclosed a check for present needs. The poor man looked at it with such joy that his mind gave way, and in mental wandering he said, "Wife, I will frame it and hang it upon the wall." Then a little later he exclaimed, "No, I will take it to my friend and have him set it to music and we will sing it each day." He might do both of these and starve to death. What he should have done was present it for payment and live off its proceeds. General Booth truthfully commented on this incident: "We have been framing and singing God's promises quite long enough. Let us now present them for payment and we shall know that God is true."

Wonderful as are this theme and these promises, they are not the writer's words or theories or definitions of the "whatsoever." They are in the very heart of the teaching of our Lord. May the church anew take the promise in its hands, study it carefully, believe on Him who said it, look at its face value and present it: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." Ask! Ask! Ask! The Syrophenician woman was at first unheard, then sent away, then reminded that she was not of the house of Israel, but a heathen dog; yet, undaunted, she asked on until the scene changed and the Omnipotent One served her faith, saying, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Such illimitable resources of power are still at the disposal of the individual or church that asks in His name. Is not the whole church in the realm of spiritual power too much like Sir Isaac Newton, who when congratulated on his scientific achievements, modestly, yet truthfully, replied, "I have been like a little child playing with the pebbles on the beach while the great ocean of truth has been unexplored before me"? Is it not the time for the whole church to listen anew to the words of the Master to the disciples who found themselves unequal to their opportunity and, on inquiring privately for the cause, heard the Master say, "This kind can come out by nothing, save by prayer"?

Ernest W. Harnie

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION

EVERYWHERE and always man finds himself in the presence of an invisible mystery, a force, a life, an unknown quantity, personal or impersonal, that commands his attention. This mysterious power has been conceived and spoken of as the cause, the ground, or the reason of all things. The least-informed savage as well as the thoughtful philosopher and sage has tried to explain it, or to adjust himself to it. Along with these facts arise beliefs and practices which evince deep spiritual convictions, especially the conviction of an everlasting Power to whom we are necessarily related and with whom it is desirable for us to be on friendly terms of relationship. The elaboration of these facts in the light of the religious cults of mankind and attempts to explain them in terms of rational thought have produced a vast literature on the philosophy of religion. In the elaboration of the subject the great leaders of thought have formulated a number of axioms, or fundamental propositions, with which we must reckon in a scientific study of religion. Among these the most important are the axioms of causation, of the conservation of energy, of the conservation of value, of the continuity of life, of the unfinished character of the universe, of illimitable evolution or progress, and of the principle of the unity of all things, suggestive of one all-conserving mind. Such a comprehensive statement of axioms may be somewhat modified in the light of future investigation, but the seven named above are too commanding to be set aside or ignored in our study of religion.

The thorough study of any great subject should begin with a collection of facts. The character, forms, ideas, and history of all known religions must be faithfully examined. It is not satisfactory to begin such a study with the question of the origin of religion. That beginning, like the origin of man, is far away from us; for the facts of the present time are so within our reach that we may examine them with care. The religions of ancient Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, and the

Teutonic peoples are made known to us by a study of their existing monuments. We have ample means for acquaintance with the old Shinto cult of Japan, the Taoism and Confucianism of China, the Brahmanism of India, the Buddhism of Ceylon and of the other countries into which it has been propagated. Mazdaism and Mithraism have had a remarkable history, and they show the mighty outgoings of the Aryan mind in its Westward march and sway. The religion of the Aztecs of Mexico and that of the Peruvians of South America present us with facts of exceptional interest. Along with all these we must give due attention to the facts of Fetishism, Totemism, and Shamanism, for these primitive cults exhibit the activity of religious feeling among the savage tribes of men. Like man himself, religion has had its natural history. No individual of our race has lived in utter separation from his kind. There have been hermits who have gone into solitude, but they were first reared in some form of human society. It must be seen by all readers of history that the growth and the differentiations of religion have been conditioned by the social relations of mankind. We are all born and bred in the midst of customs of long standing. It may not now be possible to determine when, where, and how the customs originated. The habits and the instincts both of men and of the inferior animals appear to be products of millenniums of struggle for life and of adjustments to ever-varying conditions and possibilities of advancement. Every type of religion now traceable bears characteristic marks of the ideas, habits, and practices of the people and times in which it originated. It is worthy of note that in not a few things even questions of conscience are largely controlled by prevailing customs, and the conscience and the custom determine the actual standard of judgment. In all the phenomena of religion the ideas and practices which gain ascendancy and ultimately prevail are seen to rest upon some concept of value to the worshiper. Ritual performances, costly sacrifices, pilgrimages to sacred places, and the pains of self-flagellation are so many supposedly effectual means of obtaining a desired result. In general, they are expected to secure the favor of deity, believed to control the invisible forces of the

world. The name of the deity in every cult is virtually a symbol of the invisible power or spirit with whom the worshiper desires to be at peace. And it may be further said that the names of God, Christ, Confucius, Buddha, Swedenborg, and Mrs. Eddy are to the devout worshipers or admirers of each so many symbols of real religious value. Furthermore, that religious cult which is able persistently to present the most convincing evidences of transcendent value is sure in the long run of the evolution of human civilization to supersede all others. But we do well to abstain from setting definite limits to the possibilities of the spiritual evolution of man. The deepest insight and the highest attainments of one generation seem to serve their noblest purpose in preparing the way for something still more excellent beyond.

It must be observed, however, that religious experiences of a deep and rich character are often found where there is little knowledge of the world. Religion is not dependent upon one's knowledge of the facts or of the mysteries of the universe. But our concepts and theories and dogmas and forms of worship may become greatly modified and sometimes changed entirely by a larger knowledge of the world. We are often reminded how marvelously the Copernican view of the solar system has revolutionized man's former concept of sun and moon and stars. Many biblical literalists, however, are yet entangled in the meshes of an antiquated concept of the heavens and the earth, and when the preacher says that "God is in heaven and man upon earth" (Ecc. 5. 2), who shall assure us of the exact meaning of his statement? Other scriptures tell us that God dwelt on Mount Sinai, and also on Mount Zion, and the Greeks thought of the gods as dwelling on Mount Olympus. The literalist puts great stress on such points of locality, and the statement that Jesus "ascended up into heaven and sat down at the right hand of God" becomes an embarrassing problem when we place importance on locality and directions of a physical nature. If the devout astronomer should ask us what direction upward from the Mount of Olives the form of our Saviour ascended when the clouds received him out of sight, and we reply that the ascent

was vertically upward from the top of the mountain, he will admonish us that, within ten seconds from the time of his disappearance in the clouds, a straight line upward from the point of his departure would, by reason of the earth's axial rotation, point to a local heaven millions of miles away in another direction. In a similar way a literal interpretation of the creation of the heavens and the earth, as told in the book of Genesis, breaks down in presence of disclosures of geology and biology. A thorough study of religious problems must recognize the magnitude and the mysteries of the universe of which we form a part, but we should feel no responsibility to explain all the mysteries of the world. In some sense, vague it may be, but deeply true as it is dimly vague, God and the universe are one. The God of the Hebrew and of the Christian faith is in all, through all, over all, holding all together and utilizing every element and every atom. But we can as little comprehend the limitless universe as the fly that lights on our hand can comprehend the body and soul and spirit of man. Modern scientific investigation into the nature or constitution of matter reveals the existence of millions of atoms, molecules, and electrons so minute that no microscope can clearly present them to the eye. On the other hand, our astronomers assure us there are stars so distant that a ray of light speeding at the rate of ten million miles a minute has not yet reached our planet.

The facts and truths of religion are of a spiritual nature and resolve themselves accordingly into matters of rational conviction. The varieties of religious experience furnish a most interesting and profitable study. Such experiences find self-expression in many ways. Some of the most deeply pious are reticent in speech and they shrink from overmuch expression of their inner life of faith. Others are quite the opposite and improve all occasions to "tell what God has done for their souls." It is worthy of note that many people, in relating their religious experiences, are unconsciously influenced by familiar customs of worship, modes of thought, and current forms of self-expression. And there are many very religious people who seem to be utterly ignorant of the amount of ritualism, dogma, metaphor, symbolism, and myth

that has become interwoven with their habitual modes of speech. There are at least eight different types of religious experience which are worthy of mention. (1) First comes the infantile religion of *fear*. It is seen among savage and uncivilized tribes, who seem to cringe before an unseen power and resort to incantations for relief and protection. An experience of this kind is of doubtful import. It is shown on occasions of peril as a last resort of the fearful spirit. In such connection we observe the close relations of magic and religion, and perhaps have an example of rational ignorance acting on the impulse and the habit of resorting to the last means of safety. (2) We mention next the bondservant of *authority*. Babes and children under law may ask no questions. They must believe and obey what they are told. (3) Then there is the *emotional* and *spasmodic* type. These are peculiarly affected by all that appears extraordinary and miraculous. They are not disturbed with doubts, or paradoxes, or miracles. Like Jeshurun, they wax fat and kick with exceeding joy over the stories of Balaam's ass and Jonah's whale. Nevertheless, apart from such excesses, the emotional type of religion has been characteristic of some of the holiest saints of history. (4) Then there are the *boldly confident*, who are courageous, strong, noble in spirit, but perhaps not always self-consistent. They are faithful and true to their deep convictions of what is right. Great heroes and leaders have belonged to this class. Luther at Worms and at Marburg was a splendid example. (5) Others are conspicuously *intellectual*, often dogmatic, but philosophical, inquisitive, rationalistic, earnestly searching after the truth. (6) Quite different from these is the *mystic*, the pious quietist, the dreamy, contemplative soul, at home in the convent or in some desert place alone with God. (7) Others exhibit *self-sacrifice* as a chief characteristic. They are patient, submissive, often sad and melancholy. They are sometimes morbid, but generally versed in the mystery of sorrow, and noblest when they pray, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." (8) I mention finally those who are conspicuously *active* in religious life and work. They are apt to be ambitious, restless, ever striving for some higher good. Their most inspiring motto might well be,

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." It is not impossible for all these types of experience to be found at different times in one and the same person. They may be to some extent a logical order of genuine religious experience in one vigorous and growing Christian life, but such a breadth and depth of personal religious possibilities is rare. Should all these types, however, coexist in one church or congregation, it is probable that sundry disturbing conflicts of opinion would at times arise. But our study of religion must take into account all these facts of individual experience, and one's own personal experience of any one of the types named above need not be a disqualification for the due appreciation of the others.

In examining such varieties of religious experience we should distinguish these three things: (1) the *experience* itself as a fact of consciousness, (2) the *expression* or relation of the experience by the person who claims to have had it, and (3) the sufficient *cause* or causes of the experience as told. We certainly have a right to inquire how far a given experience is credible. Sometimes the reports of it given on different occasions vary so much as to create a doubt and prompt one to inquire whether the person who tells his experience has in reality truly apprehended the things of which he speaks. All alleged facts must be submitted to the tests of a reasonable criticism. A definite experience as a fact of one's consciousness may be readily conceded. Whether he relate it in a quiet, unassuming way, or in extravagant terms, or claim to have received wonderful visions and revelations of God, it may be obvious to all that something of an extraordinary kind has occurred to the man who thus tells his experience; but whether his own account of the experience is altogether correct and trustworthy may be an open question. Visions and dreams and supposed supernatural voices are often quite delusive. A man may easily overestimate his own private opinions and yet be very sincere in maintaining them. We have many reasons for believing that a very religious man may be very much mistaken about the real facts of his own experience. But after we reach a definite conclusion as to the main facts in a given experience it remains to point out the sufficient cause or causes of the experi-

ence as told. Is there some fundamental truth or principle that is adequate to explain all types of religious experience?

In attempting to answer such a question we observe the utter inadequacy of the lower cults to offer a rational theory of the world or of God. A study of totemism, fetishism, and animism results in no satisfactory answer to the deepest questions of the human heart. But, accepting Christianity as the highest and holiest religion among men, we inquire first of all after its concept of God and of man, and of the relations between God and man. And first of all we should observe that the greatest fact in the universe, so far as we have any knowledge or conception, is that of personality. In our attempt to analyze the essence of personality we observe therein the self-conscious unity of feeling, thinking, and working, or of sensibility, intellect, and volition. Man exists in the image of God. He is God's offspring, and is therefore capable of feeling, knowing, and willing just as God does. Man's life on earth is a process of growth; enlightenment, discovery, and advancement into possibilities which we do not venture to define or to limit. The relations of God and man are those of the supreme and eternal person, conceived as the loving Father of his human offspring, revealing himself in many ways. God is thus to be thought of as the great Lover, the great Thinker, and the great Worker. Man himself is made to feel and know more or less of this divine-human relationship, and his response to it is to be seen in the various religions of the world. These religious systems are so many different interpretations of the relationship between God and man. Reverting now to our question touching the causal explanation of the facts and types of religious experience, we maintain that the Christian concept of God as the supreme personality presents the most rational answer given under heaven or known among men. His eternal being, and his personal immanent efficiency in the whole universe, must needs be the ultimate causal explanation of the things that are. It may be that, having once introduced into the world personal beings capable of sin, it is impossible for the Almighty himself to prevent the entrance of sin among his responsible and godlike offspring. Possibly the all-wise Ruler prefers a universe of moral

beings like himself, with all its risks and miseries, rather than a solitary world destitute of beings capable of sensibility, intelligence, and the power of volition. Whatever the facts or the truth in these realms of mystery, we make our appeal to things we know, and suggest the outlines of a rational philosophy of religion in a series of statements which, we believe, are sufficiently comprehensive and intelligible to account for the main facts of religion:

1. God and his universe are one and eternal. Everything existing has its ground of being in him and cannot be in any real sense apart from him. There has been doubtless many a "beginning," when a new heaven and a new earth and new stars appeared, and this is suggested in the sublime statement of Jesus, "My Father worketh hitherto." That is, he has been forever working, and has therefore never been without working material. The eternity of matter is no deeper a problem and no greater a mystery than the immensity of space. What we call "the order of nature" is itself a standing miracle. Saint Augustine long ago observed that the visible universe is a far greater wonder than those occasional marvels which attract popular attention and surprise, and that man himself is a greater miracle than any sign or wonder ever wrought by him (*Civitas Dei*, 10. 12). Professor Hoeffding observes: "Could the principle of the unity of existence coincide with the religious concept of God, a reconciliation between religion and scientific thought would at once become possible. The development of the scientific concept of cause would then be demanded in the interest of the highest concept of religion, and religious explanation and scientific explanation would no longer be mutually exclusive" (*Philosophy of Religion*, p. 40). But why should we hesitate to say that the God and Father of us all is the principle of the unity of all existence? He is in all, through all, over all, under all, the power that evolves all and holds all things together. He is the prime and eternal cause of all the evolutions, the differentiations, and the combinations of all things.

2. The religious feeling is begotten in man by reason of his being the offspring of God. Parent and child must needs be

vitally related and have a common nature. Religious impressions may be effected in ways innumerable, and God and man are capable of reciprocal action and communion.

3. When God thus impresses man, whether by the sense of fear, or by the word of a religious teacher, or by the wonders of creation, or by a saintly mother's prayers, or in any other way by which man receives the conviction of his own sinfulness and of a high and holy God, such impression or conviction is of the nature of a personal revelation. The acknowledgment of it is simply a confession and testimony that he has somehow had conscious contact with the invisible God.

4. All the religious cults of the past and of the present are but the outcome of so many types of religious experience. They are also so many attempts at the interpretation of the invisible mystery of the world. All the religions contain some deep eternal truths. They all have become mixed with erroneous human interpretations. And all the varieties of individual religious experience have their personal and local causes, even as tribal and national religions have their racial and historical causes.

5. The same causal principle holds good in the explanation of each distinct expression of religious life and activity. Fetishism, totemism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Christianity have each a philosophical reason for being what they are. The same is true of Puritanism, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, and Christian Science. Studied from either a historical, a philosophical, or a psychological point of view, these are to be explained as so many conditioned forms of religious experience and activity. The Spirit of God, who is the universal World-Soul, touches the spiritual nature of some man or woman, and the human spirit responds to that heavenly impulse according to its knowledge, environment, and capability. The high-caste Brahman and the Salvation Army captain are far apart in culture and in their concepts of God, but an intelligible explanation of their differences may be given when we duly consider all the facts that have had a causal relation to their life and work.

6. As each great religion has its geographical, social, and historical conditions, so has each its own peculiar forms of self-

expression. A man born and reared in the midst of the Buddhism of Thibet cannot know Christianity any more than he can speak a language of which he has never learned a sentence. But he will speak some language and thereby elaborate his own thoughts, and as travel and international commerce increase and men of all religious cults come to know each other better and compare their ideas and experiences, conditions must become greatly changed.

7. According to Professor Ladd, there is "a rational and spiritual unity of the human race which has been attained by an historical development" (*Philosophy of Religion*, Vol. I, p. 87). If this is fact, we may reasonably expect that certain estimates of real religious values will more and more assert themselves and prove their claims beyond rational dispute. Herein may be seen the ground and the inspiration of our missionary activity among peoples whose religious life is believed to be far inferior to the Christian gospel of personal fellowship with God. As the great world of mankind becomes better acquainted with itself, and all beliefs and practices are willingly submitted to reasonable tests, there must needs ensue a gradual elimination of those things which are obviously false. The great practical test to which every religion, and every doctrine, and every experience, must ultimately come is its answer to the question of its real value. What is it worth for the individual, the family, the community, the state, the nation, the whole wide world of men? Here the axiom of the conservation of value asserts itself and must be recognized.

Among the tests of value by which every system of religious thought must be brought into judgment are such as these: (1) How far has this cult or religion a noteworthy historical background? (2) Does it offer worthy and beautiful ideals of human life, and encourage all that is pure and ennobling? (3) Is it adapted to satisfy the religious needs of all men and give answer to our deepest spiritual yearnings? (4) Is it a demonstrably rational cult, and of a nature to encourage free and fearless inquiry into all truth? (5) Does it emphasize reality, estimating all claims of intrinsic value according to what is obviously true? (6) Does it answer in a reasonable way the various personal and cosmical problems that are naturally connected with religious thought? (7) Is it divinely

optimistic, making prominent the promise and the potency of improving the entire world of mankind? Other like tests of value might be added to these, and we are bold and confident in affirming that the Christian religion alone meets fully all these tests. For the essence of Christianity is a personal living fellowship with the invisible Mystery of the universe of being whom the worshipful human soul may freely call, "Our Father, in heaven." This fellowship attains its best when we love the loving Father in heaven with all our heart, and love our brother men as we love ourselves. This has well been called "the central idea of Christianity," and it contemplates one great family in heaven and earth, in which "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for all are one in Christ Jesus." Such a blessed fellowship must needs emphasize the ethical element in a religion that is pure and undefiled. It requires that we not only worship God in spirit and in truth, but also cultivate a keen sense of moral distinctions. "He that loveth not his own brother whom he hath seen cannot love God, whom he hath not seen." If any man say, "How can I worship an invisible Deity, a Being I have never seen or known?" we say to him, "Practice first a while on your brother whom you can see. If you search deep enough and long enough you will find God's image in yourself and in every brother man."

There are those who seem to confound religion and its accessories. Sacraments, rites, ceremonies, dogmas of doubtful disputation, possess no ethical element, and the offices and ministries of the church are of the nature of so many means or agencies for the propagation of religion in the world. The sacred writings of the various religions are very unequal in scope and value, and are but the literatures of different cults. Questions as to the origin and authorship of such collections of religious literature are essentially problems of critical and historical research and of the interpretation of ancient documents. The authorship of the Pentateuch, or of the Hebrew Psalter, or of the Synoptic Gospels, is a question of fact, not of morals and religion. But all these sacred writings contain much that is profitable for religious teaching and for instruction which is in righteousness. Whether there are three heavens

or seven, and as many hells, is a query that has peculiar fascination for some minds, but such questions are without moral or religious content. We have long been in the habit of asking after some "external authority" that may be accepted as a court of final appeal for determining all questions of religion. General Councils, the Pope of Rome, the Bible of the old and new covenants, tradition and reason, have all been appealed to as having some such authority. But it should be obvious to every man who is versed in the facts of human history and in the normal operations of the human mind that no one of these assumed "authorities" can be, or is ever likely to be, accepted as final for all men. Such assumptions of "external" authority do despite to the rightful province of the human understanding. Imbeciles and small children may be properly required to accept and submit to many things which they cannot comprehend, but full-grown men who think and act for themselves will not accept the dictates of a foreign authority. Only such truth as clearly evinces itself to the pure heart and the intelligent, unbiased judgment has compelling authority for such full-grown men. They will take knowledge gladly of Pope, and council, and Bible, and prophet, and lawgiver, and apostle, and of all the great teachers of mankind, but they will exercise their own judgment and conscience on them all, and accept only such truths as evidence themselves in the depths of their own understanding. The great Master is the one who speaks with such clear content of value in his teachings that what he declares as truth is so transparent as to admit of no rational contradiction. The seat of such authority is the bosom of God, and its voice is the harmony of men and of angels. No external authority can add to its essential content. Love God with all your heart, and love your neighbor as yourself, so that whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you ye do also unto them—these commandments, "on which hang all the law and the prophets," need no other authority than their own intrinsic value to command the approval of mankind.

A sound and comprehensive philosophy of religion may become the great final apologetic of Christianity. This surely should come to pass if it is shown beyond successful contradiction that the Christian religion is the most complete provision known under

heaven for satisfying the religious needs of man. We may claim for the gospel of Jesus Christ that it is demonstrably a real fulfillment of all other cults that have aimed to bring God and man into a happy fellowship. The great apostle to the Gentiles conceived such a perfecting of the saints for holy service and for building up the spiritual body of Christ that we may finally "all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" (Eph. 4. 13). And profound philosophers of our time are telling us that, in spite of many hindrances, there is a steady trend in human civilization toward a deeper solidarity of life and thought than can be seen in any visible organization or church now existing. Is not this the working of God in human history? The deep rich thought prompts us to pray—"Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth."

Milton S. Terry

THE MAGIC OF A BOOK

THE pathos of the inarticulate was poignantly voiced in those lines of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

Those who can feel what they never can express have great compensations, however. They have the treasure in their hearts even if they cannot put it on their tongues. The real problem is found in the life which has nothing worth expressing.

Alas for those who never sing
Because they have no music in them.

The empty life, and not the inarticulate life, is the tragic thing. There are numberless people who feel the magic of life without being able to express it in haunting word or in any words at all. There are others who look with dull, unseeing eyes upon all the fine pageant of days and experiences. Mrs. Humphry Ward once wrote a novel called *The Story of Bessie Costrell*. It began in a dull gray and ended in utter blackness. There was no ray of golden sunlight anywhere. All was heavy, unillumined, uninspired. The very tragedy was clad in rags. We need to face the meaning and the struggle of lives which never feel at home in the sunlight, which always feel like unwelcome guests in the world, which have no sense of being citizens in the republic of friendship, to whom life is quite colorless, quite without the magic of experiences which are full of glad surprise. The opposite extreme is represented by dealers in black art. They find life full of color, bright, dazzling, scintillating. They know the secret of every delicate and subtle fragrance. They are dealers in atmosphere so full of charm and strange allurements that it is difficult to resist them. But their emotion is not honest feeling for which the full moral price is paid. They are moral forgers, sending in false checks to the great bank of life. Sir Gilbert Parker's powerful story *The Judgment House* is a close and skillful analysis of this sort of character. Jasmine has beauty, magnetism, intellect, and personal

charm, without character back of them. She extracts the last ounce of emotional meaning from life. But she does it by black art. She does not develop character and accept feeling as a by-product. She seeks feeling and pays no thought to character at all. She knows how to buy and sell with the emotional coinage of life. She is an artist in the production of emotional effects. But the priceless treasure of sincere feeling she scarcely knows at all until after her soul passes through the fiery furnace. Then she knows one genuine feeling, if it is only the feeling of being burned. And on the basis of that sincerity a new character is formed. But a life does not have to be colorless in order to be sincere. A man does not have to be a Quaker in order to avoid being a dilettante. There is a wholesome magic in the world. An eye can flash with mysterious light and without that being a devil's light. A strain of music may capture the soul and carry it off to regions celestial without the music having moral anarchy in it. A noble picture may interpret hidden glorious meanings in the world, a haunting sunset may tell a story which causes whole oratorios to sing themselves in the heart. As that subtle and melodious poet Robert Valentine Hecksher has expressed it in "The Awakening of the Soul":

All beautiful things do seem
To startle me from dream!
O morning, through our night
Breaks in thy light.

My organ's molten tones
Make move the solid stones.
O! clear the world away
Up into day!

Now all the varieties of noble illumination are to be discovered and experienced by men to-day. The wholesome magic of the world is a part of our true heritage. Every man has a right to his share of the glory and the splendor.

In coming with golden keys to the great doors of life, in opening the ways to long vistas of wonder and beauty, in the interpreting and transforming and glorifying touch, mighty magicians are to be found in the libraries of the world. Books are full of magic.

They come to us with a mystic wand, and if we surrender to their spell they transport us to a new world. It will be worth our while to think informally and somewhat discursively of the Magic of a Book. In the first place, a library is like an enchanted forest. In the branches of its trees there perch large flocks of ideas, like flocks of birds, and the skillful hunter can come home after a day of sport, his hunting bag full of game. He can bring home as many ideas as he can carry. To go hunting for ideas is the rarest sport in all the world and to capture a live idea makes a day indeed notable.

There are some authors who have very few ideas, but these they use with infinite skill. To change our figure, we may say that they go into business on a small capital, but they have a thorough knowledge of securities and they always make good investments. It has been said of Matthew Arnold that he had only a small assortment of ideas, but these he used with unusual effectiveness and charm. The truth is, that only the intellectual democrat can have the very widest range of ideas. He is by nature a cosmopolitan and can enter into sympathy with all sorts of thoughts about life and things. He can even put himself in the position of the mental Tory against whose attitude his whole life is a protest. The intellectual patrician *per se* is by his very nature a provincial. He knows only the passwords of his own group. As regards many phases of life he is a Bourbon who never learns anything and never forgets anything. If he is a man of culture he has more words than ideas, and more finish of style than power of thought. Whole ranges of experience are forever shut out from him. No mental gifts will make up for this flaw of inner attitude. Mrs. Wharton might be the greatest novelist America has ever produced if it were not that she is quite incapable of seeing many types of people except through a microscope as a scientist might examine a strange insect. She does not know how to put herself in the place of the insect. Of course there is a blatant democracy which puts its own limitations upon a man and makes him incapable of appreciating the finished and finely chiseled and old, which mistakes the raw for the natural and the rude for the sincere. Walt Whitman, for all his robust cosmic energy, for all the prairie sweep of

the winds which blow through his writings, was not free from this limitation. But such a limitation is not characteristic of the man of well-poised intellectual democracy. When the democrat becomes a Pharisee his range is limited. But the democrat may be very humble-minded about himself, while he is reverent and eager in his appreciation of all the rest of the race. Then his mental range is limitless. You can go hunting in his books any day for stimulating and creative ideas.

Probably no writer of the nineteenth century had the mental range of Robert Browning. He would have inscribed over his works the words "All that concerns humanity is of interest to me." Even the snakes which crawl across the pages of his poetry—and what a partiality he has for serpents—suggest an appreciation of something genuine and significant, and even beautiful, in the coiling grace of their life. No conventional prejudice or hatred keeps him from understanding and getting the point of view of any man anywhere. Gilbert Chesterton has somewhere made an observation to the effect that Browning is all the while convicting knaves of virtue. This is the outcome of his amazing intellectual democracy. He is at home inside the brain of any human being. He tries to see just what can be said for a brilliant libertine, as we find in "Fifine at the Fair," he leaps within the mind of a renaissance skeptical ecclesiastic, and when the bishop orders his tomb we know all about the lines in the face of the bishop's soul. He is as careful with Guido as with Pompilia and as just to Paracelsus as to the Pope. Sordello is obscure because the movements of soul he is describing are very subtle and followed only by a man with enough intellectual agility to walk on a cobweb and to paint with words the invisible movements of the mind. The fundamental moral and spiritual wholesomeness of Browning comes not from the fact that he narrows the range of his sympathies, but that his very power of understanding all the strange and subtle pathology of a sinful world is a complement of the power to see the moral verities with simple and steady clarity. In his fundamental moral attitude Browning is one of the most orthodox men who ever lifted a pen, and no man was ever more cosmopolitan in the range of his sympathies. He can understand all the psychology of a

villain and what made him the man he is, and all the good things about him, without wanting to be a villain himself. But the range of Browning's ideas does not simply or principally consist in his gift of appreciating the point of view of every kind of villain. He can see the meaning of the lives of all sorts of good people, of all sorts of civilizations. He is an expert in the photography of the atmosphere surrounding all kinds of ideas when they become powerful in life. A man needs to have history and philosophy, biography and poetry, music and art at his tongue's end when he comes to Browning; and if he has not, every day with Browning will be a day at a university. He will be shaken out of provinciality. He will become a citizen of the great world.

Another characteristic of the magic to be found in libraries is the fashion in which some books have imprisoned emotions and set them singing like birds in a cage. Some of Charles Lamb's essays are treasure houses of delicate, exquisite feeling. Open a volume of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems at "The Blessed Damosel"; there is not an idea in the poem. It is all emotion, evasive, yet definitely present, the very atmosphere of certain furtive feelings captured and made our own. Keats's "Pot of Basil" has bent words to the service of certain moods until the very quality of the moods is brought to the reader in exquisitely musical speech. Matthew Arnold's poetry is like a beautiful winter day, cold and clear, the distant sun shining. Swinburne is like a hot luxuriant day in summer. There is a riot of vegetation; there is a bewildering array of color; and the rich tropical summertime is not simply pictured to the eye, but captures the feelings. Wordsworth can unchain a quiet night in the Lake country in a sentence which has caught its very atmosphere. Tennyson often has noble ideas, but he always has noble emotions exquisitely expressed. When he comes to the end of his ideas his music goes on. His gift of musical expression is much greater than his gift of thought. John Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy" is a remarkable reproduction of the feelings which connect themselves with certain moral and spiritual battles. It is a sort of biography of the emotions. You do not have the successive ideas about life of a certain man. You have his successive feelings about life. In "Drake" Alfred Noyes

has brought to us the feelings connected with some aspects of the life of Elizabethan England. You share the experiences of Drake and his companions. Your heart beats time with theirs in their great enterprises. Professor Caleb T. Winchester has defined literature as that writing which has power permanently to appeal to the emotions. From the standpoint we are now occupying, we may say that literature has power to create certain emotions. It not only enables us to think the thoughts of men of the past. It enables us to feel their feelings.

Going farther, we may say that the magic of a great book is seen in the subtle metempsychosis by which it can take us inside other lives. What Balzac dreamed of doing in the *Comédie Humaine* no one man has ever done, but in a manner the whole body of literature has done it. The clever book stands outside a man's life and describes it to us. The great book leaps inside the man's soul and tells the whole story from within. It was in this power that Shakespeare was supreme. He was a sort of mighty mirror of men's souls. The very circumstances which so often hide men's motives, and make the real meaning of their lives invisible, he uses in such a fashion as to reveal their motives and make the inner meaning of the life stand sharp and clear. A clever critic once said of Charles Kingsley that he has a way of liking to hit some of his characters. Shakespeare never bullies his characters—not even his knaves. He simply lets them speak for themselves. But he sees to it that they do speak for themselves. He sees to it that the reader overhears not simply their plausible defenses, but their inmost thoughts. By some weird power he keeps his characters alive while he dissects them. The heart is still beating as he holds it before you.

This power of cutting an entrance into men's souls was the possession of Robert Browning. The "Ring and the Book" is a brilliant picture of a type of civilization. It is a close and alert description of things and ideas and people. But at all its points of triumphant achievement another thing is done. The naked soul of some character is captured and held up before the astonished gaze of the reader. More than this, you have not merely seen Giuseppe Caponsacchi, you have been Giuseppe Caponsacchi.

You lost your own personality and woke up to find yourself Pompilia. You loosed the moorings of your own life and in a terrible hour you found that you were Count Guido Franceschini, illusion and subterfuge all gone, the hour of execution approaching, and a strange, bad, clammy thing you called yourself held in your hand as all you had to offer to the great God.

On a large and terrible canvas Dante performs this same great miracle. He is not so much interested in events. He cares for events as they reveal people. He travels through Hell and Purgatory and Heaven in search of reality. And he finds it. The *Divine Comedy* is a great study of environment made to conform to character. All the philosophy, the superstition, the imagination, and religion of the Middle Ages are exhausted in the attempt to make the material express the spiritual. And the endeavor succeeds. What you think of is not Heaven and Purgatory and Hell, but character. Dante has used a cosmic background for a great portrait gallery of souls.

Now the thing which these books do is just the thing we need to do and find it hard to do, the breaking of the barriers of our own lives so that we actually experience the meaning of other lives. In exact literalness you can speak of the thousand-souled Shakespeare; but the important thing is that he makes the reader have a thousand souls. He multiplies his personality—or, rather, he increases it—by a sort of amazing geometrical progression. Then a book has the power of abolishing time and space. You mount a literary express train and hear the conductor say, "First stop, Rome in the days of Julius Cæsar"; in one swift moment the journey is made and you find yourself walking the streets of the Imperial City amid multitudes waiting to shout their welcome to the victorious war general back from war with his strong-limbed, stalwart-hearted soldiers, the wonder of the world. Or you take a train whose first stop is Athens in the days of Plato and you walk in the academy with the disciples of the man to whom the world of spirit was more commandingly real than all the rude energies of the material world.

Historical novels may be both good history and good fiction and a revelation of human life at the same time. Many a man

has written a successful thesis for a doctorate in philosophy with less learning back of it than Charles Reade put into *The Cloister and the Hearth*. You may make a prolonged and intimate visit to the Middle Ages whenever you wish by means of that book. John Inglesant will give you a better knowledge of the spiritual side of the cavalier life, and the moral possibilities of a noble æsthetic interpretation of religion, than you might receive from volumes of learned essays. The powerful ideas of the world have all managed to get inside strong men and master their lives. An idea is only a ghost until it obtains command of some brain and tongue and arm. This is in one sense the inner meaning of history. It is the story of the marriage of men and ideas and the results which sprang from this union. It is a sort of genealogy full of surprises and fascination. The books which tell this story vividly are among the most revealing and kindling books in all the world.

But space as well as time is abolished if in the sense of which we are speaking space is not a sort of time spread out geographically. For different countries often live in different ages. On the other side of the world still lurk ancient civilizations, and in Africa primitive barbarism yet survives. Now books of sympathetic understanding, not mere chronicles or surface descriptions, abolish these distances and make us understand the types of life so far away in physical distance and in moral and intellectual and spiritual quality. The supreme books of the world not only bring ideas for the mind, an enrichment of the emotional nature and an enlargement of the sympathies; they also bring food for the will.

Thomas Carlyle was a moral tonic to his own age, and his writings continue to be a wholesome kind of moral bitters for the generations which follow. When you read Carlyle you have left the luxuriant valleys; you have passed beyond the lowlands; you are breathing mountain air clear and clean and crisp; and away on the mountains you are offered simple and nourishing food which will make a man of you. "Heroes and Hero Worship" is, first of all, a course in noble admirations; and no man has attained fullness of stature until he can admire with complete self-forget-

fulness and an abandon of enthusiasm. Your little man can never forget himself long enough to admire the greatest man of his age. He is expert in discovering the petty foibles of great men, and he foolishly supposes that by that means he makes them small. Your large-calibered man has as one of his outstanding characteristics the ability to admire. He is waiting for a great leader; he is glad to follow. To such a man Carlyle's whole message of finding sincerity and penetration and power in some great man, and then accepting his leadership with entire loyalty, comes as the word for which he is waiting. But the reader of Carlyle learns more than how to admire; he is driven to act. There is a crack of the driver's whip and a firm hand on the reins, and the reader feels like a horse recognizing the master and knowing that the time has come to go forward. The hours in the meadows have passed; he is in the harness; there is a load to draw; the word is spoken and he is glad to obey. There is nothing servile about this recognition of the voice of a master. Only a man whose freedom may be questioned is afraid to obey for fear he may be considered a slave.

Ruskin has this same power of leadership. He was an apostle of beauty; but it was moral beauty. As you see Fujiyama in most Japanese pictures, so Mount Sinai is always in the background of the writings of John Ruskin. His vision of beauty is always seen amid the lightning flashes of the moral law. So it comes to pass that his writings are constantly feeding the will. A man finds his moral nature enlarging and expanding at the very time when his sense of beauty is increased. He is given not only æsthetic emotions, but also moral tasks. The author of "Modern Painters" had not completely expressed himself until "Unto this Last" and "Sesame and Lilies" were given to the world. A clever skeptic once said that if there were a God he ought to have made goodness catching. As a matter of fact, goodness is much more contagious than smallpox. The fashion in which goodness leaps from life to life is one of the greatest things in the range of human experience. And the contagion of goodness is particularly seen in the portraits of noble character in great books. These are the finest sort of food for the will. "Evangeline" has lived again in the loyalty she has inspired in untold thousands. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" has

been the source of many a deed of generosity. The poets have sung nobility into lives where it seemed that every door was shut. Only a spirit or a song could penetrate. And the song captured the citadel. Jean Valjean is not merely a creature of Hugo's brain. He lives in struggling and victorious men to whom he has given new courage in life's hard battles. The epic of a strong soul is always a creative thing. It scatters its own qualities throughout the world.

Another aspect of the magic of a book is seen where it lets the light of the eternal shine in. Modern life is lonely and weary for the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, and many a book seems to bring the reader into the very presence of the Shekinah. George Matheson was more than a great preacher, a genuine scholar, and a man of large philosophic attainments. He was a prophet of the unseen. Sometimes we are tempted to say that God made him blind in order that he might see. To read his books is to come into the presence of a kind of spiritual discernment which fills you with deep and quiet joy. His words seem to have a mellow light shining all about them; and it is the light never seen on sea or land, the light illuminating the hearts of those who have found the way to God in the midst of an external and secular civilization. The Representative Men of the Bible and The Representative Women of the Bible cause us to see characters of the Bible so clearly that their eyes flash and their faces mantle with the flash of shame or the glow of joy. They also cause us to see life with heavenly light shining upon it. They reveal to us meanings in human experience which we had never known before. George Macdonald, dead, is the pastor of more people than any preacher living. In crowded cities, in small hamlets, in the quiet countryside, you will find homes where his books are cherished as a rare and precious possession. *What's Mine's Mine*, *The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, *Robert Falconer*, and the others are wonderfully gripping stories, but when you know the story so well that it has no surprise to you, the charm remains. Through the crevices of the story the light of the eternal shines in. These human, struggling people, with their failures and their victories and their high discoveries, know secrets you desire to learn. They

have fought your battle; you would share their victory. They have contended with your doubts and perplexities; you would share their assurance and noble faith.

Last of all, the magic of a book may be seen in the books which have the keys to Paradise. They do more than allure you by the light celestial; they guide you to the very glow which they describe. The classic illustration of this power is *Pilgrim's Progress*. Its language has the grip of actual life and the power of a mighty sincerity; and through the allegory the truths it has to tell come mightily knocking at the gate of your life. For rousing spiritual discontent and desire and for pointing to the source of its satisfaction, the *Bedford Tinker* is probably the peer of any writer who has ever held a pen. But the supreme book of the golden keys is, of course, the Bible. A man may approach it in all sorts of ways and he is sure to find rich reward for his approach; he may come as a man of letters, and it will develop his sense of the beauty of style and give him new powers of discernment; he may come as a scholar, and it is a veritable mine of precious treasure for his intellectual appropriation; he may come to it as a student of men, and it is a textbook of humanity, a repository of the types of different civilizations, a revealer of the inner secrets of the human soul; he may come to it as a moral struggler, weary, perplexed, downcast, heavy with a sense of failure and sin, and it will sharpen his experience until it becomes unspeakably poignant and creates a moral perspective unknown before. No man really knows the Bible to whom it has not become the Book of the Golden Keys.

Thought and feeling and purpose and power are imprisoned in the books of the world. Literature is a wonderful pyramid; its apex and supreme glory that library in one volume which we call the Bible. So it is that a book may be the gateway to the age and to the ages, and to the ageless truth about man and God.

Lynn Harold Hough.

A LABOR DAY MESSAGE

At twelve years of age I was a plow boy. From that until I was twenty-one years of age I was, from year's end to year's end, with the exception of three or four months in the winter, engaged in the hardest kind of manual toil on the farm. And the method of farming in those days was slavish enough as compared with modern methods. My sympathies are naturally with manual toilers. I was brought up in the good old belief that idleness and laziness are schools where students of sin are educated in criminal deeds. I was taught that idleness was dangerous and might lead to crime. These convictions have grown with the years. It comes more and more into view with the years that service is vitally connected with personal salvation. Neither the Bible nor the church of Jesus Christ teaches that honest toil is anything but a great blessing. Sir Andrew Clark used to say, "Labor is the life of life; ease is the way to disease; the highest life of an organ lies in the fullest exercise of its functions." The Bible, the church, and the everyday lessons of life all teach that "idleness shall clothe a man with rags." The Bible declares that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." "Blessed be drudgery" is not a joke, but a wise saying. The blessedness of service is linked with the blessedness of salvation. The idle rich are as useless as the idle poor, and neither one can possibly be happy. Honest work is necessary to human weal. Reasonable work for a reasonable wage is a necessary condition of human contentment. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Neither injustice nor graft can live in the white light of that truth: a workman approved by the highest standards of right and justice, a workman whose work is so good and honorable that he is altogether unashamed. No man's product can be good if his purpose be bad. A man's work can hardly be first class when his methods are second class. Worthy work by every workman of the world—that is God's call to all the world's laborers.

Who is the "laboring man"? Answer: *Every man that labors*. The time has come to write "*Amplius*" over that threadbare phrase and give it a wider meaning. The popular application of the phrase is mischievous and misleading. "The laboring man" is a phrase that, in the minds of many, has been made to mean only a certain class of laborers. That narrowness of meaning has bred clannishness, prejudice, and unbrotherliness. It is time for all men to know that the "horny-handed sons of toil" are not the *only* sons of toil. Was not Noah Webster, who worked for thirty or forty years to make a dictionary, a son of toil? Was he any less a son of toil because he worked with a pen instead of working with a pick? May not a brain worker be as strenuous a worker as a brawn worker? Who is the "laboring man"? Any man who labors for men. Who is the carpenter that he should say the teacher of his children is not a toiler? Who is the builder of a fine house that he should say the builder of a fine hymn is not also a builder? Is he who works with the temporary stuff of the soil the only "laboring man"? Is he not also a "laboring man" who works with the eternal stuff of the soul? Let us know that it may be possible for a man to do hard work with soft hands. This whole question of labor is not so much a question of hands as it is of heads and hearts. The more our material becomes stained through with the mental and moral the better will be the quality of our work.

There are only three classes of workmen in the world. There is the *hand* workman. I mean the man whose work is chiefly physical. We are all greatly indebted to him. I often see in this California country swarthy sons of toil crawling on their knees from one end of a sugar beet field to the other. Not a bishop on the board would care to do that sort of work on his knees. As we put the sugar in our coffee we ought to lift a prayer for the brother who works so hard to keep us sweet. Only a little while ago I saw a beautiful Salt Lake train stand still in Long Beach for half an hour, with many fine folk on board, waiting till twenty Mexicans repaired a dangerous section of track just in front of the engine. These men worked hard and faithfully and rapidly for the ministers, teachers, editors, capitalists, attor-

neys, and all the fine society folk who might have been on that train. It would have been a gracious and brotherly recognition of that section-hand workmanship if the passengers on that train had thrown up the windows and given those workmen a cheer. Who knows what commercial, social, educational, and religious interests depended on the rapid and successful repairing of that track by those Mexican laborers? "No man liveth to himself." Every man's work is related to every other man's work. Every man's life is related to every other man's life. Every man's eternal interest is somehow vitally knit together with every other man's eternal interest. Take one brick from its place in the wall, and the entire wall may tumble to pieces. Spoil one key in the great organ, and you cannot have the capacity musically of that instrument. The complete keyboard is necessary to complete music. The business of Christianity is to make the keyboard of human society so complete as to bring out the full *crescendo* of Christian character. All honor to the "laboring man" who does faithful work with his hand. He does nobly and deserves praise. But if there is to be a "labor organization," surely this is not the only man to be in the organization. Certainly the man who builds a house is a laborer. The man who runs a machine is a laborer. But I am asking about the man whose brains invented the carpenter's tools. Is he not a laborer? What about the genius whose intellect invented the machine? Is he not a laborer? These questions bring us to the consideration of the second class of workmen.

There is the *head* workman. This is the man who does the most of his work with his head. This particular man can do better work with his mind than he can with his muscle. The man who works with his pen may not sweat as much as his brother who works with his pick, but it is likely that he does more thinking. He may do a more important work with his tongue than his brother does with his trowel. This head workman may do more with a speech than he could with a shovel. He may be able to put more into a word than some men could into a wagon. Does not even "organized labor" need its speaker, who does the most of his labor with his lips? Come to think of it,

does not head work need to be done before any man can do good hand work? Hand work, if it be of any value, is simply the expression of head work that has preceded it. Every inventor knows that a man builds a machine with his head before he builds it with his hands. I am asking whether the machinist is to be counted as a "laboring man" and the inventor of the machine to be counted out? Is the workman who does the most of his work with his head not to be counted as a workman? "The man with the hoe" is indeed a workman, but the man who painted the picture of "The Man with the Hoe" is also a workman. Edwin Markham, who wrote the famous poem on "The Man with the Hoe"—who will say that he is not a workman? I venture the saying—for I have tried both—that plunging a pen in a thought is even harder work than plunging a pick in a trench. This is not said to belittle the work of my brother workman who chiefly does his work with hands, but to point out the common ground of work as a basis of brotherhood. As the head of a laborer cannot say to his hand, "You do no labor," neither can his hand say this to his head. The principle of fairness is found in their working together as members of one body. The teacher, the lawyer, the physician, the editor, the author, the artist, the musician, the minister, will laugh at you, and rightly, if you reckon them out of the ranks of labor. They justly count themselves among the world's workmen. Did not Pasteur work patiently and prodigiously to discover the antitoxine? How many hard days and nights did Dr. Keeley work on his bichloride of gold cure? Thomas Carlyle worked about thirteen years on his great volumes of *Frederick the Great*. Alfred Tennyson sang sublimely for twenty years before England discovered the wonder of his work. The stupendous legal work of Story and Blackstone was not the easy dream of a day. Their pages represent long years of herculean labor. The idea that the manual laborer is the chief producer of wealth has been altogether overstressed. Such a claim is unsupported by facts. It is superficial. Let a man look under the surface as he would for gold. Turn the X-ray of truth on the real heart of the labor world. Give the hand worker full credit for the wealth he produces. The outstanding truth is that

he is not the only producer of wealth. Every inventor of a useful machine is a contributor to the world's wealth. Every discoverer of a remedy for human disease is a producer of wealth. In recent years a single author's book has brought goodly financial gain to the publisher. Who is the "laboring man"? We have been too narrow in our consideration of this question. Physical labor is not the only toil that turns out worthy workmanship. Dirt is not the only source of human wealth and weal. That is the point that needs to be fixed in the popular mind of our day.

But I must not forget to name the third class of workman. He is the man who does his principal work with his heart. We need to be constantly reminded—in this day of automobiles and flying machines, of mines and stocks, of railroads and lands, of grain and gold—that we have hearts as well as hands and heads. We may be "worms of the dust," but we are meant to be souls of the skies. "Man shall not live by bread alone." We must not forget the upper and eternal sources of human wealth and weal. Let it be written large across the skies of our day that men and women who are engaged in work that produces honesty, decency, and good character in a community are to be counted among the honorable producers of legitimate wealth. Dishonesty is perilous to honest wealth. Sound character has a sound money value. Good character is the greatest wealth-producing power in the world. Trustworthiness must be back of all worth. Real wealth could not be permanently held by the world's thieves and robbers though they were all syndicate scoundrels. Thieves and robbers are a very small percentage of our population. People can be trusted, as a rule. Our most valuable business asset, as well as social asset, is good, old-fashioned honesty and character. "Honesty is the best policy." The dear old country schoolhouse copy-book that always carried that "copy" at the top of the page may be faded or lost, but the truth of the copy is everlasting. It must be said and resaid that the heart worker is the most worthy workman of the world. Righteousness, not wickedness, is the greatest wealth-producing power. "It is God who giveth thee power to get wealth"—it is not the devil.

There are also three classes of wealth. Let it be noted in

this study that there is a root relation between the word wealth and the word weal. There is social and spiritual significance here that could easily be widened into pages—but I forbear. One of the three classes of wealth is the wealth of *power*. Without the wealth of power no other wealth would be possible. This is what we mean when we say of a singer whose voice reaches the ranges of genius that "he has a fortune in his voice." We mean that he possesses a power that will bring him fame and fortune. We mean that the people will be willing to pay money for the ministry of that singer's voice. So a man like Marconi or Edison may have in a like sense a financial fortune in his inventive power. It is so with any faculty or gift. The wealth of power—some kind of power—is the basis of all wealth. And surely every man is responsible to God for the use he makes of power. That is true of muscle power, mind power, moral power. All of these must be counted if you are going below the surface in your search for the sources of wealth. There is the wealth of *position*. There are big positions and little positions. There are men of large reach to fill the large positions and there are men of smaller reach to fill the smaller positions. Nor is this an invidious distinction. It is a difference grounded in fact. Some men are worth more to a cause or a community than others. This is so self-evident that it needs only to be stated. One of the wealth-producing conditions is that certain qualified men shall fill certain positions. Human organizations and governments must have human heads. Then there is a wealth of *possession*. It is a natural desire in every right-minded man to have enough earthly possessions to enable him to do his work in the world. No normal human being seeks to be a pauper. Every man who can honestly do so ought to own some property. He ought to own a home for his family. He ought to have some personal wealth in order that he might better contribute his share to the commonwealth of the community. But the great saying of Jesus must never be forgotten, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." The real riches of a man's life are inward, and not outward; external, and not temporary.

He is foolish who finds fault with honest capital. Without

it where are we to get our endowments for schools, libraries, churches, and hospitals? Thank God for the moneyed man who is God's man of money. He is a benefactor to mankind. He ought to be crowned with our gracious approval. Let no man think that poverty is piety. Neither is it righteous to be rich. As the Master Man told us long ago, no man's life consists in what he has, or in what he has not, but in *what he is*. Life is not a matter of outward possessions, but of inward principles. You cannot feed a man's soul on physical husks any more than you can feed his bodily hunger on musical sounds. All riches, save those of the soul, must go into insolvency when the "death march" begins. There is only one key to our social situation. It is the golden gospel key. The ideal wage proposition is given in the gospel. Hear it: "Whatsoever is *right* I will give you." That is the clue that will solve all of our wage troubles. It is Christ's key to the situation. It is simple and sound. It is a brother workman's wage secret to the workmen of the world. It is good enough, and can never be improved. "Equal rights to all." That is a social slogan. "All men are created equal." That is another social slogan. These two slogans should be studied together. "Equal rights to all," yes; but it is not my right to claim pay for playing a pipe organ. Why? Because I cannot play a pipe organ. "Equal rights to all," certainly; but I have no right to claim a surgeon's fee. Why? Because I cannot give surgical service. To sum it all up, it is not fair for me to *ask wage for work which I do not do*. And what is true concerning the quality of service is also true concerning the quantity of service. I must not ask wages for two hours' work when I have done only the work of an hour. Equal wage for equal work, equal pay for equal people—that is utterly right. "Whatsoever is *right* I will give you." That is fair. That is good enough. By that principle every method should be measured. By that principle every task must be tested. "All men are created equal." Yes, but all men are not completed equal. They may be the same at the start, but very different at the finish. There is nothing to show that Shakespeare and Lincoln were, when babies, superior to any other babies. But a number of things indicate that they had few equals

when they were completed men. All people may be created equal, but all people are not equally creative. All people are not mathematically equal. All people are not musically equal. All are not artistically equal. All men are not *serviceably* equal. Because of this difference in capacity there must be difference in accomplishment. If there is a difference in work ought there not to be a difference in wage? No arbitrary decision of a "labor union" or of any other organization can change the eternal principle of right, either in work or wages. This principle of right and proportion must hold true across all the ranges of work, material, mental, and spiritual. "Whatsoever is right I will give you." That is Jesus Christ's golden key for the social situation. That is the only safe and sound basis for a workable, world-wide brotherhood. A bird cannot fly with one wing. Two wings are necessary to the normal progress of commerce. They are the two wings of labor and capital. When either wing is broken the business bird is crippled. In some workable relationship labor and capital must continue. They must be right in themselves. They must be right in their relations to each other. There ought to be a brotherhood of labor and capital. No brotherhood can be a real brotherhood and treat any other human organization unbrotherly. Capital must say what the great carpenter Christ said, "Whatsoever is right I will give you." Labor must say to capital what Christ said, "Whatsoever is right I will give you." Neither must do wrong in seeking its rights. Neither can do right in wronging the other. These are the two strong hands of the same business body. If business and capital are to flourish to the profit of all the people they must do it harmoniously, working side by side. If labor and capital are to grow as they ought they must be rooted in the common soil of right.

As Ruskin said, there is no music in a rest but there is the making of music in it; so a man may not be laboring while he is resting, but he is gathering fresh strength for labor *while he rests*. And it is a wicked system of labor that makes no provision for the laborer's rest. Any business is too busy that never stops to rest. He is a wicked and cruel man who demands that his workmen shall toil on every day in the week without any day for

recuperative rest. It is wrong by every social principle. It is wholly wrong from every standpoint of ethics. It ought to be reckoned as wrong from every standpoint of legal enactments. The whole working world ought to rise up against such tyrannical toil. No man on earth has a right to kill, either suddenly or gradually, any other man for commercial purposes. You may kill a man suddenly; you may also kill him gradually by wantonly wearing him out; but who shall say that it is not murder in either case? There are various methods of murder. You may overtax a man's muscles till it results in his death; you may overstrain his nerves; you may smother his soul in some dungeon of toil by killing every spark of his hope. There are various wicked ways in which you may overload a man's life till it breaks down in death. Overdemands of the working world on the willing worker have murdered many a man. Greed for gold has robbed many a family of a faithful father. Greed and graft are close of kin. The slaver's lash is not the only lash that has driven its victim to despair and to death. The lash of commerce is often keen, and cuts to kill. "Frenzied finance" is not a mere hack writer's word. It stands for a fearful fact in our modern world of money-madness. "Your money or your life" has often been the cruel cry of commerce. More than once the weary workman's muscle, exhausted of life blood, has been minted into the money of some conscienceless capitalist. Some little pale-faced, ten-year-old girl has had her soul and body shredded to quivering and bleeding strings by the beastly commercialism of some cotton-mill man. But be sure that above the din of the factory wheels God Almighty is calling "Halt!" to the despoiler of childhood. God is saying to him, "Thou shalt not kill." While the detectives of Christian civilization are on the hunt let them hunt out the factory murderers of little children. All the highwaymen are not on the highway. All the murderers have not gone to the gallows. When God makes inquisition for blood he will find stains on the hands of some of our factory folk who are tricked into thinking themselves "respectable" because they have money. In the finest parlor blood smells will still cling about a murderer's hands. It is high time that a Christian civilization came to the

complete rescue of our little children. Let the words of Mrs. Browning sound afresh across our land:

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* can not stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in their nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blooming toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity—
"How long," they say; "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a malled heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and *I will rest you.*" Does the sweltering, aching world of labor hear that call? Does the clamorous world of capital hear that invitation? Are labor and capital ready to respond to the call of the Christ? In their methods and principles are they both ready to come to Christ? The instrument must come to the musician's will before there can be harmony. Not until labor and capital both come to Christ can there be concord. "Strikes" will cease when that truth strikes home. Disagreements can never give rest. "Strikes" can never give rest. Prejudices will not give rest. Greed and graft will never bring rest. Mere socialistic theories will not give rest. Quarreling will never bring content. Sordid selfishness will not bring mutual satisfaction, nor any other kind of satisfaction. It is sure that your commercial clock would tick on forever and never give the laborer rest. Labor and capital in the great masses have never yet tried the carpenter Christ, the conqueror Christ.

"He shall not fail." Thus far everything else has. Capital and labor must come to Christ. Socialism must take its slogan from this "Man of Galilee." He is working among the workmen of the world this hour. How will coming to him give rest to capital and labor? That question is fair and its answer is full: He would give rest by imparting to every laborer and to every capitalist his spirit of fairness, faith, and friendship. Without neighborly love labor legislation can never give rest. "Come unto me and I will rest you." "This is the way, walk ye in it." And this is the way pointed out by the world's greatest Pathfinder. Rest will forever delay to come unless the feet of labor and the feet of capital are willing to walk this way together. We will save time by not looking elsewhere for the solution of our "labor troubles."

Charles Coker Woods

CHRISTIANITY AND THE NEW ORIENT

THE great and increasing popularity of the poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore, one of whose books is said to have sold over one hundred thousand copies during the last two years, is the more noteworthy because Mr. Tagore is the first writer of the new East to gain widespread recognition in the Occident. Yet it is abundantly evident that the poet has not revamped his work to suit Western taste. He has repeatedly expressed his surprise at the success of his work in England and America. Although he has translated his Oriental rhythms into an English prose so simple, so idiomatic, so nobly unassuming that it challenges comparison with the English prose of the King James Version, Mr. Tagore's poetry is always unmistakably Oriental in style, thought, and feeling. This poetry becomes, therefore, a profoundly interesting evidence that in the deepest and most abiding experiences of the spiritual life the East and the West can still speak intelligibly one to the other. It becomes also an interesting evidence that in the deepest and most abiding things of the spiritual life the West still finds that it has something to learn from the East. For this widespread enthusiasm among Christian readers for the poetry of a Brahman priest has already passed far beyond the stage of the cult. It does not appear to be based upon curiosity. Our instant recognition of the great Eastern singer has been due to our conviction that in his songs we hear the authentic voice of a greatly gifted spiritual teacher, no matter what his race or breeding or religious convictions. The religious question cannot be avoided in any careful consideration of Mr. Tagore's work. His poetry is profoundly and pervasively religious. Even in his poems on children, on nature, or on the love of man for woman, religion is the substratum of all his thought and feeling. There is no English poet in all the annals of our literature—not George Herbert or Richard Crashaw or Francis Thompson—whose verse so gleams and glows with religious passion as does that of Rabindra Nath Tagore. It cannot be that the popularity of this Brahman poetry has been won, in

Christian countries, in spite of its religious element, because in subtracting religion from Mr. Tagore's work we should take away its very essence and nature, all that gives it distinction and charm. It would rather appear that we have in him the unique phenomenon of a purely religious poet who is also popular. Neither is his appeal that of the merely novel, curious, and strange. Strange and curious his work is, to be sure, in metaphor and figure and in all that goes to make the outer garment of his thought. But the thrilling, compelling thing about him is that his songs, made on the banks of the Ganges and in the language of Sakuntala, do yet go home to the heart of the reader whose thought has been shaped by Shakespeare and Dante, Goethe and Milton. The astonishing thing is that this singer, whose religious life has been built upon the Vedas and the Upanishads, does nevertheless speak with manifest authority and immediate appeal to the Christian mind.

In reading Tagore we feel, at first, his strangeness. There is "the strangeness of the brooding East" in all his manner. But very soon, in accordance with our experience with all surpassingly beautiful things, we come to feel that we have known him always. Everywhere this poetry is so simple, so naïve, so direct, that it cannot be said to be either of the East or of the West. It is simply and profoundly human—universal. In its reading, indeed, one comes to feel that the ends of the world are not far apart. It seems to span at last the gulf that has yawned through all history between the East and the West. Doubtless this is due in some measure to the fact that the poet, while remaining true to India in thought and feeling and service, has found time to absorb the best of Western culture. He is one of the many highly trained minds in China, India, Japan, that have been reaching out eagerly during the last half century toward the West. And he has gained by this, as have many others, far more than the mere addition to his existing knowledge. He has gained, as is abundantly evident in his series of remarkable lectures, *Sadhana*, a view of the common destiny of the human spirit, a world-view. His poetry has the great Homeric quality of universal appeal because he has come to think with the world-mind and feel with the world-heart.

He has superimposed a broad internationalism upon his intense and passionate patriotism. He knows India the better for knowing England, France, and America so well. It is to be deplored that, with such persistent effort on the part of the newly awakened East to understand the West, there should be among us such general apathy and ignorance regarding things Oriental. It is to be deplored that even among the young men and women of Christian countries who are fitting themselves for missionary service in the Orient there should be apparent so little even of desire to know in an accurate and unbiased way the vast civilizations and religions which they are going out to meet and, if possible, to supplant. In Japanese schools English is everywhere taught. French and English books are published extensively in Calcutta. Western history and art and philosophy are part of every liberal Oriental education. But in the West some few poets translate or imitate Japanese models, some few enthusiasts collect and study Japanese prints and embroidery, some few adventurous scholars know the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Vedanta philosophy as more than mere names. But there is no effort in the West at all corresponding to the Oriental effort to get in touch with the thought of our day as a world movement irrespective of hemisphere and of race.

Perhaps we are too prone to lay the flattering unction to our souls that all of this is as it should be—that the East has everything to learn and the West nothing. We should not linger overlong in the smug satisfaction and self-sufficiency from which China is just now, at last, painfully emerging. There may well be, to the enlightened Oriental mind, something mildly amusing in our patronage of the descendants of men who were carving in ivory, writing poetry, and excogitating the world's loftiest idealistic metaphysic at the time when our own forefathers were learning to herd swine and to construct houses of wattles and mud. We may as well give over at once and forever any opinion that the further progress of the race is to follow lines determined alone by the spirit and temper of the West. "The one Spirit's plastic stress," although to all human seeming it is prodigal enough, has scarcely been so improvident as laboriously to prepare, through

thousands of years, the entire Orient merely that it might serve in the end as raw material for the exploitation, colonization, and missionary enterprise of the West. Such a view would overlook the immense inertia and reserve power of the East—its conservatism and faculty for passive resistance. It overlooks the inscrutable, Sphinxlike wisdom of the East. But most of all, it fails to take into account the law according to which all human progress, material, intellectual, or spiritual, has been or can be accomplished. In the natural world, as in human thought, it is only out of the meeting and mixture of two antithetical forces or principles that new forms can be brought into being. All form in matter is the resultant merely of the struggle between two forces, one expansive and the other contractive. The planetary orbits are resultants of two related forces which we call centrifugal and centripetal. In the realm of biology life is seen to be the product of sex-differences. So, in thought, psychology teaches that all cognition results from the opposition between subject and object. Even self-consciousness is attained and sustained by reference to things other than the self. We find, indeed, that the universe seems composed of couples—good and bad, light and darkness, male and female, love and hate, attraction and repulsion, spirit and matter, infinite and finite. And the history of the universe—its spiritual and its material history as well—may be thought of as no more than an eternal dance and interplay between these great fructifying differences. According to the “law of development,” which Hegel made the very cornerstone of his dialectic method, thesis is followed by antithesis and the two are finally resolved and reconciled in the synthesis which includes them both. The most interesting illustrations of this law are to be found in the operations of mind and spirit, although the law is equally regnant in the natural realm. A concrete and familiar instance of its working may be cited from the field of religion.

The religious mind of the Middle Ages rested upon authority. The individual surrendered all private rights, all autonomy, all liberty of judgment. For more than one thousand years this condition of affairs, which seems to us little better than spiritual death, was generally satisfactory. The question was seldom or

never asked regarding a religious problem, "What do I, as an individual, think about this matter?" The question was, rather, "What does Aristotle think?" "What does the pope say?" "What is the opinion of Aquinas?" This, then, is the one extreme. Hegel would call it "thesis." But the so-called Age of the Enlightenment, the Age of Reason, which we associate with the names of Locke and Descartes, Voltaire, and the Encyclopædists, changed all that. For the eighteenth century, the unaided and unhampered reason of the individual was the sole court of appeal. Did revelation square with reason? If not, away with it. This second extreme Hegel would call "antithesis." And it is as extreme and one-sided as its opposite, the blind authority-hunting of the Middle Ages. But we are to-day living in the age of the "synthesis" of these two extremes. There are, to be sure, many among us still who are living in the Dark Ages and who seek, in spiritual matters, for authority only and make a tacit and easy act of faith when we have found it. This appears to be, even to-day, the dominant spirit of Roman Catholicism. So also, there are others who still insist that all questions of the religious life must be solved by the same faculties that we would bring to the solution of a problem in geometry—and if these faculties do not work, so much the worse for religion. But in so far as our religious thought is truly modern it has synthesized these two extremes and gives due weight, on the one hand, to authority and, on the other hand, to the individual's thought and experience. The operations of this law are profoundly interesting in the history of civilization. This is the law that lies back of the religions and the science of Egypt, the art and philosophy of Greece, the statecraft and jurisprudence of Rome, the painting and music of Italy. It controls the rise and fall of dynasties, governments, arts, and religions. It were a mere platitude to observe that the civilizations of the past were formed by contact of young, crude, powerful peoples with older, more polished and weakened peoples. Egypt lighted her torch in Babylon, Greece in Egypt, Rome in Greece, the Holy-Roman Empire in Rome. The Italian Renaissance was born of a new contact of the medieval with the ancient mind and the successive enlightenments in France, Germany, and

England were all ultimately due to contact with Italy. In each of these cases we find the two conflicting extremes, and the synthesis resulting from their conflict is to be found in the civilization recorded for us by history. It may be noted in passing that this law or principle of development is nowhere more beautifully illustrated than in the history of modern Japan.

Every individual can test this law from his own experience in thought and action. For example, none of us can escape the great ideal of the Western world to-day—the ideal of service. It is an ideal of action, of out-going, objective interests and activities. Every man who lives vividly and keenly the life of to-day must feel the powerful impulse to live less and less in and for himself and more and more in and for the world. This ideal is so much in the air to-day, and we have so bolstered and buttressed it with the sanction of the life and teachings of Christ, that one hesitates to suggest that it is, after all, only a partial view of the truth. But when, it may be asked, in all the Christian centuries have we failed to find sanction in Christ's life and words for any ideal, however partial and one-sided it has afterward been seen to be, that has been rooted deep in the heart of man? Society may one day find even this ideal of service standing alone, inadequate to fulfill man's life. The individual finds it so. He spends himself in living for others, in giving and ever more giving, in a blind fury of works. And sooner or later, however high his ideal, the inner life goes thin and hollow. He has strengthened his purpose by such isolated texts as that which says, "He that loseth his life shall find it," and he has forgotten the thirty years of quiet, of meditation, of peace, which prepared for the three years of active ministry. He has forgotten the forty days in the desert and the many times in which Christ went alone into the quiet places. And so there is a contrary tendency to retire into one's self, to live in a constant storing and treasuring of spiritual experiences. Inevitably this leads to a spiritual vain-glory and to a morbid, because an inactive, ecstasy. And, accordingly, into every rounded life there comes at last the realization that for all healthy spiritual life the inner and the outer, the life of immediate communion and the life of service, must be kept in nice and deli-

cate equipoise. Any excess on either side means pain and commensurate failure. In order that we may truly serve there must be a constant storing of spiritual energy. But this energy finds its only meaning and utility in action. There are few who are not pragmatists enough to admit that the sole test of the validity and vitality of the spiritual life is its efficiency in action. And in this final conviction we attain a synthesis of two conflicting tendencies. A synthesis, an adjustment—but not a compromise! Both are equally true—the life of action and the quiet inner life of the spirit. They are equally important phases of one truth. As Hegel would say—and here Bergson, as so frequently, merely echoes him—the truth lies not in any stage of the process, not in thesis or antithesis, not even in the synthesis that resolves the two, but in the entire process itself. And in this matter of the East and the West it may be said that neither is absolutely right and therefore fitted to control the destinies of the future. But there is a sense in which both are right, for each must add its strength and furnish its quota of force in the stately, orderly march of humanity toward its far, dim goal, under a commander who sees his vast purpose all too clearly to disable half his force almost before the march is begun. Throughout the past human progress has been made possible by overemphasis upon each of two opposite phases of thought, action, or feeling, and by a resulting reconciliation between them. In this view all history becomes a storing of electric energy in opposite electric poles and the resulting flashes between them.

But the two greatest electric poles of all history, the East and the West, have not yet made their communicating flash. Through all the past they have been storing energy until now they are so radically opposed, so powerfully positive and negative, that it has even been supposed that there can never be communication between them. "For East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But very certainly the many influences that are at work to-day in bringing the nations closer together are making this consummating flash each year more imminent. It will be one of the most momentous events in human history. No mind can vaguely imagine the results of this sudden mixture in the crucible of the world of two chemical elements

whose radically opposed properties have been developed since the beginning of time and have been preserved at their highest potency and purity. The nature of the compound is not to be predicted. But we may be sure that out of this inevitable and fast-approaching union of the East and the West will come results incalculably vast and profound for the entire race. For we have in the East and the West the two great extremes of mind and spirit—extremes in comparison with which the differences between primitive Greece and Egypt, which yet were sufficient to generate the greatest civilization of the ancient world, seem to melt into identity. The masculine West is ever releasing energy. The feminine East is ever storing energy. The aggressive, acquisitive West expresses itself in outgoing activities, in fight, conquest, and subjugation, but the pensive, pacific East, to which the inner conquest has been sufficient, knows better than we that "he who conquers his own soul is greater than he who taketh a city." The volatile West runs rapidly through many forms and is ever building new temples for the spirit of man out of the very dust and debris of the old which it has just torn down, while the quiet, profoundly conservative East has found the old temples adequate to its use, since it is the spirit of prayer that avails and not the form. The forward-looking West searches, explores, pushes impatiently at all horizons and frontiers in a fevered curiosity about the future. The retrospective East is anxious above all that every treasure of the past be saved. The materialistic West sees God through nature. The idealistic East sees nature through God. The practical West finds itself in works. The dreaming East realizes itself through faith. The Man West and the Woman East—out of the union of these two what giant birth will spring? What new strength for both, what unity, what concord? What "parliament of nations," what "federation of the world"? The very grazing of the question bewilders and dazes the mind. In such a view as this we see that human history has scarcely begun. Hitherto we have had only prologue, prelude. The chief actors have not yet come upon the stage. The human spirit is not, as we have so often feared, overwheeled and exhausted. It is just entering the course, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.

But this vision is too vast in scope. It is best to attempt only to adumbrate it vaguely. Some narrowing of thought to a single, manageable phase of the subject becomes imperative.

The poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore is leading many readers and thinkers to ask to-day, "What will be the result of this inevitable fusion and synthesis of East and West upon the Christian religion?" Just here it seems worth while to proceed with care. For there are many earnest and thoughtful men who scoff at the suggestion that the Christian religion, in any the least particular or degree, may be modified by contact with heathenism of any sort, however lofty, however powerful and fascinating. Christianity, say they, is all one piece, one seamless robe from top to hem, and it is to-day what it was in the beginning, perfect and intact. The only fault to be found with this beautiful and fondly cherished idea is that it is false. In the first century of the Christian era our religion began to be warped and bent and shaped upon Greek religion and Greek philosophy, and this pagan influence, only one out of many, continued down to and beyond the times of Thomas Aquinas. The entire eschatology of Christianity has been profoundly influenced by Oriental paganism quite as certainly as have the utensils and ceremonial of Roman Catholic liturgy. Again say these who sometimes appear to think that God has revealed himself but once and that all the rest of history is dark and godless, "Are we not sending missionaries to the Orient, and are they not wonderfully successful in their fight against these very same overpraised and all too fascinating polytheisms and heathendoms? Does not this indicate vast superiority on the part of Christianity?" The answer would appear to be that the success of Christian missions in the Orient has indubitably demonstrated the superiority of the Christian religion to those phases of paganism which it has really met and grappled with. Such demonstration was quite unnecessary. But it cannot be said that Christian missions have as yet even grazed

upon the loftier religious life and thought of India, China, and Japan. And when they do at last come to touch that noble and intense spiritual life we need look for no rapid and sweeping results, but rather for slow modifications on both sides and a gradual harmonizing of differences. The success of our missions has been so immediate and so overwhelming because Christianity has wisely and almost necessarily centered its activities in the Orient upon those many millions whose condition is worse than godless. It is perhaps partially due to our preoccupation with missionary accounts that we have come to think of India, the land of loftiest spirituality and closest union with God, as the home of vice, besotted ignorance, and unspeakable degradation. Christian missions have seen the vice, the ignorance, the degradation of India, just as a similarly preoccupied East Indian might see the same things in America, because it was upon these phases of India's immensely various life that they could make their most effective attack. It would, of course, be folly to deny that vice, ignorance, and depravity are vastly more prevalent in the Orient than in any Christian land. The accounts of our missionaries have given us a true picture of one great phase of Oriental heathenism. But the poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore is giving us an equally true picture of another phase which, in the interests of justice and all clear thinking, must not be ignored. Neither is this poetry a sole and unprecedented phenomenon. It is the product of a tradition, at once religious, philosophical, and æsthetic, that is more than four thousand years old, and Mr. Tagore is only one among thousands of religious seers and mystics in the Orient of to-day.

As a further answer to the query regarding the success of Christian missions in the East it may be pointed out in passing that Oriental thought has been decidedly successful in the Occident in spite of the fact that India has not the missionary spirit and has made almost no attempt to propagate the doctrines of Brahmanism. These doctrines, in a form distorted and garbled and wrenched almost out of recognition, have made their mark even upon our more intelligent people through the channels of theosophy and Christian Science. Our Christianity has been

represented in the Orient by highly trained, devoted, and earnest men and women. India's religions have been represented among us, for the most part, by quacks and charlatans. India's neglect of action has made Christian missions in the East pathetically necessary. Because of the necessity of our missions and because of their phenomenal success we have gained the idea that the native religions of India must be almost unthinkably degraded. And so many of them are. But it is well to remember that India is a vast country, comprising many races and many castes each with its distinct intellectual and religious inheritance and environment. We think of the physical degradation of her hundreds of millions. She has not inherited from ancient Rome the economic and political ideals to which Europe and America owe their degree of prosperity and well-being. We think of her vast poverty in the midst of the richest land on earth and convince ourselves too easily that poverty is a sure sign of godlessness. We think of her myriad gods, forgetting that even in polytheism there is often pathetic evidence of intense, though groping, religious life. We often forget, also, that if India is polytheistic, she is also the home of the oldest monotheism recorded in the history of religions.

It is, of course, apparent that if the Orient is to have any influence upon Christianity of the future, that influence will not be exerted by the degraded superstitions of the masses, but by those religions which we group together under the name "Brahmanism." This great body of religious doctrine, ceremonial and tradition, together with Buddhism, its comparatively modern offshoot, presents, in its higher manifestations, a spiritual structure which Christianity need not hope, even should it mistakenly desire to overthrow. The fact that Brahmanism has made almost no effort—if we except Buddhistic missionary effort—during its four thousand years to uplift the masses, the fact that in India religious enlightenment has been possible only to the few, is a great and nearly insuperable bar to the sympathy and understanding of the West, with its practical bent and its ideals of social service. But yet the reader of the Vedas, the student of the Upanishads and the Aranyakas, the man who knows his

Vedanta, cannot remain long in doubt that he is dealing with a type of mind that represents, on the side of communion with God, on the side of the inner spiritual life, the greatest religious genius of the world, excepting none. The influence of Brahmanism upon Christianity is inevitable, and it is not to be feared or deplored, any more than Brahmanism need fear the touch of Christianity. For, if India can learn from us the glory of works, of altruism, of self-realization and realization of God through action, we can gain from our contact with the lofty idealisms of India a spiritual insight and spiritual depth, a keener and more constant sense of the divine as present in all nature and in every act and thought of life. And there would appear to be nothing in this statement that should grieve or surprise the most reverent believer in Christianity as the direct word of God. It is not meant that there was any one-sidedness in the teachings of Christ. We are quite willing, for the most part, to consider Buddhism solely in the light of what it has become. Any attempt to see it in its pristine purity is likely to be thought of as mere archæological curiosity. It is wholesome for us to think of Christianity also in the light of what it has become and actually is to-day after twenty centuries of life and work among men, taking on new color and meaning, necessarily, in every one of those centuries, from the myriad minds that have worked in it and upon it. In their original purity Buddhism and Christianity were astonishingly alike—and yet not astonishingly, for they were both conceived close to the very heart of truth and reality. But the Oriental environment of Buddhism has bent it in one direction. The penchant of the East for the inner life of contemplation has made Buddhism relatively unfruitful and relatively deep and spiritual. So the penchant of the West for action has warped Christianity—originally fitted to fulfill the whole life of man—into a morality, a system of ethics. In India the immoral man is often felt to be really and profoundly religious. At this we are shocked, and rightly so; but we are not more shocked than is the Brahman when he sees that among us the merely moral man is often thought of as religious. We should never forget that Christianity, like every other great religion worthy of the

name, is Oriental in its origin. It has been long astray, and though it has gained much in its long sojourn its homegoing cannot but be for good. There has been much talk of late about a so-called "religion of humanity" as the religion of the future. It is difficult to determine precisely what the phrase is intended to mean, but if it indicates the substitution of some vague deification of the human spirit for the Spirit of God, we may be very sure that it does not define any religion that mankind can find permanently satisfying. The gain which we may anticipate for Christianity from its contact with the religions of the East is an increased sense of the indwelling of the Divine, a more constant, prevailing, and efficient sense of our oneness with God.

It seems beyond cavil that the church of to-day is in great need of spiritual awakening. The last half century has witnessed a tremendous increase of activity in all lines of Christian work. The best strength and talent of the church have been devoted to works. But works alone—witness the great apostle of work to our generation, Rudolf Eucken—can never satisfy the cravings of the human soul. Taken alone, work can never constitute religion. It is not less of work that we need, to be sure, but more, and ever more, consecration, depth of insight, spiritual vitality. The great problem of the church; from its very inception, has been the problem of relating itself actively and efficiently to a world from which it must at the same time withdraw itself. Monasticism, the Franciscan movement, Puritanism, and the "militant Christianity" of to-day, with the Salvation Army as its extreme exponent, are successive attempts at the solution of this dilemma. The church *must* be in the world. The danger is that in its preoccupation with environment, with mechanism, with crusades of many sorts, with politics within and without, it may become not only in the world, but *of* the world. This grave danger, incident upon our Western faith in the deed and our craving for practical results, the inevitable fusion of East and West may seem, upon a not too optimistic view, destined to avert. While it is, of course, impossible to predict with any degree of particularity the future of the East or of the West in this matter of religion, we may be sure that momentous modifi-

cations are in store for both. Exceptionally gifted individuals, we know, often foretell in their lives and thought the life and thought of the future. In the experience of Rabindra Nath Tagore the best phases of Oriental and of Occidental culture have been combined. His religious life would appear to have been unusually rounded and complete. He has had periods of mystic meditation and immediate communion, but he has also served his fellow men and his country with a whole-souled devotion. The proprietor of vast estates, he has spent many years in teaching, out of pure love and charity, a school of five hundred Indian boys. Honored and nearly worshiped by many millions as a seer and a saint, he spends his time and strength and money in patriotic service of his native Bengal. A truly "God-intoxicated man," he is the sweetest singer among modern India's many great poets, and he has so knitted himself to the hearts of his countrymen, by his love songs, his cradle songs and his national hymns, that they have come to call this "the age of Rabindra Nath." Although he is a Brahman priest, he has eschewed the asceticism of the Yogi devotee and his poems glow with passion and virility. Although he has spent his life in reverent study of the sacred books, he has found time to master the literatures and the philosophies of Europe. His life, as well as his poetry, breathes the purest and most essential spirit of Christianity. With all of this, he is unmistakably and without qualification an Oriental. The simplicity of his thought and manner, the charity for all which is evident in all that he does and writes, is the product of his wide knowledge and sympathy and of his realization of the fact that the God to whom he has been singing love songs in Bengal these forty years is not the God of India alone, or of the Orient alone, but of the world.

It is perhaps not too sanguine a hope that the life and poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore may prove prophetic of the great religion of all mankind in future years.

William O. Shepard, Jr.

THE PROPHET

THE greatest product of any time, clime, or nation is the Prophet. Beside him the great soldier, marshaling armies and extending geographical boundaries of a kingdom, is small; the statesman, manipulating the tendencies of his times and building up great material interests, is a dwarf; the king, the expression of the people's love for show, is a puppet. The Prophet is a real Gulliver among Lilliputians—with this difference, he never allows them to bind him. He is the wealth of nations. All the material possessions created in a century are not worth a single year of the Prophet's life. The whole pile of passing fiction, raved over by a generation, is far outweighed by one sentence of the Prophet's. He is not common, but he is far more common than is commonly supposed. He is not indigenous to any soil. No civilization begets him, yet all peoples have possessed him. Like some volcanic boulder found on a mighty plain built by the sea, men call him erratic. That is because he belongs not to where he is; is not like where he is found. His origin is a mystery. He comes from some unknown land. While not ours in origin, he is our proudest possession. We learn to love him when he is no more, for then we have discovered that he made us: so that he is ours in the most vital sense.

The Prophet is so peculiar in property qualities that no one robs us who steals him. The larger the number that take him the more surely we possess him. The more of him they appropriate the more remains to us. We lose him if we keep him. He is in a class by himself. The Prophet is the measure of man, yet unmeasured by men. He blends with his kind without losing his identity. We are not impoverished by the discovery of two Isaiahs. We should be enriched could we find ten in place of two. Not one of them would be less because we had discovered more. To speak of Minor Prophets is a misnomer. If the greatest of all prophetic books shall be found to be the work of two men, so far as record is concerned, none but God will ever know how many prophets contributed to the discovery of the truths therein

revealed. The bulk of his message is not the measure of the Prophet, but of the circumstance beside which he stood. We hold that any prophet in the other Prophet's place would have done the Prophet's work. The difference would have been in method, and not result.

The Prophet is a promise; a predictor because he is a prediction. Change him and all is changed. Change the circumstance and you change the form, but never the message. The message is the measure of the Prophet. It is folly to think of him as less a man because he is more of a Prophet. To take him out of the order of life because he is above the ordinary life is like excluding a pumpkin from the vegetable world because it is larger than a cucumber. He is a man among children. If the people were not potentially prophets the message of the Prophet could have no ground of appeal. All workers in the hive are potential queens. The appeal is not in the sound he makes, but in the sounding-board on which he makes it. We are guilty when we disregard his message because that disregard is neglect of our higher self. We are not guilty because we do not attain what is possible only to others. We are guilty when we remain below what the Prophet calls us to be, not because he calls, but because we could be what he calls us to. That is true of our relation to Christ. It is not our disregard of the call of Christ from without, but our deafness to his call within. If this were not true, none could be guilty who had not heard our message.

The Prophet is not, primarily, a messenger, but a message. His highest attainment is not what he says, but what he is. It were better to be a prophet and never say a word than to fill the world with words and never be a prophet. The truths of life can be uttered only by life. The relation of thing to thing, mathematical formula, the names of the impedimenta of life, can be given in sound. Words are sufficient for the designation of material things. But the truths of life are uttered only in attainment. The burning words the Prophet speaks are but the atmosphere of a soul aflame, as light is caused by the sun.

The message of the Prophet is rather a revelation than his measure. You cannot measure prophets. Souls are neither sound

nor weight. To compare what we cannot measure is an interesting folly only. The time in which he lives, the language he speaks, have to do with the form, and only the form, of his message. All prophets have the same message. We must comprehend his speech that we may apprehend his spirit. We must in thought reproduce his day that we may know him. Of necessity we must locate him to understand his speech; but a fish is not a rat because you catch him in a trap. The circumstance is an accident. The Prophet is a personality.

It ought to be perfectly understood that prophecy—that is, prediction as to how life will go and especially how it *ought* to go—is both more simple and more trustworthy than history. By common forms of speech we come to think of ideas as though they were facts. We have lifted the notion of time into the realm of thought in such a way as to frighten people about the coming of eternity. All we can possibly mean by time is the movement of a body in space. Years necessarily differ in length on different planets. By time we really mean movement; but that movement is located in eternity. In the same way we have talked of history: by which we have meant that we have reproduced a mental picture that has corresponded with the fact; that we have explained an event; that we know by history. The history of no event has ever been written; it cannot be written. Read the description by different authors of the same occurrence. The divergence does not prove that either is untrue, but that both are incomplete. We may tell how many met in battle, the number that were slain, wounded, or missing; we may know the number of spears used, arrows shot, balls discharged; but the cause of the war none but God can know. It is conceivable that many a bloody war has raged because a thoughtless mother snatched her waking child from his crib; that act may have been the deciding factor in the disposition of the man who later went to war in a frenzy we call temper. All occurrences are related. No event, from the beginning of events until now, stands alone.

Take this simple event: Some months ago a gambler was shot in the streets of New York. Did the police lieutenant order it? Where was he when he gave the order? Whom did he send word

by? To whom was his awful message sent? Which of the gunmen shot the gambler? Why did he shoot? Was it for money, revenge, or fear? The State will spend many thousands of dollars searching for the history of this simple event and will finally rest in the land of probability. If it shall be proven that the police lieutenant was the chief criminal, who will tell us the factors mixed up in producing the policeman. How came he by his lust for gold? Why does money, the artificial, appeal so powerfully to men? Why to some men more than others? How far is the man guilty? What portion of the guilt is the property of society? No, the approach to life is not by the mazes of history. History deals with events, prophecy with their cause. The historian fingers the web, the prophet the spider. History busies itself with the garments in which life has garbed itself; it must be satisfied when it shall have decided which is the better garment. Prophecy deals with the maker and the wearer of those garments. They differ from each other as the dry-goods store differs from the dissecting room. When, some brief years ago, one of the "gunmen," then a mere youth, stood before a certain judge and the judge warned "society" that the youth ought to be put under restraint, or some dreadful thing would happen, the judge's prediction was far more rational in its basis than is the attempt of the State to get a history of the event in which the "gunman" is mixed up.

The Book of God makes no mistake in that it is prophetic in nature. The Bible is a prophetic book. In it the historical is incidental; the prophetic vital. The historicity of events is of minor importance. Does it rightly analyze the nature of the persons causing those events? It is of more importance to know that Jesus Christ reveals God than to know he is an historical character. His location mid the teeming events of human life is secondary compared with the validity of his nature. The Prophet deals with personality. We must thus approach life if we wish to save it. The punishing men for an act, while making no attempt to change their nature, is stupidly foolish. The prophet is not the embodiment of vindictiveness, but of virtue. Christ came not to condemn, but to save. The transmuting of microbes, accomplished by Mme. Victor Henri (see *Literary Digest*, May 16,

1914), is but the performing at the tail end of life what the Prophet has always accomplished in the upper reaches of life. She with microbes, he with men. The Prophet is the scientist of the ages.

That God cares to have us know the past is doubtful. Were that his purpose, he would not have buried the past so deep or so successfully have hidden the history of babyhood from manhood. God works in the spiritual world; he is growing souls. To live in the past is not best for souls that should go on. It is often a loss to turn in the day of battle. He that puts his hand to the plow and looks back is not worthy of the Kingdom. Yesterday is a groundwork for our feet and not a halo for our head.

What, then, is the Prophet? He is the materialization of the nature of God in human life; a spark from the unlighted fire of Being. To say "he is ethical" is to belittle him. He is more than ethical; he is spiritual. Honesty as a policy is ethical, but it is not spiritual. A man may be on perfectly good terms with his fellows and not know God. The Prophet discovers God; therefore calls on men to realize him. He "held on to Him he saw not, as though he saw him." To the Prophet the experience of his consciousness is as real as the sight of his eye. To the Prophet knowledge is not altogether a matter of perception; he leaves room for impression. He sorts out his inspirations, studies his affections, and believes in his emotions. He knows that God moves, to the manifestation of himself, in the realm of the subjective in human life, and so trusts his own inner experience. He knows the danger of this position; he also recognizes the greater danger of its denial. There is no apostasy that equals the denial of the direct and immediate contact of God with the human spirit. It is his supreme purpose to make men recognize God.

You must understand the Prophet through his purpose. You will never know him by dissecting his performance. Take, as an illustration, the attitude of the later Prophets toward the Mosaic economy. To understand their abhorrence of the sacrificial services of the temple you must remember two things: (1) that the service, in all its detail, was forged for the specific purpose of helping the people to realize the presence of God; (2) that the service

had taken the place of its purpose. The sacrifice was more than its meaning: the temple loomed above the Presence. When men put the instrument in the place of the God who ordained it as a path to his presence, then the Prophet scouts the instrument because it hinders that for which it was designed. The Prophet would pull down the temple when the building takes the place of the God for whose worship it was reared.

The whole Bible must be interpreted from this angle. The contention for the historicity of the story of Jonah borders on blasphemy. That God singled out this one traveler by sea to be the subject of the Divine care in contradiction to his way of caring for all who travel by land or sea is an outrage to the Christian consciousness of the Divine. God cares for all. Whether they are vomited ashore or drowned in the deep they are cared for by God. It does not follow that if we escape with life we are cared for; if we die we are neglected. No fish was ever big enough to take the place of the perpetual care. The incident reveals the habit.

When Luther turned his back on the institution, in answer to the inner voice, he joined the prophetic band. When Wesley turned from the formalism of his times and placed the emphasis on *experience*, he became a prophet. When a man to-day lifts his voice against the substitution of theology for spirituality; the placing of the great Book in place of the great God, he joins the Prophets. The reverence for the Book, coupled with the disregard of the Spirit of the Christ, that is becoming common in many places, calls loudly for prophetic rebuke. "Would God all the Lord's people were Prophets."

L. B. Stockdale

ALONG THE BEACH

A FAMILIAR beach is like an old friend; it constantly says and does new things. Even when it is most like itself it is most various. No successive tides are quite alike; no two waves ever behave in precisely the same fashion. The scrunch of the sand under your feet answers your mood. For me there is no other divertisement like a walk on the beach—and alone. (Two sometimes make a “crowd”; one may be great “company.”) Tired, a walk at the edge of the surf tonics you; strife-ridden, it quiets you; heated of soul, it cools you like a mother’s caress, chilled of spirit, it warms like a word of praise. Along a certain beach, then, I went one morning, recently. No destination mine. It is good to *go* sometimes and not go *anywhere* of purpose—just to go, with the orchestrated music of the surf stirring your soul. If we went oftener thus God would have better chance to say things to us. He cannot have his full say while we are making definite pilgrimages, or even walking for exercise.

I was alone on the beach, yet had I great sense of companionship. There were footprints the way I went, and half unconsciously at first I began to note the plain human marks in the sand. Heartaches and hopes, weariness and passion had gone up and down the beach since sun-up. Had I the requisite cipher I might have read the lives of my predecessors on the beach that morning as the archaeologist spells out the story of bygone days, for a man’s walk gives him away, tells his mood and how he destines, what he means and loves and fears. Napoleon’s step on Saint Helena was different from that at Austerlitz. Washington Irving walked wearily after his sweetheart died. The padding of a thief is not as the gait of an honest man. There is a foot-writing as tell-tale and significant as chirography. Some day, perhaps, we shall learn it as we are learning hosts of wonderful languages.

But the footprints in the sand became few. And as, with an access of interest, I watched for them in my walk, one pair only, repeated at regular intervals, remained. The makers of the other tracks had gone back; to breakfast, perhaps, or high company,

or loneliness. Now my eyes were all for the single pair of foot-prints as they led on and on. One pedestrian had gone beyond the crowd. How far? I wondered. It is great to fare beyond the crowd, as Columbus did, as Roger Bacon, as Browning, as Saint Stephen. Discoverers of first grade are few because most people are lonesome away from the crowd. Creative artists, like Turner and Corot, are rare partly because the rest of us itch for company. No man can write a great poem or lead a great hope or live a great life so long as he feels need of another elbow at his own. He must always trust himself, his message, and his personal business on earth. Millais nearly starved to death while he was painting out the visions which had been given him. Greig ran the risk of popular ostracism because he dared use new musical phrase and harmony. Wordsworth was scoffed at for the very lines which have won for him literary immortality. Lincoln took great chances when he broke with the crowd which had elected him. Savonarola bore a loneliness which would frighten most of us to death. Jesus could not even take his choicest intimates into the black depths of Gethsemane.

Most of the world's richest gain is the usufruct of its pioneers, its trail-blazers. Erasmus had a more brilliant mind than Luther's, but Erasmus waited patiently for the crowd to catch up, and the crowd, led on by the doughty Wittenberg monk, went past. McClellan had certain clear advantages over Grant, but he was hesitant in action and the Union waited for the man who could fight it out "if it took all summer," and he had, withal, to fight alone. One must trust the people, of course; but trust that they need a leader who can go ahead and *keep* ahead of them. To be as good or as brave as the "other man" is to cheat the other man of his chance to be braver and better than he is to-day. Saintship, preeminently, is a dash for the Pole.

But the tracks in the sand—I came at length to the last of them. The beach was unbroken beyond me. The unnamed pilgrim had also gone back. Tired, perhaps, or craving companionship, or meeting an appointment, he had retraced his steps. I saw where he had turned, noticed his footprints pointing seaward, then I marked the steady plod, plod back.

There are times when if one persists in going ahead he cannot even claim the company of footprints. And the voices calling backward are so various—angry voices, persuasive voices, voices full of all pleading and passion and piety. Sometimes I have wondered what the world's pioneers in thought and action might not have achieved had they been able or permitted to keep on going ahead. Bruno, for example; precursor of the scientists of our day, dreamer of daring dreams, glimpser, at least, of truths without whose use mankind went heavily. Splendidly he fared alone until the church at Rome called him back. 'Twas impious to think outside the ruts of orthodoxy. Back, Bruno! He did not seem to hear, so they slew him in his tracks. Then there was Galileo challenging the astronomy of the ancients. Of course he did not realize that by questioning the astronomy he would break up the theology of his day. He lifted a daring eye to Orion and the Pleiades. And what he saw he had the temerity to say—for a while. Poor Galileo, he had to learn the un wisdom of going ahead of your age. They made him take down his telescope, compelled him to deny the wonders he had indubitably seen, bade him back. Possibly he was wiser than Bruno. At least he saved his life by turning back. Yet he died with his eager face turned toward the forbidden uncharted spaces, claiming again with passion the truth he had in terror forsworn. And John Huss, herald of a new day for the souls of men. How they shouted at him! They cried him down. Back to the fold of churchdom! Back, or your life! And so they took his life, just as his great torch was beginning to beacon all Europe.

Then there was Roger Williams, ill-content to let the majority do his thinking for him. Most are happy to accept thought in capsule form as prescribed by the doctors of current opinion. A live idea is always upsetting. The redoubtable Roger's nearly upset a colony. Every voice of prudence, of self-interest, cried, "Shame!" But Roger Williams's way led to Rhode Island, and the mother colony said, "Good riddance." Then there was Neal Dow, lifting and nailing aloft the impossible banner of prohibition and dying with more hurts than blessings in his ears. I think that truculent old fighter would almost die of joy were he alive

to-day and witting the status of prohibitory sentiment. And Jacob Riis, whose recent death has put us in grateful remembrance of his splendid human service. Had Jacob Riis taken counsel of fears Mulberry Bend would still soil the map of Manhattan Island. An impossible dreamer, did he not know that certain community evils are inevitable? No, he did not seem to know even when seasoned old politicians told him. He kept on insisting that such sinks of vice and squalor have no rights which a Christian manhood is bound to recognize. And Mulberry Bend disappeared from the map into history.

He said, "Nay, nay," to the worldling's way:

To the Spirit's clear voice he answered, "Yea!"

The Russian painter Kowalski painted Napoleon retreating across the pitiless snows from Moscow. You see the steam from the horses' nostrils. You feel in your bones the still white cold of a Russian winter. The twilight pink in the sky seems to sharpen the chill of the air. But what thermometer fashioned by man could register the temperature in the soul of the man in the sleigh? Beaten back, his dream of empire ruined, his invincible legions dabbling the snow with pathetic patches of color, the "little corporal" was retracing the steps he had taken so proudly. I have stood before the canvas for hours trying to read the mask on the face of the man in the sleigh. But the picture is parable too. There is no other cold so piercing as the cold of the soul that has had to turn back.

So I mused by the footprints in the sand. And I tried to guess the changes that will come over the gray-green earth as, one by one, men dare to pass the outermost bounds of other men's journeyings. It is not safe to say that anything is impossible to the pioneer. When his assistants assured Edison that the world yielded no metal suited to a certain need in his experiment, the wizard—and perhaps that is why he is a wizard—replied quietly, "Then we must make it." I heard echo of the same spirit in the laboratory of a hospital recently. "It can't be done," said all the textbooks. By which they meant that it had not *yet* been done. "It *must* be done," said my friend. And he has *done* it. Out from such a place, and under the power of such a spirit, will come,

some day, the exorcism of cancer. But the secret will hardly be found in collaboration. Some lonely, unadvertised seeker, disregarding the futile findings of other men as wise as he, leaving their footprints far behind, will track the foul secret to its hiding place. Inveterate social iniquities will be doomed in the same way. Not by legislatures in august session; not by committees of investigation charged with great business and voted full powers; not by vice commissions and courts of industrial arbitration, useful and painstaking as these may be; not by these, or such as these, will the solvent be found. Rather by some pioneering spirit, faring alone and asking only the present company of a high purpose. "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?" asked Jesus of some of his friends. The redemption he wrought was the achievement of One who could "tread the wine press alone." The cup of salvation he lifted to human lips everywhere was pressed from the grapes by lonely feet. And only those who dare follow in his train may even hope to share in his redemption. I do not claim to know how far Henry George's single tax theory would go toward bringing in the industrial millennium. But the spirit of the man is the spirit of the conqueror. Henry George dared to stand alone and be counted one. Maurice was probably wrong, both in his premises and in his conclusions. But his spirit was splendidly right; for he asked no man's leave to draw the thing as he saw it

For the God of things as they are.

It is easy, no doubt, to convict Count Malatesta of folly, but the real industrial saviour, when he comes, will be no less fiery of soul. Wanted: a man or woman who will walk clear into the ruck and spume of things and show to the rest of us the way out. No less heroic breed will do. One monk, leaping into the arena, theatrically, if you please, ended the old gladiatorial horrors. There was no precedent, there was no assurance of issue. Telemachus tried the lonely vicarious way. Who shall say there was another way? Some day, back along the beach, will sound the cry of a pilgrim more venturesome than any predecessor, "Eureka!"

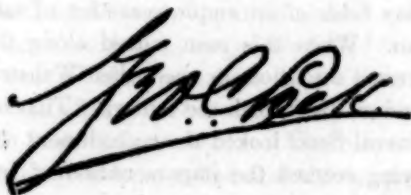
And our personal life. I wonder how any man expects to find himself by measuring the length of a conventional tether and

trotting back when the leash begins to tighten. "I go to prove my soul," cried Browning. How far to go he did not say. Nor can any other tell me how far I must "go to prove my soul." There is never complete precedent for the culture of the individual. Each soul is unique, and can attain full self-expression only by treading its peculiar path. Saint Augustine was not the original of Calvin, or Paul, or Luther. If no two fingerprints are alike, still less can two men or two women be found in duplicate. And, if each is different, how hopeless to look for a copy to follow. "That which each can do best only his Maker can teach him," said Emerson profoundly. Be sure, then, that one's Maker will never send him in quest of an example—not even to Jesus Christ. Our Lord is so much more than "example" that he is the inspirer of personality. He does for a man what sunshine does for an apple or an oak—develops the individual to his best. He never asks Peter how far he falls short of John's stature, but how far Peter falls short of himself. Only one Zacchæus climbed a tree for sight of his Lord. For anybody else to adopt the tree-climbing method of entering discipleship would be mere mimicry.

And heaven. "Heaven is not reached at a single bound," nor by a well-beaten path either. In one of his charming essays Brierley asks when it is heaven. The answer, if I may phrase it in terms of the prints in the sand, is very beautiful: Heaven lies just beyond the much-traveled lanes. Heaven is "when the soul lets go." "The bourne from which no traveler returns." Of course; otherwise it is not heaven, but something less.

For though from out the bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,

it is only in those distant lonely reaches that we may hope to
"see our Pilot face to face."



JOHN MCLEAN

JUDGE JOHN MCLEAN of the United States Supreme Court has almost dropped out of sight. His active life fell into the fifty years between the war of 1812 with England and the war of Secession in 1861; between Hull's surrender and Fort Sumter. His image stands historically between the generation now living and the time passed into history. Some one ought to seize upon the receding outlines and rescue them from fading out. This sketch is from fragments gathered from meager records and from personal inquiry, by correspondence and conversation. A few men with whom I have talked knew him personally, among them Professor Merrick, of the Ohio Wesleyan University. When presiding at Columbus, Judge McLean was in the habit of inviting Professor Merrick to his room for fellowship. Professor Lorenzo Dow McCabe gave me most valuable information concerning the personal qualities of the great man, so also did Dr. Joseph M. Trimble, himself a son of Governor Trimble. Rev. Dr. Lyon, of Delaware, O., described to me the appearance of Judge McLean on the bench as stately but kind and gentle. He, though but a boy, was so impressed. A steel-engraving of him hung on a façade to an alcove in the library of the Ohio Wesleyan University represented a face of great firmness, and, but for the reports of men who describe him as gentle, polite, and kind, one would say he was austere and stern. The chin is well-molded, but firm; the finely outlined mouth large; the shapely nose prominent; the brows beetle over deep-set eyes, which were gray; the forehead lofty; the hair, having disappeared from the front, falls to the coat-collar behind, about a powerful, well-poised neck, which sits in a pointed standing collar, surrounded by a black "stock." The shiny folds of an ample vest hint of satin and the oldtime gentleman. When this man moved along the streets his stately form arrested attention, as once when Webster, passing along a street in London, drew forth the remark, "That man looks like a cathedral." General Scott looked the embodiment of the martial spirit; Judge Ewing seemed the impersonation of jurisprudence; Chase, as if

himself were the "sinews of war" which he brought to the hour of our nation's peril. McLean belonged to that physical order of uncommon men. Hon. W. F. Hunter was congressman from Delaware, O., and saw much of McLean during his stay in Washington. His impressions helped me.

The "Mc" in the Judge's name points to Erin as the source of his Celtic blood. He was born in Morris County, New Jersey, March 11, 1785. The family moved West, settling in Morgantown, Va., for a short time, then in Kentucky; thence his father transplanted him to Ohio soil in Warren County. That southwestern part of the Buckeye State has been the early home of many of the great ones of the nation. Whether native-born or imported, it has given to the world such preachers as Lyman Beecher and that Shakespeare of the pulpit Henry Ward Beecher; also John P. Durbin, the modern Chrysostom; such orators as Charles Anderson and Tom Corwin, the wizard, among stump orators; such presidents as both the Harrisons and Rutherford B. Hayes; such writers as T. Buchanan Read, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alice and Phoebe Cary; such scholars as General O. M. Mitchel; governors, thirteen from Cincinnati; justices, such as Stanley Matthews, Bellamy Storer, Chase, Taft, and the subject of our sketch. John McLean began life in Warren County, O., for himself in 1801, as both school-teacher and wood-chopper while pursuing his studies. Sixty years afterward, when he died, he was one of the judges of the United States Supreme Court, a position he had held for thirty-one years.

He belonged to that order of American nobility who might be double-starred as wood-chopper and school-teacher. Thomas Ewing, Lincoln, and Garfield were wood-choppers all of them; Garfield a canal-boat driver, Lincoln a flat-boat sailor, Grant a tanner; and most had taught school. The list might be swelled, taking such as Presidents Arthur, John Quincy Adams, and even "Old Hickory." It must be confessed that many have felled trees who never became McLeans or Gladstones; some have followed towpaths who never became Garfields, some have wielded the birch who never turned out as did John Quincy Adams. There is still a way to raise men though the forests be felled and the towpath

fallen in. McLean's education was obtained under great disadvantages. It was substantially the equivalent of the nonclassical college course. So was that of John Jay, first chief justice of the United States, appointed by George Washington. McLean studied law in Cincinnati under Arthur St. Clair, son of the Revolutionary general. To pay his way he wrote in the clerk's office in Hamilton County, reserving time for his law study. At twenty-two he hung out his shingle as an attorney in Lebanon, O. To this he added the function of editor, starting the *Western Star*, but wisely sold out three years afterward. In 1807 he took as life partner Miss Rebecca Edwards, daughter of Dr. Edwards, formerly of South Carolina. Soon after their marriage she was converted. They lived happily together for thirty-three years. She died in 1840, ten years after he had been made one of the Supreme Judges of the United States. Three years after her death he was again married to a lady of rare intelligence and religious character—Mrs. Sarah Bella Garrard, daughter of Israel Ludlow, one of the founders of Cincinnati.

He was successful as a lawyer for a half dozen years. He then made a change which as a rule is perilous. He entered politics and was elected to Congress at the age of twenty-seven. Madison was then President of the United States. The war of 1812 was on with its cry of "Free trade and sailors' rights." In two years McLean was returned to Congress by a singular kind of vote: every ballot cast at the polls was for him. Next year his State offered to make him United States Senator. This he declined, preferring to hold on as Representative. The year after that he was made judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio and continued for six years in that congenial and appropriate place. Then President Monroe appointed him United States Land Commissioner, and here the hand of the just judge was felt. A year afterward, in 1823, President Monroe made him Postmaster-General. Throughout that department of the service was great confusion and inefficiency. McLean wrote a clear hand, which was but the sign of the vigor of his administration, preparing the way for the present marvelous perfection of our postal system. Congress raised the salary, even Randolph of Roanoke advocating it as

a tribute to McLean's personal merit. John Quincy Adams, who succeeded Monroe, was of the opposite political party, but he kept McLean at the head of the postal service, which is now one of his great monuments.

General Jackson was elected President to succeed Adams in 1824. McLean took no part in the bitter fight, having declared his purpose in advance. A man like Jackson knew not what to do with one like McLean. He had announced his political creed, "To the victors belong the spoils," but what to do with McLean embarrassed him. He could disgrace himself fighting duels, could crush the United States Bank, ride over South Carolina nullification, defeat Choctaw and Seminole and drive Pakenham's British army from New Orleans, but what could he do with this great clear-headed, pure-hearted statesman? He offered McLean to retain him as Postmaster-General, or make him Secretary of the Navy, or Secretary of War. Each was declined. "What can I do for you?" "There is a vacancy on the Supreme Bench," said McLean. "Thank you, sir," said the cob-pipe hero, and McLean rose to his normal place. McLean found his sphere preeminently on the Supreme Bench.

The Scotch-Irish, whence are they? In the north of Ireland is the province of Ulster, in size not over one fifth of the State of Ohio. Long before Knox's time the Irish went over to Caledonia and so far subdued its people as to leave their own name, Scott, upon the land. A thousand years afterward the Scotch in return went to Ireland and planted in Ulster an irrepressible Presbyterian Protestantism. Thence came to the American Colonies, about one hundred years after the settlement of the Puritans in New England and the Cavaliers in Virginia, a flood of immigration which, entering New England, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas, broke through by degrees west of the Alleghenies into all the West. For a time they were busy in the work of settlement and subjugation of the soil; they helped in the Revolutionary War and the founding of the American government, silent as to their nationality; but in later years they have spoken out, made themselves known, and asserted their claims. There is some risk in their discounting the power of Puritanism in their sweeping claims

for having accomplished almost all in bringing the country to its present achievements. However, Puritans, having first had their say, can well afford to learn from this broad-shouldered, big-brained hardy race. They anticipated the Declaration of Independence in a lesser one at Mecklenburg, N. C., one year before '76. They dropped the English rose from their emblem, leaving only the thistle and the shamrock. Fortunately that rebellion never could be complete. The Stone of Scone having been placed beneath the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey was never removed from its place, neither the hardy Scot from his loyalty to the British throne, while Gladstone, with Scotch blood in his veins, practically effected the disestablishment in Ireland and unhappy Erin has come to her emancipation from a long, intolerable landlordism.

When the Declaration of Independence was signed there were placed in the immortal roll the names of eleven Scotchmen. When Washington formed his first Cabinet he called Alexander Hamilton to the Treasury; Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State; General Knox, Secretary of War; John Randolph, Attorney-General—Scotch blood in every one of them. Also Rutledge and John Marshall—chief justices—Scotch. In the conquest of the West David Crockett, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton—these Scotch-Irishmen were breakers on the wave of civilization. There followed others of the same Scotch-Irish: General Sam Houston, George R. Clark, Andrew Jackson, Breckenridge, and Benton. Still later to this heart of the republic James K. Polk, and they claim Abraham Lincoln, whose whole make-up, physical and intellectual, seems to warrant the claim, while of Ulysses Grant there seems no doubt. As one hearkens to the puff of the engine, it seems to be shouting the name of Watt, Watt, Watt. If he listens to the muffled sound of the steamboat, it will speak the name of another Scotch-Irishman, "Robert Fulton, Robert Fulton, Robert Fulton." Do you hear the singing of the wires overhead? Their melodious note hums the name of another of this race, "Samuel Morse, Samuel Morse, Samuel Morse." When the trolley lines carry one swinging up and down our valleys, he may hear the name of a man with a Dutch father and a Scotch mother, as it sings "Edison,

Edison, Edison." Should there come ringing on your ear the telephone, hearken well and you will hear the name of a man born in Edinburgh, born again in Boston, "Bell, Bell, Bell." Look at the harvester rolling across the fields and you will hear it singing its inventor's praise, "McCormick, McCormick, McCormick." When you roll along a graveled highway in carriage or automobile you cannot forget that the macadamized way is whispering a Scotchman's name, "McAdam, McAdam, McAdam."

Salmon P. Chase and Mark Hanna were both Scotch-Irish. There is on the maternal side a strain of this blood in Theodore Roosevelt. Never was there a manlier Presidential campaign than when two gifted Scotch-Irish Christian men headed the Republican and the Democratic tickets in the persons of William McKinley and William J. Bryan. Forty colonial governors sent to this country before 1776, and twelve Presidents of the United States up to date, have been of this blood. This was written in sight of the cemetery where lies the dust of two Scotch-Irish Ohio governors, Duncan McArthur and William Allen.

They have been illustrious in law and jurisprudence. To name John Marshall is but to suggest a line of such: Thomas Ewing, Jeremiah S. Black, David Davis, Allen G. Thurman, Benjamin Harrison, William C. Preston, Attorney-General Crittenden, John G. Carlisle, and Proctor Knott—all great lawyers; Thomas Scott, and William McClintock. The list of orators were too long to call: Patrick Henry, John Witherspoon, Samuel Galloway, of Columbus, O. When President Lincoln introduced Galloway to General McClellan, he remarked, "I want to present my friend, Sam Galloway; there is but one of his kind."

To eliminate this race from the ranks of American preachers were to rob it of much of its glory in Canada and the United States. To specify were a long, invidious task. Part of its emphasis may be seen in its contribution to Methodism as well as to Presbyterianism and the other churches. It gave such as Mackenzie, McTyeire, Maffitt, Axley, McGee, Cartwright, and Lakin. It has furnished the episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church with a Simpson and a Thoburn. Were the Fitzes and Macs, with all that strain of blood, to be superannuated, an

immediate election would become necessary to repair the wreck of the episcopal wheel.

A pair of Scotch-Irish brothers, Presbyterian and Methodist, John and William McGee, were humanly responsible for the great revival which occurred in 1800, known as the Canebrake Camp Meeting in Kentucky, which originated the evangelical Cumberland Presbyterian Church as well as the modern camp meeting.

As educators the Scotch-Irish have greatly distinguished themselves. Blair founded William and Mary for "the glory of Almighty God," some claim, before Harvard was established. There were the Tennents and Witherspoons, McCosh of Princeton, and the late William R. Harper, of Chicago University. The Ohio University, though started by New England Puritans, has had in the line of her presidents several descendants from Ulster. The portraits of Wilson and Howard are Scotch. McGuffey, who did so much for the literary taste of young America by his school-readers, must have been Scotch-Irish. It is certain that President William H. Scott inherited his stalwart manhood, high moral tone, religious conscientiousness, and philosophical acumen from the North of Ireland on both the paternal and maternal side. Dr. George R. Crooks, of Drew Seminary, scholar and biographer, was of this stock. Some of the chief places in Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania are filled with Scotch-Irish. Such was the blood of McLean.

During his career McLean was voted for by Democrats, sustained in power by Whigs, advocated in 1856 by the Free Soilers, and was made a rival candidate against Fremont for President, receiving a hundred and ninety-six votes in their convention at Buffalo. In 1860, at Chicago, he was supported by his fellow citizens, who knew him best, as candidate for President in the place filled by Lincoln—fortunate failure. He stood through all the political changes going on for sixty years—Democrat, Whig, Free Soiler, Republican, and had the "Third Party" appeared he would have been pleased with its aim. This man stood like a Teneriffe fixed amid the tides. Parties came and went about him like floods. In that he rises a sublime model of lofty moral grandeur before the young men of America. As a contrast take the

experience of Daniel Webster, one of the world's greatest men in talent. Men who heard him were convinced that he had no equal as an orator. Who ever spoke as did he at Bunker Hill or in Congress?—especially in his reply to Hayne, March 7, 1830. He took issue, however, with the Wilmot proviso, the Free Soil doctrine. That was against the incoming tide of human liberty. Some suspected that it was a bid for the Presidency, but let us hope that it was intended to preserve the Union, "one and inseparable," for which he did such magnificent service. How stood McLean? The slavery power was dominant in Congress. It was compact. It swept the pulpit of a large part of the nation into its advocacy. "Onesimus the slave" furnished the text usually. Chief Justice Taney decided, "The Negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect." Though chief justice of the Supreme Court, he, too, had been swept by the tide from his lofty position. Judge McLean wrote the dissenting opinion in this Dred Scott case. It was signed also by Associate Justice Curtis. That opinion formulated the idea of the Wilmot Proviso, which opened the way for the Free Soil Party. That resulted in the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," followed by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, thence on to Abolitionism, to Harper's Ferry under John Brown, then on to Bull Run, Gettysburg, Appomattox, and to Peace.

When McLean died the war of Secession was on and went in the direction of his life. Daniel Webster, as great a man in his possibilities, fell with his face toward the dark side of the conflict and its dismal failure.

In the critical time between his beginning as a young lawyer and his entrance on political life came McLean's religious conversion. He had always been upright, thoughtful, and kind, but skeptical. The Rev. John Collins preached in a private house in Lebanon, O. The room was overcrowded. Young McLean stood outside, an attentive listener. The preacher saw him and was impressed with the young man's looks. He paused a moment in the sermon and lifted his heart to God in silent prayer. He resumed his discourse, beginning the first sentence with the word "eternity." That proved the barbed arrow piercing to the con-

science and the skepticism of the young man. McLean's sturdy nature calmly faced the great fact of destiny. He sought the acquaintance of the minister. Collins proposed that McLean read the Bible daily for fifteen minutes at least, honestly inquiring for light, until his return to Lebanon. He was on his way to clear daylight by the time the minister returned. Another reasonable thing was proposed by Mr. Collins: secret prayer at sundown until they should meet again. Of course the sun in the heavens could sooner fail than that God should fail to enlighten a soul like that. He was truly converted. McLean accompanied Mr. Collins sometimes on his circuit, which included Lebanon, and with his young wife he established a family altar. From Lebanon there lie before me written testimonies from six men high in civil rank in and out of the church and of various politics, all agreeing in the opinion that McLean was profoundly religious and thoroughly clean. Bishop Clark in preaching the funeral sermon of the Judge in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, cited the testimony of a number of men by name, among them that of Judge Storer, who said of McLean that "he seemed to preside in court as though consciously under the eye of the Supreme Judge of the Universe." The bishop then sums up by declaring McLean's Christian character untarnished and unsuspected. When we remember that this covers the perilous career of a public life in Washington, beset as it is with temptation and calumny, it furnishes an instance of pureness which for our country's sake should not be allowed to pass into oblivion.

There were noble antecedents in the history of the Supreme Bench. John Jay, first chief justice, appointed in 1789 by George Washington, had been illustrious as legislator, as ambassador, as pioneer in great judicial decisions, and was at one time president of the American Bible Society. Governor Morris asked Jay to stand as godfather for his son, saying, "He shall learn from your life that one must be truly religious to be truly great." One said of him, "When the judicial ermine fell upon him it touched nothing less spotless than itself." Governor Hoadly said later of Judge Salmon P. Chase, "What helped him, what made him, he walked with God." John Marshall, so long chief justice, was a

defender of the faith and became a communicant toward the end of life. We may be happy to know that the spirit of McLean is not dead in this country. There are other men in as conspicuous life as devout as he. Of course publicity and detraction go together. McLean was opposed, maligned, sneeringly called the "Methodist preacher," in order to drive him from John Quincy Adams's cabinet. Marshall and Jay and Washington and Lincoln and Paul and Jesus were all slandered. Universal popularity is not always proof of spotless character.

Isaac Brook

SUBJECTIVISM

IN an ecclesiastical gathering recently an attack was made upon a certain theological school. "They deny the deity of Jesus," it was said. "No," exclaimed a defender, "that cannot be; they teach his deity." "Well," said another defender, a peacemaker, "this is what they do: they present the arguments for and against and let the student take his choice." In an educational gathering in Kansas City not long ago the excellent lecturer, speaking of the new conditions which call for a new Sunday school activity, said in effect that we face a new theology with a new attitude of mind. The young minister no longer receives a certain body of truth from his instructors, but hears many sides and then fights out the battle of his own theology, works out with sweat and struggle his own message for men. At a late examination for ordination the young candidate was not sure of any of the great doctrines of the faith, or those formerly supposed to be such, but he was sure of this, that the Bible is not an authority to our religious consciousness. The religious consciousness is its own authority. On another similar occasion the candidate's answers on the great fundamentals were clear, but when questioned on certain supplemental doctrines and facts of considerable, though not primary, importance, he answered: "I do not know. They may be true or they may not be true. The Scripture seems to teach them. But they have not been verified in my own experience, they make no particular appeal to me, have no bearing on my religious life at least at present. I cannot say." For good or bad these incidents are symptomatic of a widespread and probably an increasing tendency in our theological thought, the tendency to make the subjective tests and criteria supreme, to make them, indeed, really the sole arbiters of religious truth. The tendency reaches its extreme form, or what some may call its logical consummation, in comparatively few, but it is found to characterize increasing numbers and to an increasing degree. It may be philosophical subjectivism; in its ripest form a pure idealism which grounds not only all teaching or thought but also all reality in the thinking of the individual.

Sometimes it is a critical method, or, even less than a method, a critical bias; as when Luther flouted certain books of the Bible because they did not fully enough exhibit his sovereign doctrine of justification by faith, or as when many a modern critic applies to Scripture books or statements his own highly trained historical or theological or literary sense or taste, rejects this, thrusts that to the background, and reconstructs the other, according to the deliverances of his own inner consciousness. It may in biblical criticism or theology be a rationalistic subjectivism, which decisively eliminates all in the teaching or the history that does not conform to canons almost or quite identical with those of the physical sciences. Or, like James Martineau's, almost pantheistic in its idealism, it holds that there is in men naturally a divine element of religious insight and common sense to which the Scripture must be subject and which may be trusted to select the wheat from among the chaff. In such men as Sabatier and Lobstein, as President Mullins suggests, it becomes an almost mystical subjectivism of a Christian type. A moral resurrection produced in us by the experience of Christ's pardoning love and by his presence in our souls has given us an inner life whose affinities and insight and selective powers are such that our own consciousness is a reflection or an outpost of Christ's consciousness and is therefore for us the ultimate test of religious truth, the ultimate authority. Or still further, it may be an agnostic or skeptical subjectivism which explains all religious experience as well as all religious ideas as being purely the product of the individual intellect and without any objective reality whatever. The strifes of the theologies or of the religious types are battles of moonshine warriors. No such widespread tendency can exist by mere force of error; it must somehow exploit, though it may overexploit, some legitimate element of truth, some actual spiritual force. Subjectivism could not command the intelligent, earnest, loving, and, in so many cases, spiritual following it commands unless it did make a really valuable contribution to our religious life. But it may do that when held within its own proper bounds, and yet, when carried to an easily possible extent, may become a virulent spiritual poison.

There are many things to be said for it, at least in its more

moderate forms. No one can help sympathizing with its assertion of the freedom of the human mind and soul against any outward compulsion, against authority of any kind that is really and fundamentally external. If an alleged authority cannot soon or late make itself an internal authority, an authority which awakens to true response that which is deepest and truest in our souls, it can never be anything but external; and purely external authority may fetter the hands, silence the voice, even paralyze the mind and atrophy the soul, but it has no lawful power over the inner and regal personality of the man himself. This is true of all so-called human spiritual authority. That is nonexistent. No longer can creed or council or prelate or church command us to receive their dicta or dogmas. And *any* external authority, divine as well as human, must somehow get itself credentialed to the soul itself as from God, and as the soul's own, before it becomes authority—before it becomes either valid or effective. God must somehow get into that soul, and become a dominating force there, before even his writs shall run in those domains. And it may be reverently said that that authority is the only authority God seeks to exercise. Again, and similarly, subjectivism deserves approval in so far as it is an affirmation of vitality and reality against formality and unreality. Creed-subscription always means the danger of being either hypocritical or hollow. A man may subscribe to that which in his heart of hearts he repudiates. Or he may take upon his lips or seriously undertake to receive into his mind that which really finds no contact with either mind or soul or spirit. Subjectivism demands that we profess to possess in thought or feeling nothing that we do not really possess, nothing that has not gripped us *to the depths*, or *toward* them. When subjectivism, further, or anything else, insists that our creed must come to living terms with our reason, our conscience, and our moral and spiritual sense, we cannot refuse to say, "Amen," to it. It must not confound ultrarationality with contrarationality and say that because a doctrine is beyond the grasping range of our reason therefore it is contrary to reason. It must remember that our moral and spiritual senses are yet immature, and their judgments always liable to correction by further knowledge and wider experience, or

by the greater knowledge and wider experience of others, especially of God. But we recognize with it that the human intellect, the human heart, and the human spiritual sense are noble gifts of God himself, from which he may indeed ask submission, but to which he will not do violence. "*Credo quia impossibile est*" is a hyperbole of faith of which man is not capable to-day, and which God has never asked. In so far, too, as subjectivism expresses the inner law, that we really do in the highest sense possess no religious truth that has not become vital in us by actual experience, it lays stress upon a most valuable principle of religion. Our effective Bible is precisely as large as that portion of it which we have obeyed, acted upon, tested by active, believing faith, attested by a living experience of grace and power. One may proclaim till doomsday that he believes the Bible from lid to lid, that he has a whole Bible, unmutilated by assailant's sword or critic's knife; he really has just as much Bible as has entered into his religious life by faith and obedience. Every age in the world has needed that truth; we need it as much as any. But, not to anticipate too much, it were foolish for any landholder to insist that he had no title to any other land than that on which his foot had so far stepped, or whose fruits he had actually eaten; foolish for any soldier to say that his order book contained no other commands than those he had already recognized and obeyed. To the extent, again, to which subjectivism really exalts the great law that obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge, that he that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine, it is an admirable thing. It does not always do this. Too often it makes the test of the doctrine, not its workability and results in the hands of obedient faith, but its correspondence to certain ideas and principles preconceived before faith could begin or its reaction upon a certain susceptibility, or even irritability, in the spiritual nature. But in those cases where subjectivism does seek to do justice to the whole nature of man in its response to the whole nature of God, where it grounds its deliverance upon results obtained when will and feeling and spirit as well as the intellect are turned upon truth and God in active testing, it is certainly an inspiring and uplifting truth which opens up vistas of infinite and increasing possibility.

On no cheaper terms will God communicate his truth and life. And, lastly, we are grateful for the emphasis on subjectivism where it recognizes and asserts the inner life of God in the soul of man, especially where that asserted life is grounded upon the indwelling life and power of Jesus mediated through a definite religious experience. The pantheistic or merely natural ground leads us far astray into all sorts of error, but one greets with a thrill of fraternal recognition any man who sees authority coming, to valid effect at least, only through the response of a regenerated human nature to its God and Saviour, when the Spirit witnesses with our spirit that we are sons of God and the deep new chord of spiritual aspiration and power and insight within us vibrates in answer to the voice of God as he sounds forth the truths of higher living, the demands of higher duty, the invitations of higher privilege.

It is but another phase of the same valuable service in subjectivism when we say that a well-founded and well-balanced subjectivism gives us a base of inward assurance which raises us above the dangers and vicissitudes of current critical or historical thought and research. We are not nervously anxious when some traditional theories receive severe examination or even must go by the board. With the man whom Jesus made to see, we look with some detachment on the war of the theories and the battle of the doubts, and say, to spiritual Pharisees and Sadducees alike, "Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes." We shall see reasons why even this service of the subjective in religion needs frequent supplementing and correction, but it is of wonderful service amid the winds of doctrine and the sleight of men.

Subjectivism, therefore, may and does supplement, deepen, enrich, vitalize, our objectivity in religion. Nevertheless, the tendency in its riper and more developed forms is open to the gravest criticism. It is erroneous and dangerous philosophically, theologically, vitally. It is ill-based, distorted, ill-balanced. In the first place, it is guilty of the philosophical error, from which flows many a vital one, of practically denying the objective reality of truth, and, indeed, of any entity outside the subject. It may

not theoretically deny the existence of objective truth, but this, as external, becomes practically nonexistent. This is pragmatism exactly reversed and carried to *reductio ad absurdum*. It is idealism running loose. For it is a bold idealist who will deny the actual existence of everything external to the individual thinker; he will modify by acknowledging the existence of other thinkers, especially the great Thinker whose thought is the universe, and he will further allow himself in all his practical dealings to treat with the external universe as if it actually existed. The transcendental Emerson rises from his table where he has been insisting on the oversoul and bargains for a load of wood or apples with a shrewdness which commands the full respect of the Yankee seller. And while the most thoroughgoing idealists of to-day, the followers of Mrs. Eddy, deny the existence of the whole phenomenal world, even they "have to draw the line somewhere," and they draw it at good clothes, comfortable homes, fine churches, and good round fees for spiritual healing. Here, however, in the realm of religion, where experience is indeed so dependent upon acceptance and appreciation, this theory in its extreme form shuts out all truth that has not in some way been included in our previous or present experience. All the rest of the whole world of religious truth, as far as we are concerned, is not. But in fact God is, and truth is, and reality is, and the subjectivist is Nelson turning his blind eye on any of God's signals which he has not yet seen and making them for himself nonexistent. This method makes the mistake, which so many of our philosophies do, in confounding epistemology with ontology, and limiting the things that are to the things we know. In thus shutting out all except that which the mind can at this moment verify, or which its inner life can experience, it also, if it is logical, destroys the effective testimony of the collective Christian consciousness, both ancestral and contemporary, since this, too, is alien and external, wherever it bears witness to realms beyond our present experience or comprehension. This is individualism raised to the *nth* power, like that of the jellyfish who swam in the tropical sea and exclaimed, "This world, it consists of Me." It deprives us of the richness, breadth, length, and height of the experience of the fathers and the brethren. That

passage which speaks of "knowing with all saints" the length and breadth and height of that love of God which passeth knowledge is nothing to the thoroughgoing subjectivist. No saint's experience half a stage ahead of him or one individuality away from him is of any significance, for it is not within the range of his own consciousness. Furthermore, when it comes to temptation, to doubt, to stress, to thronging forces of fear and faltering, the consistent subjectivist has foregone the buttressing, bracing, bulwarking, sustaining power of that mighty unity of Christian life whose bounds are so much wider, whose uplook is so much higher, than that of any single soul could ever hope to be. It is an inexpressible comfort when my own hope grows dim that other souls are aglow, and aglow with light warmer and more intense than mine has ever been. On the Alpine heights my foot may slip, but I am tied by the stout rope of fraternal experience to my brethren and in their sturdy stride I stand. The subjectivist, if he is logical, steps—and slips—alone. Another and most serious arraignment is that it leaves the religious life without definite intellectual content and without a corrective norm. One of its root principles shuts out all but the barest, most elemental, most general truths of religion. That root principle is that historical events or doctrinal declarations are to be subjected chiefly—only, in the last analysis—to subjective tests. Historical statement or detail of religion is really of little importance. If I can hold in mind and heart the general idea of a mediatory Christ, the supreme expression, or even simple ideal, of the love of God to man, the historic picture of an actual Jesus of Nazareth is of no importance. My value-judgment of Jesus is that of God in his expression of divine love. No doubt the literary and historical criticism has left me only the vaguest picture of an historic Jesus, but that will serve, since it is the value-judgment and the spiritual experience alone that counts. But, furthermore, any so-called historic fact or theological doctrine that does not yield religious experience, that does not answer to the test of my inner consciousness, is, as far as I am concerned, to be rejected. In other words, for the subjectivist all historic facts are tested by spiritual criteria, but, on the other hand, no spiritual fact is to be tested by historical

criteria. This leaves the religious life, as was said above, without intellectual content and without a corrective norm. Nothing is in it but the vaguest religious elements, and it is without form or shape. As a result of this indeterminateness in stuff and shape subjectivism is continually lapsing on the one hand into agnosticism, since there is nothing precise to be known and there is no precise way to know it; on the other hand, it becomes a vague shapeless pantheism in which we and our experience become merged into the all. Or, much oftener where there is more real religious experience back of it, it becomes a characteristic mysticism, which, if the man lives long enough or moves fast enough or is logical enough, gradually exfoliates all the Christian elements and becomes largely a mere self-hypnotism of the soul. For religion to be living and vital and forceful it is necessary that the divine force with which we have to do should be definite, personal, with clearly defined historical contact with the world, an actual living entity and personality: even Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus the Christ, Jesus the crucified, Jesus the risen, Jesus who sitteth at the right hand of God, Jesus who indwells and empowers as a personal living presence the lives of his people. The Christian character, the definite Christian experience, are impossible without the Christian content. He who starts from Christian experience and drifts into subjectivism may never drift altogether away from Christ, his inherited momentum may be enough to prevent his skidding, but he who starts from subjectivism will never move to the full Christian experience unless somehow his mind begins to attain the definite objective truths and facts which are the intellectual foundation of the Christian experience; the facts whose action on the soul gives rise to that reaction of the soul which is the awakening spirit's response to its enfolding spiritual environment—in short, Christian experience. Subjectivism tries to make the hands of the clock turn spontaneously without the objective force, the objective reality of Jesus, which moves the works. No man can have a Christian experience to whom the Christ, definite, personal, actual, historical, has not been presented. And here is found the answer to the insistence that no fact can be valid for the Christian consciousness which is not immediately experienced

by the Christian consciousness in one form or another. "That there is a divine power in the world to forgive and uplift and bless," the subjectivist exclaims, "I know because I have experienced it." "In a general way too," the Christian subjectivist adds, "I know that that power is connected with the presentation to my mind of the picture of Jesus Christ. It makes my heart burn within me. But there is nothing about your story of Christ's walking upon the water, nothing about the Gadarene demoniac, nothing about the virgin birth, nothing about his body actually rising from the dead, that ministers to my soul's need or finds response in me." "Furthermore," the boldest of them says, "as long as I have the picture it is of no importance to me whether any historic details are true or not. This is the picture of God's love and it does the work of my soul." But the unanswerable reply is at hand. Your picture of Jesus Christ is a beautiful dream. Since when did the beauty and charm of a dream constitute the proof of its reality? You say that must be a true picture of God's love, though no historical fact corresponds to it. If your dream has no historical fact back of it it has overwhelming historical fact against it. At the best it can be but an unprovable conjecture. Human life, Jesus Christ and those inspired by him being out of it, tells no such story. Nature, "red in tooth and claw," tells no such story. Law, rigid, inflexible, unpitying throughout the universe, tells no such story. All the things you can picture together out of nature's kindness amid her ruthlessness make only faltering hints of such a story, poor, diverse, scattered fragments. Not unless God actually did come definitely into contact with human life through human life, not unless he did speak unto us in a Son, have we any foundation for your picture. You must prove your picture first. And in that process every historical detail of the life of Jesus has its part to play. To exhibit the tenderness, the character, the uniqueness, the power, the deity of that life, your walking on the water, your water made wine, your virgin birth, your bodily resurrection are all of importance. They are the little lines that make up the divine human face that rather than lessens grows, or decomposes but to recompose, comes my universe that feels and knows. Many truths are not directly valu-

able to the religious consciousness in themselves—they never can be, perhaps, though they are more often so than one thinks—but they assist to build up the general impression which is most valuable, most important, indispensable to the effect produced on the religious consciousness. They prove the fact, they complete the picture that does the work. Nothing will account for the idea of Jesus but the fact of Jesus; nothing will in the first place prove the fact of Jesus but the facts about Jesus. Happy is the man, and I trust that happiness is ours, who now apprehends Jesus directly, but he never gets to that point except by the stairway of the facts painfully traversed by some past generation, or by himself.

And this suggests still another grave defect. Its method is directly contradictory to the method of knowledge and advance in every other branch of human thought and learning. In these objectivity always takes the initiative. Subjectivity is the junior partner, needed, indispensable, but secondary, whose business is not to insist that objectivity coincide with it, but to get itself to coincide with objectivity. The very first knowledge we get comes by way of objectivity. I would not discuss the existence of original ideas in the mind before consciousness, still less would I concede that the human mind and personality are the creation of our environment, but the most hardened idealist must admit that there is no evidence that any human mind, on earth, anyway, would ever awaken if some ray from without, through some of the senses, did not impinge with stimulating power on this mere mass of latent possibilities. If Helen Keller's mind had been shut away from the outer world by a nerve paralysis which blotted out touch, feeling, the muscular sense, and smell, as well as sight and sound, we cannot conceive of any human power which could have aroused to activity that inchoate human spirit. The process begins with objectivity and it goes on that way. The universe presses on us with its innumerable facts and forces and processes, and subjectivity consciously or automatically summons its powers to receive and react. When we enter upon the process of our formal education, formal instruction, we observe the same order, and the mind of the teacher, some individual person, or the collective experience, skill, and knowledge of the race becomes a

deliberate, purposive, and active shaping element in our environment. Undoubtedly the constant effort of the true teacher will be to awaken subjectivity. "What think ye?" says Jesus again and again. But he does it by first presenting objectivity: "Verily, I say unto you." Subjectivism says, "Accept no alleged fact or doctrine that you have not verified or cannot verify in your own experience." Education, science, art, the arts, all say, "Verify facts as fast as you can, but meanwhile accept upon competent authority the facts which you cannot now verify, which perhaps never can be verified by you, but which others have verified." Subjectivism says, "Test before trusting"; education says, "Test by trusting." The navigator sits down with his nautical almanac packed with the results of observations which neither he nor a thousand like him perhaps could take in a lifetime; he turns to his table of logarithms which no one probably for fifty years has ventured to work out from the foundation; he takes these two objective things, fixes his gaze on an objective star or an objective sun, and with perfect confidence and perfect accuracy discovers his location and lays out his course. If he were a subjectivist he would scorn such slavish servitude to the external, pump up his facts and figures from the depths of his inner consciousness, deny all facts and figures which did not agree therewith, and freely, boldly, confidently sail—whither? And note what this means. It means that the garnered treasures of human thought, experiment, and experience are deliberately ignored, rejected, and you begin your religious life—as you would not care to begin any other phase of your life—naked, unarmed, unequipped, save with the native powers of your mind. If that gathered experience of the race in each branch of human life did not lift each generation to where it could begin at the highest level of the last all progress would be impossible. Joseph Knowles in the Maine woods is the subjectivist in religion. Fortunately for him there linger in his mind inherited or previously acquired thoughts, ideas, methods, experiences, attitudes which enable him to love after a fashion, to arm himself with certain rude draperies against the inclemencies of life, with certain crude implements of nourishment or defense to shiver through a scanty existence; but how different

from him who steps forth with the spiritual habiliments and equipments of the accumulated Christian centuries, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time!

In refusing submission to the yet unrealized objective, and in insisting on submitting all candidate facts or truths to the tribunal of their own Christian consciousness, the subjectivists once more subject truth to the arbitrament of a faulty and incompetent judge, or to various judges of widely varying degrees of competence. This individual judge may be very ignorant, with almost or quite no standards of comparison, like a pioneer justice of the peace with no law books. He may be an unconverted man, blind to the higher beauties of Jesus Christ and unconsciously fighting at the depths of his nature against the humiliating surrender to Jesus. He may be an imperfect Christian, Lazarus feeling in himself the thrill of a new life, but bound hand and foot with the graveclothes of old habits and theories and prejudices. He may be an immature and inconsistent Christian of the tricky Jacob type, or of the sensual David type, or of the impulsive Peter type, or of the prosaic James type, or of the dubious Thomas type. His experience may be that of the seventh of Romans and not yet of the eighth. He may be a one-sided color-blind saint of God of whom there are so many. He may be one of those whom Paul denominates "Teleioi," full grown, mature, instructed in the wisdom of the kingdom, with spiritual insight and outlook and tact and feeling, with an anointing from on high, able indeed to judge all things. But alike to each one of these the subjectivist, to be consistent, must say: "Accept, believe in, acknowledge only such truths as commend themselves to your own inner consciousness. For you there are no other truths. There are no reaches beyond. The man who tells you there are reaches beyond and asks you to believe him before you know is an enemy to your soul's liberty. Resist him!" Was there ever anything more unscientific? It is the deductive gone mad. It is the *a priori* magnified to monstrosity. It is putting a razor, hydrofluoric acid, as a friend of mine has said, dynamite into a child's hand. It is feeding babies with strong meat and watching them die, as they do die, in convulsions, or waste away in marasmus.

A true, well-balanced subjectivism is the summit of Christian attainment. Forced on the immature, subjectivism is the devil in robes of light. Its method is unscientific and therefore directly antagonistic to the method of Jesus. Certainly no teacher has ever paid more regard to, more respected, more honored, more stimulated the legitimately subjective in men than Jesus. He demands that men think. He appeals supremely to the spiritual response of the nature to him. He wants them to believe him not because of his miracles, but because, hearing his words and seeing his face, they recognize in him the Sent of God. God must be worshiped, not in form, but in spirit and in truth. He explicitly promises that his teaching may be, will be verified in their Christian consciousness. "If any man willeth to do his will he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God, or whether I speak from myself." But note just what his method is. Precisely the same method which he, the Creator, uses in the development of the intellectual life he, the Redeemer and Teacher, uses in the development of the spiritual life. He first awakens into life the latent spiritual powers by the presentation of the objective, himself. "Come unto me. Believe on me. Take my yoke upon you. Learn of me." When that life responds, reacts, not intellectually alone, but with the whole nature, mind, feeling, and especially will, which is the central spring of personality, he answers in return by a loving, vital personal presence, an experience in the soul's inner consciousness, "I will come in and sup with him and he with me." That initial and those early experiences are maintained and enlarged and advanced by successive and progressive presentations of objective truth and duty as, continuing in his word, they are truly his disciples, not servants, but friends, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth. But even when they have advanced as far as the upper chamber through his successive disclosures of himself and his truth, he still can speak of spiritual realms and heights beyond them yet: "I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now." Nothing further from bare subjectivism could be imagined. He demands absolute submission: "Take my yoke upon you." He assures them of a body of truth yet to be gained whose existence he asks them to

believe upon his own bare authority: "Learn of me." He affirms the existence of an objective body of duty and obligation: "Who-soever willeth to do his will." He declares that the knowledge of the teaching is conditioned not on their approval, the test of their inner consciousness, the deliverances of their literary or theological or critical judgment, but on the surrender of the will and the obedience of the life: "Whosoever willeth to do shall know." He promises them that this proof of the doctrine shall be, not the discovery or creation of their own inner being, but an objective manifestation (within the spiritual realm, of course) of the divine itself: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: . . . and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." By an objective manifestation in the spiritual realm is meant an experience, purely inward, which yet bears in itself the evidence that it is not the spontaneous uprush from the subconscious, or generated by the soul itself, but is produced by a power not ourselves, even the Spirit of the indwelling Christ; the love of God shed abroad by the Holy Spirit, the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit. Subjectivism insists that religion is the discovery of oneself. Jesus insists that it is the disclosure of the Christ. Subjectivism asserts that it wells up out of the soul's own depths. Jesus affirms that it comes down out of heaven. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jonah: flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven."

Shall we note how far we have come? Subjectivism represents a tendency which is by no means all bad. Within limits it may be highly commendable. It is commendable in its insistence upon individual freedom; in its demand for the real and the vital; in its requirement that our creeds shall not war with our reason or our moral sense, two of God's highest gifts to man; in its suggestion that the only possession of truth, in the highest sense, is the possession of inner experience; in its recognition, so far as it does recognize, the great law that obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge; in its perception of the potential unity of nature between God and man, and the possibility of man's filial response to God; also as an inward anchor to the soul in the waves of question and against the winds of doubt. On the other hand, subjectivism, in

its fully developed, untempered form, and in some degree in most of its lesser forms, is based on a fatal philosophical error in practically denying reality to all truths beyond the experience of the individual consciousness. It therefore really excludes the soul from the benefits of the collective Christian consciousness and gives it a range of truth and possibility of experience no wider than its own individual powers of insight and appreciation. It leaves the religious life without a definite thought content or any corrective norm, thus exposing it to vagueness, uncertainty, pantheism, a narrow pragmatism, a hazy idealism, a rationalistic agnosticism, or a formless non-Christian mysticism. It ignores the fact that only the fact of Christ can give rise to the experience of Christ, and fails to see that the facts about Christ are necessary stepping stones to the act of faith and obedience whereby the fact of Christ becomes operative in our souls. It makes a consciousness in various stages of imperfection the arbiter of religious truths. Its whole method is contradictory to the method of knowledge and advance in all other realms of thought, where the objective always takes the initiative and where by the bulk of men truths are first accepted and then tested by being trusted. Equally is it antagonistic to Christ's method, which is that of awakening life by objective presentation of himself and then developing that life by progressive presentations reached through faith, obedience, love.

Perhaps we ought to add that extreme subjectivism looks somewhat like a recrudescence of the human self-sufficiency, the human pride of intellect and spirit, the human defiance of the divine, or the arrogant human identification of itself with the divine which needs another vision of self and God, a real subjective-objective experience which will make it say with one of old, "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear. But now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." But so many of the subjectivists are such lovable Christian men, they show so much perception of spiritual things, gained somehow, somewhere, that one does not feel like saying that. Only can we repeat to ourselves the saying of the Master, "Except ye humble yourselves and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

What are the practical conclusions for us who teach and preach and live to-day? Certainly the first, perhaps the fundamental, is to reaffirm consistently, persistently, the objectivity of religious truth, the authority, when properly understood, of the Bible as the God-given repository of the facts of the divine dealings with men, and the necessary truths of the religious life, and supremely the absolute objectivity and authority of the Lord Jesus. Without that humanity's religious hopes will go drifting on a shoreless, uncharted sea without a compass, a rudder, a star, or a pilot. But also every effort must be made to secure the subjective response, witness, appreciation of the divine objective. Men will not long grip a nonvital religion. We preachers must seek to make ourselves and our people see the immediate or ultimate realizability of all truth. We must link every truth that can be so linked with immediate expression in action or in deeper attitude toward God. If there is any truth that cannot be so linked directly, and we still believe it to be truth, we must show that it is linked with those truths which have a direct bearing on conduct or on communion with God. A doctrine lying around loose will soon be picked up and thrown away. And after the mind gets used to that it will sigh for more worlds to conquer and begin to pry up doctrines that even look a little loose; and God knows where the process will end. And we must widen and deepen and wisen our religious consciousness by broader biblical knowledge, deeper consecration, expanding Christian experience, more intimate personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. Its deliverances will be more and more inclusive, its perception of the facts of Christ will be broader and keener, its grasp of him will be firmer. It will never abandon the objective; the spiritual objective indeed will be daily clearer to the gaze, but it will see that the Bible is not itself the supreme authority; it is the authoritative intellectual pathway and guide to the supreme authority, Jesus Christ. Our attitude toward the Bible therefore must be both reverent and free. Our Christian consciousness must fairly grapple with the question whether the Bible has a right to be heard as God's authentic word to men. If it decides that the Bible has that right, as of course it will, then, seeking a true method of interpretation,

we must let the Bible speak for itself about itself and about God and about Christ and man. It is impossible that on our first or second or third or hundredth reading the deepest things of the Christian truth will appeal to us. Plump upon a two-days' old novice in Euclid the last proposition in the book and it will meet neither acceptance nor comprehension. It cannot be otherwise here; we must take this book in hand freely, but humbly, reverently, and submissively, knowing that with advancing knowledge and penetration many mysteries will be not only clarified, but glorified in the unfolding light that breaks forth in and from the Word. And, it seems to me, we of the theological seminaries, without seeking to crowd our students into conformity with our own, or any, views, without neglecting the scientific methods or keeping them in ignorance of what is said on all sides of our questions, must nevertheless, in dealing with these minds maturing under our charge, continue to "prejudice" them in favor of definiteness, objectivity, the divine authority of the Bible, properly interpreted and related, and the actuality, deity, and total lordship of Jesus Christ. We must acquaint them favorably and with a strong presumption with the great distinctive doctrines of the historic Christian bodies to which we belong. No other course is honest toward the churches which support us and which these men are to serve. Any other course will mean inevitable weakness and disintegration. If, later, widened and informed by further study, thought, and life experience, their Christian consciousness find it necessary to shift from these things we have indicated to them, they must obey God rather than men. The world is wide. The soul is free. God's grace go with them. To their own Master they stand or fall. But we have delivered our soul. These leaders of Christ's churches have left our hands with a definite knowledge of what God's people have come to believe throughout the ages, and with a message sounding forth a ringing note of clear and decided certainty at its center.

P H Crannell

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL ERA

HUMAN progress has been slow, so slow that it could be measured only by the centuries. In the long years of waiting and suspense, of hopeless hope and unrealized expectation, the heart of the dreamer and seer has often sunk in despair. The dissemination of knowledge has been going on and great truths have been presented to the mind for incorporation in the affairs of men. These truths have for the most part lain dormant as merely abstract ideas, and the wise ones have told us that it was impracticable to apply them to the concrete affairs of men. But the seed sown will not return void of its harvest. For thousands of years the navigators hugged the shores, fearful of the unknown seas beyond, but one day there came a bold seaman who launched out into the deep, explored the unknown seas, and came back with a wondrous story. After that all seas, continents, and islands were quickly discovered, and the human race has been richer and happier ever since. Man is naturally conservative, and this same fear of the unknown has clung to him and made him a cautious animal in the religious, social, political, and industrial world; but once the ground is broken we are astonished at the rapidity of progress. It outruns our fastest fancy and we stand appalled at its swiftness. The slow, slumbering current that scarce has stirred a ripple for many, many leagues suddenly plunges over some mighty Niagara, rushes through swift rapids, swirls in the whirlpool of public opinion, and passes out to the broader and deeper streams beyond. The action of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit on January 5, 1914, was a Niagara of the industrial world, with rapids and whirlpool all combined. The industrial life of the great auto city flowed smooth and calm. Then came the cataract, with its foam and mist, the surging rapids and the whirlpool. The calm has now come, and we can see that the great stream of better things will be a little closer to the eternal seas of God's purpose.

"The sun do move," argued Jasper of world-standing-still fame. And sometimes it seemed that Jasper had the best of the

argument. But God is yet a factor in world movements, and behind the still unknown he stands keeping watch over his own. In the city of Detroit on January 5 two men, heads of the largest auto manufacturing plant in the world, sat quietly talking. They were devising a plan to distribute some ten million dollars to the employees of the company. When they had come to a decision, with no more concern than making an announcement of a small dividend or a cut on the price of their cars, they called in the reporters, and that night the world read with astonishment what they had concluded to do. These two men were Henry Ford, the president, and James Couzens, the secretary-treasurer, of the Ford Motor Company. The proposition involves social democracy in its concretest form. The profits for the year are estimated at ten million dollars, and this vast sum is put in the semimonthly pay envelopes of the employees as an extra wage. Those who are over twenty-two years of age, and all under that who have those dependent upon them, provided they do not have habits of spending money in riotous living, are sharers in the plan. The women employees will have their wages substantially raised, but will not have a part in the division of the profits. No one is to be discharged until his inefficiency is thoroughly established in the various departments. The plant, if closing at all, will do so during the harvest times, when the men can get employment on the farms. There is a plan on foot between the Ford plant and the farmers whereby the latter will have extra help during their busiest times. That the farmers are to pay the five dollars per day is not stated, as that sum is to be the minimum wage for the window washers and floor sweepers of the employees of the plant. Sobriety, industry, and thrift are to be taught through a sociological department to be established in the main building of the factory. The hours of work are reduced to eight and three shifts per day put on. In all it is estimated that some twenty-six thousand employees will benefit by this profit-sharing plan. In the actual working out of their intentions there appear many strings on the five-dollars-a-day jobs of the Ford people, and as one studies the why and wherefore of these strings he cannot help coming to the conclusion that here is really con-

structive work; a kind of recognition of big business that they have a part in the uplifting of the race. While all its ins and outs are not made public, the writer understands that the laborer must establish the fact that he does not spend his money in riotous living. He must also have a disposition to save, and prove the same by the addition of money to a savings bank account. He must also prove himself worthy, efficient, and one who is willing to bear the burdens of a man. I think it can safely be said that everything possible will be done in this great plant to develop true men, to make better men, and to keep them from going to wreck over the increase of money coming to them by this truly humanitarian plan. And this seems to be the biggest part of the plan.

This act of the Ford Motor Company has stirred the industrial world as nothing else in human history. Front page space and editorial comment are given it in the world-wide press. Leaders of capital and labor are still discussing it. The importance of labor is emphasized here as never before. The latent possibilities of profit-sharing as it operates for the betterment of the toilers is beyond the comprehension of the mind. In its study the head grows dizzy and the brain whirls. Can it be done? What effect will it have on the industrial world? Will it help in the solution of the problems that must be solved? Will it create dissatisfaction in places where the business cannot afford to pay such high wages? These and other questions come surging into the mind and press for answer. I think it is hardly worth while to say that on the part of the Ford people this movement is perfectly sincere. This is conceded everywhere. That it will cause disturbance and produce unsettled feelings can readily be seen. There are some business concerns that need to be disturbed. But that the move will result in anything but good to the great public heart of the nation, that heart that throbs for social justice, we cannot believe. It is true the move is a startling one. It is more; it is revolutionary, iconoclastic. Yet this is what the Church of Jesus Christ has been contending for for years. The Federal Council of the Churches has declared for "one day's rest in seven," "a reduction of the hours of labor" and a "living

wage." Our own General Conference declared in 1912 that the Methodist Church stands for:

The gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.

A living wage as a minimum in every industry and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

The most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised.

The Conferences throughout Methodism are establishing their Commissions for Social Service. The reading of the report of this Commission in the Detroit Conference on September 15, 1913, was an epoch in that body. It was ordered printed in full and ten thousand copies were subscribed for by the ministers that day. Space forbids us to quote from this paper, but the equitable division of wealth was emphasized in no uncertain language. In speaking of a certain man who increased his holdings \$51,000,000 in six months the report says, "No one thinks this man earned this money. The conditions of our industrial life simply made it possible for him to seize it." In this report, adopted by the Conference and ordered printed, it is asserted that no Christian man has a moral right to be very rich while millions of his brothers are very poor.

Gerald Stanley Lee says: "I do believe that the next great thing that is going to happen in the world is one inspired millionaire. I believe that one will be enough. He will make the rest unhappy. They will watch him really living with his money, and doing big interesting things with it, and they will feel bored. And it will not be by being righteous and noble-looking that the inspired millionaire will appeal to the other millionaires, but by having a good time. He is going to do these things because he likes them, quietly, and all in the day's work, and without being a model, and without any fine moralizing flourishes, in a plain every-day business man's way, as a matter of course. This is what he will be like when he comes. And one will be enough." We wonder how many concerns that had planned to cut big melons for their preferred stockholders, and for themselves, are feeling bored; how many men who have lost that fine human sense for

another's welfare are in their heart of hearts cursing the Ford people for this act of tom-foolery. One man in Detroit said, "Why did he not let things go as they were, and at the end of the year give ten million dollars to some worthy cause?" But that is just it. Things have been let go too long. Worthy causes need money. Cities need hospitals. There are thousands of needs on every hand. But human interests are above all other interests and human need is paramount to any need of the community. For a long time there has been a deep feeling in the real heart of America, the heart of the square deal and fair play, that things were not going right in the industrial world. Labor unrest, large dividends, great wealth and pitiful poverty, are proofs of this that all might read. Contrary to divine command, men had laid up treasures on earth. If they did not put their trust in riches they put their riches in trusts. The head of a factory, that others own, often spends a hundred thousand dollars on his family, travels abroad, owns his private yacht, and moves in state, while the men who make his money live without luxury and sometimes without the common comforts. That brain is worth so much more than intelligent brawn the world of brawn will never concede. The allotments of life are largely accidental. No man has a right to pride himself upon winning wealth when in the truest sense he did not earn it. The heart that beats behind the strong arm is just as much heart as that which beats beneath the strong head. And his love, his aspiration, and his life are just as dear to him as the love, aspiration, and life of the other. Justice to him is just as sweet and just as ennobling as the other. And methinks when the brother with the big wallet and the big brain recognizes him, and makes him know that he is just to him and is giving him his share, then the man with the strong arm will be a friend and brother to the man with the big brain. Then they will each help the other, and the world will grow better, man nobler, and life more interesting to us all. Almost every paper that comes to hand tells of some firm adopting in some form the plan of profit-sharing. There is no doubt that the industrial conscience of the nation is being stirred; that the exploiters of labor are having nightmares, and that the better

nature of the angel of business is asserting itself. This is what the idealists, the dreamers and prophets, have preached. This is what social democracy has taught. This is what social reformers have toiled for. The day of the coming of the Lord is here, and the principles of the Kingdom are no more abstract thoughts, but concrete realities. God's prophets wrought in plastic soul while capital plied in yellow gold. Money flowed, but from the masses to the few. The millions became poorer and the hundreds richer. The wealth of the nation passed into the control of a very small per cent of the people. But God's prophets will yet triumph, and the forces of wrong will be humbled. The crown of gold will be turned into one of fadeless service, and its beauty will never, never die. The right is sure to triumph, and the equitable division of the profits of the employer with the employee is a principle of right. It is no new thing, but has been tried successfully in two continents. France leads the world in profit-sharing industry and Germany follows as a close second. Godin's stove and iron works at Guise, Bon Marché, the greatest of dry goods stores in Paris, Laroche-Joubert, Lacroix & Co., of Paris, and the Paris and Orleans Railway Company, are examples. In England, the South Metropolitan Gas Company of London, and the Lever Brothers, soap manufacturers of the same place, are thriving industries, and in the United States are found many firms running on this plan. The Peace-Dale Manufacturing Company of Rhode Island, the Procter & Gamble Co. of Ivorydale, O., and the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company of Saint Louis, are a few. In some the profits are not enough to give dividends to employees, but they maintain the system. The Ford Motor Company is the largest firm yet to enter the field.

The Detroit News says editorially: "Mr. Ford's plan is inclusive. It includes, first of all, employees. It includes also the question of wages. It includes, next, the question of working hours. It includes, further, the problem of giving work to more men by reducing the worker's day without reducing his pay. It includes, still further, the question of inevitable slack times and suggests the possibility of providing healthful harvest work during such times, and, lastly, it includes the distinctly socialistic

program of profit-sharing." The day the announcement was made about eight hundred or a thousand men stood before the plant of the Ford factory seeking employment. "That is the reason," said the auto king, "for the three shifts and more men." That there was need for providing places for jobless toilers the days following proved only too true. The day after, ten thousand men surged before the factory in Highland Park. The next day fully twelve thousand stood in the cold waiting to get in. Announcement went out that the factory would not then take on more men. But many hovered near during the days that followed. And on the twelfth, when the plan was to start, the pressure was so great that the big hose had to be turned on the men to get them to disperse. Some rioting occurred. After this word somehow got out that the mayor had the giving of jobs and the office was besieged. On the surface of things the plan is hailed as a great move. The press, pulpit, and private citizen have been unstinted in their praise. On the editorial page of the Free Press we read: "The name of Henry Ford, already brilliant by reason of its wearer's miraculous achievement in the world of industry and his conspicuous acts of public service, has been raised still higher in general esteem by the fairly startling announcement that the huge sum of ten million dollars will be divided next year among the employees of his company. This munificent gift—if, as seems to be the case, it is planned to be an annual contribution—eclipses in its size and directness of its delivery to its beneficiaries the philanthropies of any of our modern business men of wealth, while surely ancient history contains no such incident." But in spite of this great praise there is heard the muttering of protest. A leading business man and philanthropist stated privately that Mr. Ford had made a great mistake. "Why not give that money to some good cause?" he argued to a close friend. "It could have been used to build a great hospital here in Detroit." This same man said he would have accepted the money for such an enterprise, admitting at the same time that the men who are to get it have earned it. So in that case, if the money was given to a hospital, it would not be Mr. Ford giving it, but the men who really earned the money.

There are others who are feeling really uncomfortable, and a better day is coming for all the people of this great country.

Said the prophet of old: "They shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of the tree shall be the days of my people, and my chosen shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for calamity; for they are the seed of the blessed Jehovah, and their offspring with them . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith Jehovah" (Isa. 65. 21-25). Shall we look for better things for all men—the man of toil, the man of thought, and the man of wealth? Shall we not expect the day of the coming of our God? Shall we not see the principles of the Kingdom in operation in all business and the reign of the brotherhood of man established in the earth? Then all the affairs of men must be reconstructed and placed upon the plane of the ethical teachings of Jesus Christ; and this means, among many other things, the equitable division of the profits of capital with labor. And many who now live will see that day and cry out with that old servant of the temple,

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people.

And the cry will go out to all people, "There is nothing that hurts nor destroys in all God's holy world; for the earth is full of the glory of the Lord as the waters that cover the sea." Yes, the New Era is here, and the common brotherhood of mankind is near.

Grant Perkins

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE REAL GEORGE WHITEFIELD

INASMUCH as it will be two hundred years next December 16 since this prince of sacred orators, "the Demosthenes of the pulpit," made his first appearance in the world which he was to influence so mightily for good, it is every way fitting that we take this opportunity to make a fresh estimate of that career which now for nearly a century and a half has been in completed form before the minds of men. It behooves us to ask who he was, what he did, how and why he did it, and what lessons may be drawn by us from his life and labors. Very much has been written about this great Methodist—little or nothing, however, in the *METHODIST REVIEW*—but a compact, well-studied statement, wrought in the light of this latter day, placing before us the real George Whitefield, apart from meaningless, indiscriminate panegyric, on the one hand, and hostile or captious criticism on the other, cannot be without value to the student of history and the lover of salvation.

A MOST INTERESTING PERSONALITY

Whitefield was a peerless pulpit orator, an unrivaled evangelist, a Christian of uncommon consecration, and a most interesting personality. Taking up this last point first, one finds a large variety of entertaining facts that seem worthy of mention. He was somewhat above the average height, with regular expressive features and small dark-blue eyes, one of them having a slight defect, caused by measles in early childhood, not enough to attract much attention, but sufficient to enable the caricaturists to dub him Dr. Squintum. He was in youth slender of body, but about forty began to put on flesh, which was solely the effect of disease, for he was always remarkable for moderation in eating and drinking. He was fastidiously neat, punctual, and orderly in his habits. He retired at ten and rose at four; never made a purchase without paying for it immediately, was avaricious of time, exact in his appointments, extremely generous in the distribution of his charity.

There were some clergymen among his ancestors, but his father

was an inn-keeper at Gloucester, and his mother, in spite of her deep interest in her distinguished son and his strong desire for her salvation—in his letters he beseeches her to “fly to Jesus Christ by faith”—gives no evidence in the correspondence of having become converted. He himself served in the inn for a while, then worked his way through Pembroke College, Oxford, as a servitor to the gentlemen students, being helped also by some presents from friends, and at the end of three years was only twenty-five pounds in debt. He was in debt, in one sense, a good part of his life, because of the heavy burdens entailed by his Orphan House in Georgia; but he died (September 30, 1770) possessed of fourteen hundred pounds, received in various legacies a short time previously, half of it from his wife in 1768. He distributed the money among his relatives and friends, five hundred pounds going to “Ambrose Wright, my humble and faithful servant and friend,” one hundred pounds to Lady Huntingdon, and smaller sums to brothers and nieces. He left a mourning ring “to my honored and dear friends and disinterested fellow laborers, the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine.”

His wife, Mrs. Elizabeth James, a widow ten years older than himself, he married in 1741 when he was twenty-six. He says she was “neither rich in fortune nor beautiful as to her person, but I believe a true child of God, and one who would not attempt to hinder me in my work for the Lord.” This she did not. She went with him to America, helped in the Orphanage there, and conducted herself, as far as can be learned, with entire discretion. She was possessed of a strong mind, as was proved more than once under trying circumstances. Wesley calls her “a woman of candor and humanity.” It is clear that she had both courage and common sense, and probably deserved more attention than she received. Some writers have termed the marriage an unhappy one, but there is not sufficient proof of this. Abel Stevens describes it as “not as unfortunate as John Wesley’s, nor as fortunate as that of Charles.” Her husband’s letters contain many affectionate references to her, and when he preached her funeral sermon he praised her many virtues. Eight months after her death he writes, “I feel the loss of my right hand daily.” The marriage could hardly be expected, under the circumstances, to yield either of them any great satisfaction, for he could give her but little of his time or company. “My lot is to be a pilgrim and a run-about for

Christ," he was accustomed to say. One child was born to them, a son, named John, but he lived only four months. The loss was a great grief to him, for he had been confident that he would find in the boy some one to succeed him in the pulpit. But the bereavement was not allowed to interfere in the slightest degree with his work. That was foremost with him always.

He had a great many illnesses, being constantly overworked, never favoring himself, and was several times thought to be on the verge of dissolution. He was a great sufferer from asthma, from which he died. But he kept up most persistently and courageously, often seeming to find a tonic in the preaching, and having a hope that he might drop in the pulpit or at least labor to the very end, which indeed he did. Three years before his death, when he was only fifty-three, John Wesley speaks of breakfasting with him, and of his appearing to be "an old, old man and fairly worn out in his Master's service." And in February, 1769, Wesley writes: "I had one more agreeable conversation with my old friend and fellow laborer, George Whitefield. His soul appeared to be vigorous still, but his body was sinking apace." At no time did he spare it. On the day before his death he addressed a vast assembly in the open air at Exeter, N. H., preaching for two hours (from the text 2 Cor. 13. 5, "Prove your own selves"), his last field triumph. And that evening, before retiring in the parsonage at Newburyport, although utterly exhausted, he could not deny the clamor of the crowds to hear him, and gave his last exhortation from the stairs on his way to his bedroom, until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and went out in its socket. So did the flickering flame of his life expire, for God took him to himself as the morning broke.

He was wholly indifferent to money, except as a means of doing good. He collected large sums for his Orphan House and for other charities, but never took out of it a single penny toward his own expenses. His own private contributions toward the Orphanage were more than three thousand pounds. He was once offered a salary of four thousand dollars a year if he would stay in Philadelphia, with the privilege of "ranging" half of the time. But he declined it, saying, "The Lord Jesus keeps me from catching at the golden bait." A lady in Scotland offered him as a personal gift a fortune of thirty-five thousand dollars, but this also he refused. "I make no purse," he said; "what I have I give away. 'Poor, yet making many rich,' shall be my motto still."

He was indeed a unique and blazing original. At sixteen a tapster, at twenty-six he had become the most brilliant and popular preacher the modern world has known. By the neatness of his person, the courtesy of his manners, his entire freedom from improprieties, he commended himself to the aristocracy, who thronged to hear him at Lady Huntingdon's; while by his simple colloquialisms, his vein of humor, his familiar illustrations, his use of expressions most in vogue with the common people, he was equally acceptable to the democracy. Although springing from a lower social class than Wesley, and having much less education, he had more favor from the nobility, whom Wesley did not think it worth while to propitiate. As a humble devoted servant of the Lord Jesus, and a bold soldier of the cross (although timorous by nature), he put on the whole armor of God and became in very truth, by the breadth of his endeavors and the miraculous success of his labors, the apostle of the British Empire, the evangelical free lance of two continents. He bore himself with humility in the midst of applause, with love toward his enemies, with patience and meekness under reproaches, injuries, and slanders. He had an extraordinary spirit of sweetness and universal benevolence. He had too noble a nature to be easily spoiled. His love was broad as humanity and could not be repulsed. No persecution cooled the burning ardor of his zeal nor subdued the intense passion which he felt for all the children of men. Nor could his most violent opponents long doubt the sincerity of his motives. With no companion but his Bible, and no object but the salvation of sinners, he plunged fearlessly into trackless forests, found his way over untrodden mountains, crossed unfrequented and stormy seas, waded through treacherous morasses and swamps reeking with the deadly miasma. His motto was "*Nil desperandum, Christo duce.*" He said, "I desire no other epitaph than this, 'Here lies George Whitefield—what sort of a man he was the great day will declare.'"

A THOROUGHLY CONSECRATED CHRISTIAN

His piety was of an exceedingly high grade. Not that he was without faults and infirmities of various sorts, and occasional minor transgressions. The wonder is that he had not a great many more, being ordained to the ministry at twenty-one, with a very imperfect education, as well as a somewhat wild youth amid unpropitious early surroundings, and being almost immediately, after he began to preach, followed by such crowds as might easily have proved his undoing. He

made many mistakes, of course, often erred in judgment, was frequently hasty with his tongue and with his pen, severe in censure, as young men are apt to be, branding as enemies of the Lord those who did not come up to his standard or conform to his ideas. He realized later that some of his expressions had been ill-considered, and his apologies were ample. He was impulsive and imprudent, not always patient. His highly sensitive, nervous temperament made him irritable, but he was soon appeased and sincerely sorry for even the slightest infraction of the law of kindness or the smallest departure from highest rectitude. It may perhaps be said that his limitations and defects were practically inseparable from the great qualities which made him so successful, and that if he had not occasionally erred he would have accomplished less. In the main he was unquestionably a very holy man, a man of one work, utterly devoid of selfish ends, without personal ambitions or the slightest desire to make a name for himself or found a sect, laboring purely for the glory of God and the good of humanity, prostrating himself continually at the foot of the cross, wearing himself out gladly in the service of his fellows, toiling unstintedly to save the lost, refusing to rest even when many were beseeching him so to do.

He was in no way injured by his amazing popularity. The adulation of the multitude affected him not a whit. He refused to receive honor from men, but transferred it, when offered him, straightway to his Master. It was not cant or pretense, but a genuine humility that led him to sign himself habitually, "The chief of sinners." He concludes his last letter, September 23, 1770, by ascribing himself "less than the least of all." "I am a dwarf," he cries; "I am a dwarf." "Alas, alas, how little have I done for thee, my God." "O for growth in grace! O for the total destruction of selfishness!" "Lord Jesus, stamp thine image in what way thou pleasest." "My greatest grief is that I can do no more for Him who hath done and suffered so much for me." The opposition he met with and the consciousness of his daily infirmities, he says, were but ballast little enough to keep him from oversetting.

Here are some further expressions from his letters: "Were it not sinful I could wish for a thousand hands, and a thousand tongues, and a thousand lives, all to be employed night and day without ceasing in promoting the glory of the ever lovely, ever loving Jesus." "I value neither name nor life itself when the cause of God calls me to venture both." "If one sentence is blessed to the

conviction and edification of any single individual, I care not what becomes of my reputation, though there is no occasion of bringing ourselves into needless contempt." "I find more and more that one's whole life should be a continual sacrifice of love." "Lord, make us all flames of fire!" "Send me some news about the upper world; this is scarce worth a thought." "O that the prison door was let open and the bird suffered to fly out of the cage. Then would I fly to heaven, and upon one of the boughs of free grace sing the praise of redeeming love for ever and ever." "That is my comfort, all my goods are gone before me." "I hope to die fighting, though it be on my stumps, and to go on till I drop." "The pleasure I have had this week in preaching the gospel I would not part with for ten thousand worlds." "I would not lay out a farthing but for my blessed Master." "Happy trials that bring us to our knees." "What sweet company is Jesus Christ." "I fear prosperity more than adversity." "O, to be nothing that Jesus may be all." "I want to see my own faults more, and others' less." "As the love of God comes in the fear of man goes out." "Nearly forty years old, and such a dwarf." "I am ready to sink into the earth when I consider how little I can do for Jesus." "The thought of how little I have done for Jesus sometimes almost breaks my heart." "I have met with some unexpected rubs, but not one more than was absolutely necessary to humble my proud heart." "I have just put my soul as a blank into the hands of Jesus, my Redeemer, and desired him to write on it what he pleases; I know it will be his image." "Lord, when thou seest me in danger of nestling, put a thorn into my nest to prevent my doing it." "All is well, and why? Because all things are of our Lord's offering." Such was the inner life of this man.

He often spent whole nights in prayer. Prayer meetings were places where frequently his soul was overwhelmed with the divine presence, and he seemed to exchange earth for heaven. It was where he found superhuman strength and caught the heroic impulses which gave him such power to pull down the strongholds of Satan. The spot where God first spoke peace to his soul in 1735 was unutterably precious to him. He writes, "I know the place; it may, perhaps, be superstitious, but whenever I go to Oxford I cannot help running to the spot where Jesus Christ first revealed himself to me and gave me the new birth." The device on his seal was that of wings outspread ready for flight, with the motto, "*Astra petamus*" (We seek the stars), which well expressed his ardent desire to mount beyond the

sky. "My prayer is," he writes, "Lord, give us clear heads and clean hearts."

He was hungry and thirsty for the largest measure of divine grace. He writes in 1741: "I am resolved not to rest till everything contrary to true catholic Christian love be rooted out of my soul. Christ's blood and Spirit are able to do this for me. I only need to pray to God to make me willing to have it done. I believe I shall see greater things than ever. I cannot expect too great things from God." "Nothing can satisfy me but the highest degree of sanctification and inward holiness. Here I believe I am laudably ambitious. My Saviour would have me filled with all the fullness of God." Whitefield did not fully agree with John Wesley in his doctrine of Christian Perfection, did not perhaps fully understand what Wesley meant by it (if indeed Wesley did himself), and was far from being ready to count himself perfect. But he daily pressed forward toward the mark for the prize of his high calling, panted after the fullest liberty of the children of God, and writes in 1741, "I think I can say that God brings me nearer and nearer to himself daily, and I will not rest till I am molded into the image of my bleeding Lord." Just how far he attained that image, how far he was able to claim by faith the fullest possible deliverance from that "inbred sin" of which, in the language of his day, he was fond of speaking, it is very hard to say. But it is sufficiently clear that his love to God and his fellow men was exceedingly intense, that in the midst of the excitements around him and his absorbing outward labors he continually cultivated his own inward personal walk with God, that he was ever on guard against the temptations that his success involved, that he aspired after the very highest things—"the whole mind that was in Christ"—in short, that his piety was of the most genuine, thorough-going kind, a perpetual joy to his own heart and one of the main sources of his great usefulness.

AN UNRIVALED EVANGELIST

Yes, it is abundantly clear that he could not have been the power for good he was had he not been an exceedingly good man. This, of course, was only one element of his success as an evangelist, but it was a very important one. As people listened to him they could not escape the feeling that he meant every word he said. They could not fail to see, unless hidebound with invincible prejudice, that, as the inscription on the cenotaph of his burial place in Newburyport

declares, "he preferred the honor of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation, and life." On the same monument we read that "his deep piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination gave unexampled energy to his look, and utterance, and action."

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to separate his oratorical triumphs in the pulpit or the fields from his evangelistic victories. With him they were substantially the same, for he aimed always and everywhere to win trophies for his Master. He had but one theme, one purpose. His doctrinal outfit was very small. He had not much learning, theological or otherwise, and made no pretense of having it. Perhaps it was just as well that he did not know a great deal of this world's science and philosophy. It is very sure that no doubts ever intruded to weaken the intensity of his convictions or dull the edge of his dogmatic utterance. Had he known more it may be that he would have believed less, or at least would have failed to make so profound an impression upon his vast audiences. His sermons contained no learning, no poetry, no elaborate expositions, no profundity of thought, no embellishments of language. They were variations on one or two key notes: Man is guilty and may obtain forgiveness; he is immortal, and must ripen here for endless weal or woe hereafter. These two cardinal principles were ever in his heart and on his tongue. Justification by faith and the necessity of the new birth were fundamental in his discourses, and had the freshness of new discoveries to most of those whom he addressed.

Something like eighty of his sermons have been preserved in print, but only sixty-three were published by himself; the rest were from shorthand notes unrevised. Fifty-seven of the sixty-three are in two of the six volumes that constitute his collected works published shortly after his death—three of the volumes are occupied by his letters—and it is interesting to note the prevailing topics. Here are some of them: "The Pharisee and the Publican," "The Gospel Supper," "The Conversion of Zacchæus," "Saul's Conversion," "The Almost Christian," "The Power of Christ's Resurrection," "The Seed of the Woman and the Seed of the Serpent," "The Best New Year's Gift," "The Knowledge of Christ the Best Knowledge," "The Benefits of Early Piety," "Marks of True Conversion," "What Think Ye of Christ?" "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," "Eternity of Hell Torments," "Blind Bartimæus," "Christ's Transfiguration," "Duty of Searching the Scriptures," "Walking with God," "Family Religion," "Abraham Offering up Isaac," "Satan's Devices."

Most of these deal with the basic elements of salvation and contain little of interest to the ordinary reader. There is little effort in them at originality of thought or even of statement and arrangement. Occasionally an analysis is somewhat striking and an outline gives indication of study. Almost always there is solid truth and sensible counsel. In a few cases they afford excellent reading, even now. Under "Directions how to hear sermons," he makes six points; namely: "(1) Come not out of curiosity, but from a sincere desire to know and do your duty; (2) give diligent heed to the things that are spoken; (3) not to entertain the least prejudice against the ministry; (4) not to depend too much on the preacher, or think of him more highly than you ought to think; (5) make a particular application of everything to your own heart; (6) pray the Lord both before and in and after every sermon to endue the minister with power to speak and to grant you the will and ability to put in practice what he shall show from the Book of God to be your duty." He gives five Scripture marks by which we can easily judge that we have received the Holy Ghost: (1) Our having received the spirit of prayer and supplication; (2) not committing sin; (3) our conquest over the world; (4) our loving one another; (5) loving our enemies. In a sermon on "The Clay and The Potter" he has two divisions: first, every man in the sight of God is as a piece of marred clay; second, he will be renewed by divine agency. There is not a word about election.

Two of the sermons are on "The Folly and Danger of Not Being Righteous Enough," from the text, "Be not righteous overmuch," from which a certain Dr. Tripp, a master of ecclesiastical Billingsgate, had preached four outrageous discourses directed against Whitefield. The latter explains that we are righteous overmuch (1) when we confine the Spirit of God to this or that particular church and are not willing to converse with any but those of the same communion; (2) when persons spend so much time in religious assemblies as to neglect their families; (3) when we fast and use corporeal austerities so as to unfit us for the service of God. In the course of his reply to his reviler he says: "If you have a mind to know what the devil has to say against us read Dr. Tripp's sermon. It is with grief I speak these things, and were not the welfare of your souls and my Redeemer's honor at stake I would not now open my mouth; yea, I would willingly die (God is my judge) for the person who wrote such bitter things against me so it would be

the means of saving his soul. If he had only spoken against me I would not have answered him, but on his making my Redeemer the pattern of vice, if I was not to speak the very stones would cry out; therefore, the honor of my Redeemer and love to you constrains me to speak." This shows the spirit in which he met all the mendacious, malignant attacks which were continually being made upon him by bishops and rectors on the one hand and by the rankes of the ungodly on the other. Although he abominated controversy, his replies were in good taste and good temper, and he had the better of the argument as well as showed far more of the mind of the Master.

It has often been remarked that his printed sermons give little or no indication of the power which invariably attended their delivery. This is very true. They were not prepared to be read, and that which chiefly made them effective could not be transferred to type. For the most part they strike one when read as commonplace, unattractive, and in the main devoid of anything to mark them out as at all above the ordinary; although for that time the doctrine was unusual and their reading did occasionally lead to important conversions, were indeed in a few cases the beginnings of quite extended revivals from which many congregations were gathered. But if we had only these discourses we should be utterly unable to account for the scenes which nearly always took place whenever Whitefield opened his mouth in public. It is, perhaps, the best illustration we possess of the difference between the written and the spoken word, and the paramount importance of the way a thing is said.

He had in him from the start the making of a great actor. He was a born orator, elocutionist, and dramatic performer. He was brilliant in this direction while still a schoolboy, and fonder of the theater than of anything else. If he had taken to the stage there is no question but that Garrick and the other heads of the profession would have been outshone. The best actors of the day watched him with the utmost admiration, and were loud in their praises. His exquisite voice was an asset of incomparable value. There was bewitching music in it, a charm to which no one could be insensible. In clearness and strength and penetrating power it had no equal. It was a flute, a trumpet, a harp of a thousand strings, a whole organ on which ever-changing melodies were faultlessly played. Its depth and compass were an unceasing wonder and an unspeakable delight. Under favorable circumstances he could be heard for nearly a mile.

His whisperings and thunderings were equally effective and were intermingled with consummate skill. He could sound every note at will, now appealing in the tenderest of tones, now appalling with terrific, overwhelming rebuke. The terrors of Sinai and the tremors of Calvary were equally at his command. His emotions were acute and poignant. His tears were very near the surface. He rarely finished a sermon without weeping, would sometimes pause to weep, the people meanwhile sobbing aloud. He was master of the pathetic. Melting compassion and heartfelt sympathy permeated his soul. His heart was well-nigh bursting with desire that men should turn from their sins. He could, moreover, realize his subject with such vividness, could see every part of it himself so plainly, that he forced others to see it, supplying their lack of imagination from the fullness of his own in a way that roused and thrilled the dullest. He had a most expressive countenance and a fine presence; his gestures were the perfection of grace.

Furthermore, he spared no pains to cultivate what he rightly felt was a special talent intrusted to him to be made the most of in the service of his Lord. He did not rely on his genius, unquestionable as that was, but supplemented it with hard work, studying perpetually how to improve at every point. Conscious of his histrionic powers, he cultivated them with an assiduity which would have done credit to a disciple of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Good judges, like Garrick, Foote, Lord Chesterfield, and Benjamin Franklin, who heard him frequently, affirmed that only when he had delivered a sermon thirty or forty times did it reach the full perfection of which it was capable. Then, they said, every accent and tone and gesture, every vocal modulation, facial expression, and bodily posture was exactly suited to the sentiment and accurately adapted to produce the impression desired.

His command of language was very great, and his powers of description were phenomenal. All the customary rhetorical and oratorical devices—exclamation, interrogation, personification, apostrophe, etc.—were familiar to him, and were used with marvelous facility. Yet there was nothing florid or ornamental about his style. It was mainly conversational and colloquial. His simplicity and lucidity were very marked. He made the boldest and most direct appeals to the consciences of men. He was quick to seize upon every casual incident that arose and turn it to advantage for heightening the effect of his words. And the perfection of his art was that the

art in no way appeared to the throngs that hung upon his lips. He gave them no impression of artificiality. He seemed to forget everything else in his intense desire for the salvation of his hearers, in his burning love for the souls of sinful men. He profoundly felt, from the bottom of his heart, all the words that he uttered. They seemed to be lofty and irrepressible outbursts of mind, carried away by its conceptions; as indeed in a true sense they were.

Preaching was as natural to him as flight to an eagle. "Preaching every day in the week," he said, "is the best preparation for preaching on the Sabbath." He threw himself lavishly into his work with the utmost intensity of action. The whole man spoke, and spoke straight to the hearts of those who listened. There was language in every feature of his face, every motion of his hands, every expression of his searching eye, every attitude of his graceful figure. Alive and alert in every fiber of his being, he was usually wet through with perspiration long before he concluded; and quite copious vomitings of blood often followed, which may have acted in part as a relief to his overexcited system. "My continued vomitings almost kill me," he said, "yet the pulpit is my cure." He presents a truly remarkable combination, perhaps never before or since so fully effected. The foundation of his eloquence lay in a soul of intense emotions stirred to its depths by the power of religion and enabled to express itself most effectually by a dramatic genius of the first rank. He had the unction from above together with a strong natural sensibility; a histrionic gift rarely equaled, together with the fullness of the Holy Ghost. He combined the saint and the actor, seraphic zeal on the one hand and dramatic skill on the other. Feeling deeply his utter dependence on God, he leaned wholly on him for power, yet at the same time he omitted no prudential means to enhance the effect of his message.

And the effects were prodigious. They would be from such preaching were it to be heard at the present time. But in that age especially they could not fail to be stupendous. For utter religious deadness had long prevailed. The preaching, nearly all of it, was Christless, conventional, and cowardly in the extreme. It was apologetic and emotionless, with little faith and less love. Cold formality characterized the pulpit of the Established Church. Whitefield blazed like a splendid meteor or a dazzling comet across the ecclesiastical firmament, illuminating and coruscating while at the same time warming and healing. The great truths of the Reforma-

tion had been largely forgotten. He put them into the language of the time and declared them in such a way that the common people easily understood them. The results were indescribable. The slain of the Lord abounded on almost every occasion. Physical prostrations and convulsions among those of weak, nervous organizations were common. A large number of ministers, especially in this country, ascribed their conversion to his instrumentality. How many thousands of people were born anew under his word will never be known. They came many miles to listen. At earliest morning or latest night they were ready for him. Immense throngs packed the churches or assembled in the open air, standing spellbound as long as he would address them. It is true that the numbers which he gives are much exaggerated, and can in no case be relied upon. He was not good at figures, a very poor guesser, indeed, in these matters, like some modern evangelists, apparently deeming it for the glory of God to give the largest possible totals and allowing his imagination to run pretty wild. Still standing are some of the meeting houses in Boston in which he thought he saw six thousand hearers, but it is physically impossible for them to contain more than one fourth of this sum. To divide all his numbers by two or three, especially when he runs them up to sixty thousand or eighty thousand, is the only way to arrive at a fairly correct estimate. Even then the throngs were amazing. That considerable discount should be made as to the permanence of the work in very many cases must also be allowed. He tarried but a few days in any locality. He was a rover, perpetually on the move. Change and excitement was doubtless necessary to his nervous temperament. He was not an organizer, nor had he the gifts of the pastor. He mightily stirred the masses, and then passed on to repeat the process elsewhere, leaving to others to conserve the results and carry forward the work. His feeling about forming societies he expressed as follows: "My attachment to America will not permit me to abide very long in England; consequently, I should but weave a Penelope web if I formed societies; and if I should form them I have no proper assistants to take care of them." It is evident also that he had no special taste or aptitude for such management.

But his unsurpassed earnestness, his unquestionable zeal, his indefatigable toil, his unflagging devotion we may admire without stint. He traveled and preached with such consuming energy, says one, "that the attempt to follow him produces a sensation of breathlessness." From the time of his conversion at Oxford in 1735, and

his ordination at Gloucester in 1736, he threw himself into the work with the most disinterested abandonment and allowed himself no rest until the silver trumpet dropped from his dying lips at Newburyport in 1770. For years he spoke forty hours a week and sometimes sixty. If the time spent in traveling and some brief intervals for repose be subtracted, his life might be called almost one uninterrupted sermon. He scoured the three kingdoms and the entire Atlantic coast of America, riding thousands of miles on horseback with little pause except to preach from fifteen to twenty times a week. In the last week of 1738 he preached and lectured twenty-seven times. Some days he preached five times. During a three weeks' campaign in 1753 he traveled twelve hundred miles and preached one hundred and eighty sermons. In five months in America, 1756, he traveled two thousand miles and preached two hundred and thirty times. This was common, but it did not satisfy him. He would frequently say, "I now intend to *begin*; for as yet, alas, I have done nothing for Christ." Mobs often attacked him, but never daunted him (although by nature he was rather timid) or got a victory over him. He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times when such voyages were attended with great hardships and no little danger. He preached eighteen thousand times in thirty-four years, or an average of ten times a week for the entire period. The Orphan House, which he established at Savannah on his second visit, in 1739, modeled after Professor Francke's in Germany, was a constant care to him throughout his life, an enormous burden, entailing large perplexity and continual efforts after money; it was well meant, but a design of questionable wisdom. He derived, however, much satisfaction from the great good that was done—one hundred and eighty-three children in all were provided for—and the work did him much good, a standing appeal to his tenderness, a test of his faith, and an anchor to his excitable mind. It was a chief element in drawing him so often to this country. He left it to the Countess of Huntingdon when he died.

He came to America seven times, in the following years: 1737, 1739, 1744, 1751, 1754, 1763, 1769, spending here in all quite a large portion of his active life, and, finally, laying his bones beneath the pulpit of the Old South Church at Newburyport. He was greatly attached to this country, especially to New England, where he had some of his most memorable triumphs. "If I forget her may my right hand forget her cunning," he writes, and again, "My heart is so full for dear New England that I must go to God to vent it."

"O America, how dear dost thou lie upon my heart. God preserve it from popish tyranny and arbitrary power." He sympathized with the Revolutionary movement, which was just beginning in Boston in 1770. In the last letter which he wrote he exclaims, "Poor New England is much to be pitied! Boston people most of all! How falsely misrepresented." Harvard College did him scant justice, but when her library was burned in 1764 he hastened to send books from England to replenish it. The Indian school at Lebanon, N. H., which afterward became Dartmouth College, he greatly helped, introducing in England the Indian preacher Sampson Occum, a descendant of Uncas, chief of the Mohicans, who raised funds for it, and interested Lord Dartmouth himself, a personal friend. He greatly aided also the beginnings of Princeton College, making collections and subscriptions for it in Scotland. The University of Pennsylvania also, in its early stages under Franklin, owes not a little to him; it was started in the meeting house built for Whitefield. He founded the Presbyterian Church of Virginia, and through Benjamin Randall, of New Hampshire, whose heart had been touched under his sermons, began also the Free Will Baptist Church. Through all the colonies he kindled anew that spiritual life of the churches which had to so large an extent grown cold. But the benefits he conferred upon America can in no way be more than hinted at in a brief paragraph.

A comparison between George Whitefield and John Wesley, inseparably linked in thought as the foremost leaders of the evangelical revival, is inevitable and very interesting. It is remarkable to what an extent Whitefield anticipated Wesley, although his junior by eleven years. He was thoroughly converted in 1735, while Wesley for three years more groped in the twilight of legalism. He preceded him in making Bristol a center of Methodist effort, in publishing journals, in issuing a hymnal, in founding schools, in open-air preaching, in preaching without notes, in public extempore prayer, in employing laymen to preach, in calling his preachers to a conference—and these were some of the main features of the movement. In swinging clear of churchly bonds and cultivating the friendship of nonconformists he surpassed Wesley. His success at Savannah is in strong contrast with Wesley's failure there immediately before. In Scotland also and in Wales he was far better liked than Wesley. Wesley had immense advantage over him in his early home life, from his learned father and wonderful mother, was immeasurably superior to him in point of learning and brain power. He was also

an organizer, an ecclesiastical statesman, while Whitefield was simply a preacher. Whitefield was soul, Wesley was system. The former, in his later years, recognizing the difference, said: "My brother Wesley acted wisely. The souls that were awakened under his ministry he joined in societies, and thus preserved the fruit of his labor. This I neglected, and my people are a rope of sand." Wesley, too, was a great preacher, but in a different way from his friend. He was always self-controlled, while Whitefield, a man of emotion and impulse, was carried away by the storm of feeling his own eloquence provoked. The latter was a furious torrent, the former a tranquil river. After a preaching paroxysm Whitefield lay panting on his couch, spent, breathless, deathlike. Wesley, from his morning sermon at the Foundry, would mount his pony, trot and chat and gather simples till he reached some country hamlet, where he would bait his horse, talk through a little sermon to the villagers, remount, and trot away again. Whitefield moved the passing crowd, Wesley changed the face of the nation. One left behind him a tradition of phenomenal oratory, the other has his monument in the greatest group of evangelical churches the world has ever seen. Wesley for fifty-two years preached about eight hundred sermons a year, as against Whitefield's five hundred a year for thirty-four years.

The one thing that interrupted (but not for long) the close friendship of these two great men was Whitefield's adoption of Calvinism in 1739 and 1740. He was by no means logical or theological in his bent of mind. Coming under Calvinistic influences in Scotland and America, the theory appealed on some of its sides to his feelings of humility and fell in with his extremely literal interpretations of Scripture. It is quite certain that he did not go into it at all deeply or really comprehend it. He scarcely ever preached it, always offering salvation to sinners without reserve and wholly ignoring reprobation. He was wholly unwilling to argue about it, doubtless being aware of his own small capacity for this. For a short time there was some bitterness on his part toward Wesley because of the latter's very strenuous Arminian position, and some unseemly language was used, which may have arisen, it has been suggested, from his consciousness of being overmatched. However, they soon became one in heart again and were devotedly attached to each other until the end, although the Revival, because of this variance of opinion, parted into two streams, which in many respects was an advantage. It gave Whitefield large favor with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists

in America, with the Scotch and Welsh, with the Dissenters, with Lady Huntingdon and many others of the aristocracy whom he influenced in her drawing room. Wesley preached Whitefield's funeral sermon, by his request, at his great chapel in Tottenham Court Road, and at the Tabernacle in Moorfields, November 18, 1770, and paid the highest possible tribute to his character, laying special emphasis on his "most generous and most tender friendship," his unblemished modesty, the frankness and openness of his conversation, the steadiness with which he pursued whatever he undertook for his Master's sake, his unimpeachable integrity, his matchless love. His catholicity and liberality were extremely prominent. "If I see a man," he said, "who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity I am not very solicitous to what outward communion he belongs." Wesley says of Whitefield in 1766: "He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes." Charles Wesley, who was even nearer to him than John, wrote a noble poem truthfully portraying his high qualities. Here is a single stanza:

Though long by following multitudes admired,
No party for himself he e'er desired,
His one desire to make the Saviour known,
To magnify the name of Christ alone;
If others strove who should the greatest be,
No lover of preeminence was he,
Nor envied those his Lord vouchsafed to bless,
But joyed in theirs as in his own success;
His friends in honor to himself preferred,
And least of all in his own eyes appeared.

William Cowper also made haste to embalm his memory in melodious and accurately descriptive lines:

He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere;
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life,
And he that forged and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed;
He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same;
Like him crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him, he labored, and, like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.

The distinguished critic Sir James Stephen, of Cambridge University, calls him "a great and a holy man, among the foremost of the heroes of philanthropy and as a preacher without a superior or a rival. The springs of his benevolence were inexhaustible and could not choose but flow." Benjamin Franklin said, "I knew him intimately for upward of thirty years; his integrity, disinterestedness, and indefatigable zeal in prosecuting every good work I have never seen equaled, I shall never see excelled." The Rev. James Hervey said of him, "I never beheld so fair a copy of our Lord: such a living image of the Saviour; such exalted delight in God; such unbounded benevolence to man; such steady faith in the divine promises; such fervent zeal for the divine glory; and all this without the least moroseness of humor or extravagance of behavior; but sweetened with the most engaging cheerfulness of temper, and regulated by all the sobriety of reason and wisdom of Scripture." The Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, of London, says: "Whitefield was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences, but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience he eclipsed them all." Dr. Abel Stevens writes: "In proportion as the historian of his times should, by the soberest study of facts, approximate an exact estimate of his life and its consequences, would he incur the suspicion of exaggeration. It is not only questionable whether any other one man ever addressed by the voice so many of his fellow men, but whether any other ever swayed them more irresistibly. He has the grand distinction of having traveled more extensively for the gospel, preached it oftener, and preached it more eloquently, than any other man, ancient or modern, within the same limits of life." W. E. H. Lecky, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, says of Whitefield: "A more zealous, a more single-minded, a more truly amiable, a more purely unselfish man it would be difficult to conceive. He lived perpetually in the sight of eternity, and a desire to save souls was the single passion of his life. Very few men placed by circumstances at the head of a great religious movement, have been so absolutely free from the spirit of sect. Very few men have passed through so much obloquy with a heart so entirely unsoured, and have retained amid so much adulation so large a measure of deep and genuine humility. There was indeed not a trace of jealousy, ambition, or

rancor in his nature." Over all such human infirmities the grace of God had triumphed.

Is there anything that we may learn from the life and labors of this wonderful man? Wesley said in his funeral sermon that the main lesson was "to keep close to the grand doctrines which he delivered and to drink into his spirit." Have not the Methodists of the present day high need to lay this to heart? It was Whitefield's faith which filled and fired him with enthusiasm. He spent his life in testifying to a few great truths, the only truths which meet the yearnings of the human heart, and those yearnings are much the same to-day that they were two hundred years ago. These truths are still the staple with the successful evangelists of modern times, with Moody, Torrey, Chapman, and Sunday. Should they not be heard more frequently in our pulpits? Can there be genuine abiding spiritual power except where these grand cardinal doctrines of grace are the main themes? If they are proclaimed with the same dead earnestness, the same overmastering passion which animated Whitefield, will they not have much the same results? God can do amazing things with men who are entirely dedicated to him. Of course he can do more when such men have large natural endowments than when their gifts are small. But a comparatively small endowment that is wholly subjected to or utilized by the power from on high, that is thrilled through and through with love divine, means far more for the world than a much larger one that can only in part be used of the Lord because self is not wholly eliminated. This age is far better than that in which Whitefield fulfilled his course. But there is still crying need for such laborers as he. Methodism needs them. All the churches need them. America needs them. The world needs them. Who will do for this day what Wesley and Whitefield did for theirs?

THE ARENA

THE RETURN OF THE INDIVIDUAL

WHAT'S HIS Name once said that history moves in cycles. If I am not mistaken, contemporaneous events are busy proving that What's His Name was right. In the world of events and in the world of thought, too, the generations march round and round, making some progress, it is true, but touching again and again at certain fixed points. For instance, our

remote ancestors slept sweetly in high four-posted beds, and sat in strange, unreliable rocking-chairs that threatened disaster to him who ventured beyond that fixed angle of incidence. The next generation, however, grew ashamed of such ugly furniture and stored it safely in the secretive twilight of the ample attic. But the generation following ransacked those attics, restored the abandoned antiquities to the place of honor and usefulness, and we of to-day are even manufacturing the four-poster that we may sleep in comfort and style. So we might cite the millinery of the present painful period, or the revival of romanticism in literature, or the insistent recurrence of the Colonial in architecture, any one of which would illuminate the point. But we turn from the realm of things to the realm of thought because that is there which means more to us. For a decade now we have been told and retold that this is a social age. That information has been conveyed to us in a hundred languages and forms. And no sane man dare gainsay the fact. This is a social age, probably the social age of history. Machinery and organized capital have created an absolutely new industrial world. In that world the individual is lost to view and men simply must be dealt with in the mass. Practical science, as applied to contagion, sanitation, and transmitted disorders, has eliminated from the physical world the ironical question, "Who is my neighbor?" and is slowly giving us a whole earth with the community interest and obligation. The crowded city, with its growing bulk of moral disorders; a deepened moral insight, revealing the ineffaceable fact of the race's moral solidarity, and a score more of modern conditions or discoveries make ours a social age whether we will or not. Side by side with all this must be noted, too, the new alignment of the forces of good for the meeting of new needs and the solution of these new problems. The Good Samaritan has gone and the Better Samaritan is already on the ground. To begin with, he is more scientific. He probes deep into the social wound that the disturbing matter may be expelled. And, then, too, he is thorough. He seeks prevention rather than cure and reconstruction rather than relief. Not baskets of provisions, but employment and opportunity for self-support! Not old-age pensions, but fair wages and just prices! Not crutches for the old, but new lungs and strong limbs for the young! Of these he talks and for them he works. And, in a period of organization, our Better Samaritan is utilizing organizations. Brotherhoods and societies, committees and commissions, institutions and foundations, are doing thoroughly and scientifically to-day what a quarter of a century ago was being done bunglingly and imperfectly by isolated and undirected and, very often, incompetent individuals.

Now all this is laudable and wonderful. It has enriched our knowledge, widened our view, deepened our sympathies, and perfected our service. Science and the second commandment, harnessed side by side, are dragging the chariot of the Kingdom over seemingly impassable heights. But—to change the figure most abruptly—the signs of the times all point to-day to the reemergence of the individual. The cycle of service is bringing us once more to a given truth whose very existence we had almost forgotten. Talk about dealing with men in the mass; there is no

such thing within the bounds of possibility. After all, the economic problem is not that of capital and labor at all. It is that of the capitalist and the laborer. The danger is not that the former will get the latter. It is, rather, that the devil will get them both. The problem of the city is not that of new tenements, but of new folks, and folks always have been individual, are now, and, so far as we can judge, always will be. After all, if it is true that "there is no such thing as an individual," it is also true that in the world of people there is nothing else but the individual. If our philosophy is correct, personality is the supreme fact in the universe. Individuality is the inviolate and sacred thing which no age can destroy. As the little girl said, "All people aren't alike; even Aunt Mary, she isn't alike." It is easy to see, then, that for all social reconstruction the individual is the only and only possible unit. A well-known man is to-day being quoted as having uttered the wonderful words, "Crime is always personal." A patient God has been trying for several thousand years to teach us that very thing. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "Except a man be born again." "Let every man be convinced in his own mind." "Work out your own salvation."

The end of all things may be a new social order, but the only process by which such an order can be established is that laborious process taught of God and followed by Christ, the complete regeneration of the total individual; personality put into right relations with all that is.

It is also easy to see that the individual remains supreme in the bringing of all this about. There must still be a Samaritan, and not some vast impersonal institution for the uplift of the masses. Organized service is a necessity, not a luxury, but that organization must mean the perfection of the individual in service, not his exemption from service. The personal element is still crucial in the doing of all work, the solution of all problems. Sentimental as it may sound, it remains true that the only force found sufficient to lift men up and make them new is personal contact with somebody who cares.

Just one more statement seems necessary before we turn away from this subject. This renewed realization of the value of the individual clarifies greatly the part and power of the church of God. If there is one peril which awaits the church to-day it is that of doing too little by attempting to do too much. Perhaps it is not too much, but too many things. We are anxious to help in this complex service and the solution of these complex problems. And so we use the pulpit for the discussion of many themes, the church for the doing of many things, and our vital forces for the accomplishment of many reforms. And so we lag, weary with well-doing and despairing at meager results. And all the time the cure is with ourselves. It is ours, primarily, not to discuss problems, but to proclaim the gospel; not to secure reforms, but to call men to repentance; not to close saloons, but to open hearts. It is ours not to build tenements, but to build character; not to denounce bribery, but to save bribers from their sins; not to furnish the States with new laws, but to furnish the world with new men, transformed in mind and heart and motive by the grace of God. And then these men will go out to turn the world upside down.

That is, in short, the message of the pulpit is to the individual. It is the cry, "Repent," not a scholarly dissertation on "The Philosophy of Repentance." It is the plea, "Ye must be born again," not an analysis of the psychological elements in conversion. It is the shout, "Get right with God," not a soliloquy on the human and the divine in history. I speak now of ultimates, of finalities. And the product of the church is the new man in Christ Jesus, no more and no less. It is a Luther first, then the ninety-five theses; a Wesley with a heart strangely warmed, then a second Reformation; a Jerry McAuley, then a Water Street Mission; a John G. Huyler, then a Huyler Rest Home; a Gladstone, then a reformed government.

To this Christ called us. For this we were set aside. To this it is ours to consecrate ourselves, and then all the rest will follow. Out of a host of regenerated individuals we will find slowly forming a new heaven and a new earth.

ANDREW GILLIES.

Minneapolis, Minn.

SERVING IN EARNING MONEY AND IN GIVING MONEY

Our nation is permeated with the idea of uplifting humanity by *giving* money. The realization of this responsibility on the part of our rich men and the prodigality with which colleges and institutions of research are endowed, libraries and hospitals established, philanthropic institutions supported are sources of astonishment to other nations and of gratification and helpfulness to us. May they increase!

Is there not, however, a much greater truth which ought to be emphasized than that mankind should be helped by *giving* money—the truth that we can most efficiently please God and serve man not merely in the *giving* of money, but also, and fundamentally, in the *earning* of it? Ought not we to trip-hammer home this truth, that a man can do more good by following the principles and having the spirit of brotherhood all through his business life than he can by giving away millions accumulated by wolfish methods?

A great merchant honestly and sympathetically gives away a hundred thousand dollars each year to charities. Would not that money accomplish much more if it were used to provide his saleswomen with a wage that would lift them above the constant temptation to augment their pittance by selling themselves? A great manufacturer in a conscientious effort to better the world is helping most generously to equip Young Men's Christian Associations and to erect public libraries; meanwhile, however, great numbers of the workingmen in his plants have been toiling twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, with dark periods of unemployment, under working conditions both harmful and dangerous, and at wages that scarcely provide a decent standard of family life. How much more would that money, used for Young Men's Christian Association plants and libraries, accomplish if used to decrease

the hours of labor and the periods of unemployment, to improve the working conditions, and to pay wages that permit self-realization, self-respect, and comfort for the workingmen and their families?

Does not this whole matter resolve itself into this problem—which of these two methods is the better one, for one to give the workingmen what they earn, the buying public what they pay for, and the competitors what they deserve, or for one to give them all only what he is absolutely forced to give in tooth-and-nail competition and then to dole back in majestic kindness, nay, even sometimes in condescension, what was actually earned or paid for before?

If we believe that a democratic government is superior to a paternal one, particularly among a people with a good degree of general education, and if we believe that economic independence is better than slavery, can there be any doubt what is the true answer to the problem?

After a man has conducted his business along righteous principles, and has served mankind in *making* money, large surpluses may honestly be his. He has an ethical right to appropriate some of the social surplus he creates. And gifts from these surpluses are *real* gifts; but let us protest—all we who are lovers of righteousness—that a man ought always first to serve in *earning* the money; and *after that* in the *giving* of it.

Escanaba, Mich.

KING D. BEACH.

A DEFINITE, PRACTICAL WORK

ONE hundred and nine pastors of Methodist churches in various sections of the country are editing columns of temperance news and argument in the daily press as local correspondents of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Not all of these men secure the limit of space each time, but all of them do secure some space, and secure it regularly. The matter they use comes from the headquarters of the Temperance Society, which issues a "clip-sheet" going to some fifteen hundred newspapers, special correspondents, etc. In connection with this matter appears much splendid argument based upon local news, illustrative events, reform developments, and community opinion. The fact that the column proceeds from a denominational department of the great Methodist Church gives it a claim upon the editor and prestige with the readers.

The Temperance Society, located at Topeka, Kan., is willing to send its weekly news bulletin to any Methodist pastor who will guarantee such an arrangement with his local paper, and this arrangement is more than easy to make in the majority of cases. The "clip-sheet" is made up from a very large American and foreign correspondence. It has the advantage of special reports from Washington, from scientific laboratories, colleges, reform centers, State capitals, large cities, and world leaders. Its exchange list is voluminous.

E. D. PICKETT.

Topeka, Kan.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB**PAUL'S MYSTICISM, CONTINUED**

(Rom. 6. 12-25)

As shown in a previous paper, on Rom. 6. 1-11, the sixth chapter of Romans sets forth the doctrine of the mystical union of the believer with Christ, by faith, in his life, death, and resurrection. It involves an actual identification with the Redeemer himself. This no doubt is mystical language. When strictly compared with the facts of religious consciousness it must be admitted that all such terms as union, oneness, fellowship, identification, pass into the domain of metaphor. They are taken to express the highest conceivable degree of attachment and devotion. In this sense they are consecrated by the use of centuries, and any other phrases substituted for them, though gaining somewhat in precision, would only seem poor and cold. See Sanday, Commentary for Schools.

Baptism was the outward profession of the vital union by faith of the believer with Christ. Baptism was not the cause of the union, but the divinely ordained ordinance by which the believer was inducted into the Christian communion and fellowship. The time of the Redeemer's sacrifice on Calvary was the time, in the Divine order, of the death of sin. The time of the acceptance of Christ by faith and of receiving the rite of baptism was the time of the believer's union with Christ. This union with Christ was not a mere metaphysical conception, but was the ground and instrument of the development of the Christian life in the believer. Hence in the twelfth and thirteenth verses the apostle exhorts them, "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin: but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." In the fourteenth verse Paul affirms one of the most remarkable propositions in all Christian thought. "For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace." In man's regenerate state sin shall not have dominion. The reason given is because they are "not under the law, but under grace." The question here raised and answered is, How shall the dominion of sin over men be broken? The usual answer is that sin is to be overcome by law. Hence the multitudinous laws that are promulgated to prevent the multiplication of transgressions. Almost the first thing that is proposed when a great evil has arisen is to pass a law prohibiting it, and enforcing obedience to the law by legal statutes. In this view law is the great civilizer and reformer. The statement of this passage is different. It says sin shall not rule over you because by union with Jesus Christ by faith you do not cease to obey the law, but it ceases to be the motive and the power which brings obedience. The apostle proceeds with the illustration in the sixteenth verse: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants

ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" The world's view is that the more law the more goodness; thus misconceiving the mission of law. The mission of law is not to remove sin, but to awaken a sense of sin. Law shows our wrongfulness, shows our weaknesses, but does not impart strength to overcome them. It presents to us ideals, but does not give us power to reach them. Law reveals wrong as something that is blameworthy and shows how helpless man is to do that which he knows to be right.

The apostle enlarges on his illustration of freedom and slavery in verses 17, 18, asserting that freedom from righteousness involves bondage to sin, whereas freedom from sin involves bondage to righteousness. His language is: "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became servants of righteousness." A German writer has set forth in this way the thought embodied in this verse: "But this binding strength as to our obedience does not hold good only when we are obedient to sin, but also when we are directing our obedience toward righteousness. She, too, makes us to be her servant, inasmuch as we are obedient to her, and she becomes a power within us which we must serve because she keeps us chained to herself in our inclinations and desires, which means: that I cannot be without righteousness though it cost my life; rather lose my life than righteousness. Just as sin, when I lay hold on it through obedience, lays hold upon and seizes me, so also righteousness does not let me go when I have once surrendered myself in obedience, but takes me into her service and inwardly attaches me to her with strong ties. And just as I needed no law for sinning, and just as it was unnecessary to admonish me from without, now in this way and now in that way all the more, since within my evil will lust was added to lust, and desire to desire, so that I was carried away even into such places as I was not willing to go, so also I need no law for righteousness, which from without continually drives and urges me, do this and do that, but also here obedience leads to obedience and desire to desire and righteousness plants itself in my will. So my will moves and has its being in righteousness." In our hold on righteousness we are not striving after something that is striving to elude us, but we must insist that we are dead to sin and alive in Christ.

There is a clause in the seventeenth verse which is significant in this connection: "But ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you." This passage would be better rendered, "the form of doctrine to which you were delivered," or, "to which you were handed over." It is difficult to conceive exactly the force of these words. It does not say that the gospel was delivered to us, but we were delivered to the gospel and accepted and are governed by it. In uniting with Christ we yield ourselves to our divine Lord and recognize his teachings as those which must control. Luther expresses it "as the pattern of the doctrine, exemplar, ideal, which the doctrine sets up." It seems difficult to suggest that you should obey a pattern, but it indi-

cates that we are to be obedient to a type of doctrine. One writer says that by the type of doctrine "is meant the gospel in the stricter, and not in the broader, sense; the doctrine of the righteousness which is in Christ, a righteousness of faith closely connected and inseparably interwoven with righteousness of life, which includes and produces righteousness of life as certainly as the germ the fruit. Paul does not say that we do not need the law, and would therefore only need to follow the inner impulse. The doctrine is not put under our power so that we can mold and shape it according to our liking, but it must remain as it has proceeded from the word and work of God, and we are put under its power."

Thus the voice of the word from without and the voice from within are in beautiful harmony. In the twenty-first and twenty-second verses the apostle sets forth the results of the diverse obedience and slavery, and he asks, "What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death. But now, being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life." In the early part of this chapter the apostle has set forth what might be called the philosophy of the Christian life. But the Christian life is more than a philosophy. It is an experience, and it has its fruits by which it commends itself to the world. The apostle asks, "What fruit had ye then?" namely, at the time when they were under the dominion of sin; that is, what conduct did you exhibit? and the answer is, conduct of which ye are now as Christians ashamed. The result is declared to be this: the fruits of the service of sin are fruits which bring shame, disappointment, and death. The fruits of obedience to God are sanctification and eternal life.

In the nineteenth verse Paul seems to apologize for the use of the words freedom and slavery. He says, "I speak after the manner of men because of the infirmity of your flesh." By the phrase "after the manner of men" he evidently does not mean that he is speaking with only human authority and has no divine inspiration, but that he addresses them in this way because of the dullness of their spiritual apprehension. Freedom and slavery are the terms in which he can best convey his meaning to them. The service to God is a willing service. It is a service of the heart, hence the need of explanation of the use of the word slavery. If they continue in sin they are under its dominion. If they have received the divine life of Christ they are the servants of righteousness. Sin leads to slavery, righteousness to spiritual freedom. Sin leads to death, righteousness to eternal life. The righteous man has the most perfect freedom because his works are the result of his renewed nature, but they need the deep spiritual apprehension to express the full meaning of the terms "freedom" and "slavery" in this chapter.

The doctrine of the mystical union with Christ is not confined to this chapter, but harmonizes with the general teachings of the apostle elsewhere. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." As many as have been baptized unto Christ have put on Christ. Our blessed Lord in the parable of the vine and the branches

expresses the same thought: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." We have thus set forth in this chapter the great fact of the Old and New Testaments: the keyword of the Old Testament is Law, the keyword of the New Testament is Grace. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." The law brings condemnation, grace brings pardon; the law worketh wrath, grace worketh peace.

The apostle closes his discussion with the passage which embodies the spirit of the whole matter: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Death is the wages which the sinner earns. It is the appropriate outcome of his sinful acts. Every person who goes the way of death goes thither because he himself has chosen it. He follows the pathway of sin because he wills to follow it, and when he reaches the goal it is the result of his own sin, the wages of his own transgression. On the other hand, eternal life is a gift bestowed. It is the gracious act of God. The Christian's righteousness is not the cause of his eternal life, it is the way in which all the redeemed must walk since they are united to Jesus Christ by faith. The believer's perpetual refrain throughout the eternities, in the world of light and love and purity, will be, "Not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory."

ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE PHILISTINES

Or all the non-Israelite people of Palestine mentioned in the Old Testament, none played a more important part in the history and development of that country than the Philistines. It is a significant fact that these people gave their name not only to that fertile strip of land along the Mediterranean coast from Joppa on the north to the desert of Shur on the south and extending east to the highlands of Judah, but also to the entire country usually known as Palestine. It is generally agreed that Philistia, Palestina, and Palestine are modified forms of the same word, though no satisfactory etymology has been given to any one of these three forms. Numerous explanations have been propounded, but not one has found general acceptance, which goes to prove the origin of the Philistine, no less than his language, is so far shrouded in mystery. Whence came the Philistines to Palestine? is still an open question. The Hebrew Scriptures in more than one passage make Caphtor the homeland of these arch enemies of Israel (Jer. 47. 4 and Amos 9. 7). It is also stated in Deut. 2. 23 that the Avim who dwelt in the villages around Gaza were destroyed and replaced by the Caphtorim, who came out of Caphtor. But where was Caphtor? Some of the Greek versions followed by Josephus

identify Caphtor with Cappodicia. Ebers and others would find Caphtor in the Delta. This agrees well with the table of the nations in the tenth chapter of Genesis, where we read that the Caphtorim were descendants of Ham, through Mizraim. Others, like W. Max Mueller, identify Caphtor with the Keftin, or Kefto, of the Egyptian monuments, on the southeast coast of the Mediterranean. The more common view, however, is that the Caphtor and Caphtorim of the Old Testament stand respectively for Crete and Cretans. There is much in favor of this conclusion. There is an unmistakable connection between the Philistines and Cherethites (Ezek. 25. 16 and Zeph. 2. 5). Then the Pelethites and Cherethites are constantly mentioned together. The words Pelethite and Philistine are probably the same. The difference in Hebrew is very little: *Plethi* and *Plishtii*. The interchange of sh and th is not difficult to understand. If we turn to the Greek we find the Hebrew *Crethi* is transliterated *Kpētes* that is, Cretans. Here it should be stated that there was a place in the Delta called Ka-pet-hor. From this it has been argued that the original Caphtorim might have emigrated from Egypt to Crete or to the coast of Asia Minor before finally settling in Philistia.

Now there are many reasons for believing that the Philistines were non-Semitic, and perhaps Indo-European. From the time of Champollion there has been a growing belief that the Purusati of the Egyptian monuments were the Pelishtine of the Hebrew Scriptures. If we consider that the letters r and l are interchangeable in different languages the difference will not seem so great. The Chinaman does not say, "American," but, "Melican." The Japanese have the opposite difficulty; so, too, the Egyptians are said to have substituted r for l in proper names. The Purusati conquered by Rameses III about B. C. 1200 were probably Philistines. They are represented on the Egyptian monuments as different in dress, armor, and physiognomy from the Semitic peoples and more European than Asiatic in appearance.

Notwithstanding what has been said above, it should be remembered that there are many distinguished scholars who maintain that the Philistines, like their northern neighbors, the Phœnicians, were Semitic in language and origin. They base their argument upon the religion and the very little known of their language—almost entirely proper names found in the Old Testament and Assyrian inscriptions. It will be at once admitted that the linguistic argument is very precarious, for it is easily understood how a Hebrew or Assyrian scribe would naturally Semitize Philistine and other foreign proper names, both of persons and places. Indeed, many of the latter, especially, might have antedated the Philistine occupations. Invaders, as a rule, leave the names of places unchanged, or at most change them but slightly. It must also be told that the Tel-el-Amarna tablets (about B. C. 1450) mention nearly a dozen places in Philistia, among them, Ashkelon, Gath, Gezer, Gaza, and Lachish. This goes to show that the Philistines did not change the old Canaanite or Semitic names. It is different with the names of persons. Professor Macalister in his *Schweich Lectures* gives the names of sixteen persons supposedly Philistine. Of these only three are undisputably Semitic. The

other thirteen are, if not Philistine, of unknown origin. There is but one word in the story of the Philistines which may be a native word. This is *seranim*, rendered "lords" in the English versions. The singular is *seren*. It is always applied to the Philistine, never to the Hebrews. As far as known, it has no analogy in the Semitic tongues. Some one has suggested that it is a cognate of *tyrannos*, "tyrant"—but alas! who can tell us the origin of *tyrannos*?

We are at present just as ignorant of the Philistine language as of the Hittite; yea, more so; for, though not a word of Hittite has been deciphered or translated beyond controversy, there are Hittite inscriptions galore. Let us hope that ancient Philistia may, one of these days, furnish a key from some of its buried ruins which may unlock the history of its once warlike people.

If Crete, as generally believed, was the homeland of the Philistines, there is also hope that the Cretan inscriptions may lend their aid in solving the mystery. The excavations in Philistia and Crete have brought to light many objects pointing, if not to a common origin, yet to a close relationship. This applies especially to the mode of burial, and the articles deposited with the dead, as well as the position of the body. There were five graves found at Gezer which were very different from the native Palestinian graves of any period. "They were oblong rectangular receptacles sunk in the ground and covered with large slabs. Each contained a single body stretched out (not crouched, as in the Canaanite interments), the head, with one exception, turned to the east. Ornaments and food deposits were placed around. The mouthplate found on some of the skeletons was an important link with Cretan tradition, and the graves as a whole show decided kinship with the shaft graves of Knossos or Mycenæ" (Macalister). The bones, too, favored a Cretan origin. The same is true of the pottery and their decorations.

In like manner some light is thrown upon the subject by a comparison of Cretan paintings and those pictured on the walls of the old temple at Medinet Habu in Egypt, descriptive of Rameses's campaign against the Purusati (Philistines). The headdress painted on these sculptures shows a clear kinship with that worn by the Lycians and Mycenæans, as well as that on the Phæstos disk.

This disk belonging to the Middle Minoan period, about B. C. 1600, was discovered in the ruins of the palace at Phæstos in Crete. It is made of terracotta, and carved on both sides with inscriptions. There are forty-five distinct characters or symbols. Of these the most common is the headdress above mentioned. This is another link in the chain which connects Philistia with Crete.

When did the Philistines settle in Palestine? Assuming that the Philistines were of Cretan origin, it may be assumed that with the overthrow of the Cretan power many of the people left the homeland to try their fortune elsewhere. Some may have settled on the coast of Asia Minor, some in Greece and Italy, and still others in Philistia and the neighboring territory. But nothing definite is known on the subject. "The settlement of the Philistines in Palestine," says Macalister, "falls in that period

of fog, as we may call it, when the iron culture succeeds the bronze in the Eastern Mediterranean."

If we turn to the Old Testament, we find a mention of the Philistines in the days of Abraham and Isaac. This need not be taken literally, but simply that the Abimelech of Abraham may have been a Semite dwelling in what was later the land of the Philistines. They inhabited Philistia at the beginning of the exodus (Exod. 13. 17) as well as its close (Josh. 13. 2), and were so powerful at the time Joshua divided the land among the tribes that he could not subdue them (Judg. 3. 3). They were a source of constant worry during the period of the Judges, and formidable in the days of Eli and Samuel, and even during the reign of unfortunate Saul. They were not completely subdued till David was king. Even after his days they persisted in molesting Israel. The Assyrian inscriptions report their defeat by Hadad-Nirari (B. C. 812-783), by Tiglath-pileser III in B. C. 734. A few years later Sennacherib marched against Philistia and took Beth-Dagon, Joppa, Bene-Barak, etc. When Assyria had ceased to be victorious, Pharaoh Necho marshaled his forces against his northern enemy and captured all the Philistine cities upon this triumphant march.

Though it is perfectly clear that the Philistines were a religious people, we have but little data on which to base an opinion as to the nature of their worship. The names of the three deities mentioned in connection with their worship point, at least partially, to a Semitic religion. We have mention of the Ashtaroth and Baal-zebub, the former in connection with the tragic death of King Saul and the latter in the story of Ahaziah king of Judah. There are two accounts of Saul's death, and unfortunately they are contradictory. In 1 Sam. 31. 10ff. we read of the Ashtaroth (plural of Ashtoreth) and in 1 Chron. 10. 10 of Dagon. The latter is probably the more correct reading. When we come to Baal-zebub, there is nothing said about the Philistines worshiping this god at Ekron, but a simple report of how King Ahaziah sent to consult the oracle at that place (2 Kings 1. 6ff.). As we have no evidence that the Philistines ever worshiped Baal-zebub, a purely Semitic god, as the name implies, we may assume that the oracle at Ekron was one of those to which any person might come and apply for information by paying the usual fee. If the above suppositions are true, it seems that the only Philistine god of which we may speak with positiveness is Dagon.

Dagon, too, has been a subject of considerable discussion. While the majority of authorities agree that his name is Semitic and denotes fish, there are those who derive the word from a Semitic root, meaning grain, while others boldly assert that the word has nothing in common with the root *dgn*, from which the forms for grain and fish are derived. Whatever the origin of the word, there is no doubt that Dagon was worshiped by the Philistines at Ashdod and other of their cities for many centuries. The old Jewish writers tell us that the image of Dagon had the head, arms, and upper parts of a man, tapering off into the form of a fish. There are still others who maintain that Dagon was not exclusively a Philistinian god, but was worshiped by different nations in different lands.

under slightly different names: Dagon, Dagán, Daguna, etc. Let us quote Professor Macalister once more. He says: "That Dagán and the Philistine Dagon of Palestine are one and the same being can scarcely be questioned." Of course, the difference of vowel presents but little or no difficulty, as every student of etymology knows.

Let us notice some points of difference. The Philistines had temples, while the Hebrews still worshiped in a tent. There is no evidence that the Philistines had high places on which they offered their sacrifices. Nor were the Philistines forbidden idols. The temple at Ashdod had its image of Dagon. Images were even carried to the battlefield by their armies. The disparaging phrase uncircumcised Philistine is frequently applied to them. This proves that their religious rites and ceremonies differed in one very important respect from those of the Hebrews. Indeed, there is no evidence that they had any religious rite in common with the people of Israel. There seemed to have been a wide gulf between the two nations at all times in their history. The Hebrews often relapsed into the idolatry of their Semitic neighbors and adopted their wicked practices, but they always held aloof from Philistia. The Hebrew prophets constantly upbraided their people for their religious perfidy and disloyalty to Jehovah. There is but one solitary reference to their worship of Philistine gods—and that is in a very general way, in a kind of a wholesale denunciation of idolatrous Israel.

From our study of this question we are convinced that the Philistines were non-Semitic and differed from the Hebrews in race, religion, and language.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

ERNST TROELTSCH

In any given period it is a rare thing to find more than one school of theological thought able to compel universal attention to its aims and problems. A few years ago the school that did this was that of Ritschl. To-day it is the history-of-religion school, whose recognized leader is Ernst Troeltsch. There are, of course, other schools and other leaders. So far, however, as the Ritschlian school is concerned, it has lost much of its former unity and coherence. Yet several theologians recognized as more or less genuine Ritschlians are to-day exerting a powerful influence, especially Herrmann, Haering, and Harnack. No living scholar in the field of systematic theology can be sure of a larger or more eager public than Herrmann. And yet the Ritschl-Herrmann type of theology is not to-day setting the problems and shaping the issues of theology so much as that of Troeltsch. The name of the late Martin Kaehler stands for another school, which has profoundly influenced a large number of German theologians, especially of those in the practical service of the

church. Kaehler's theology may be briefly characterized as a very significant attempt to bring to full expression the underlying principle wherein the biblicism of Beck and the Erlangen theology of experience find their unification. Of a similar tendency is the equally original but less "systematic" Schlatter. A continuation of the Erlangen type is very ably represented by Seeberg. Another theologian of great repute is Ihmels, who has modified the Erlangen theology in the direction of Kaehler. Yet after all it is the history-of-religion school that occupies the center of the arena.

The rise of the school has not been rapid, nor can one point to any single individual as its founder. The appearance of the school was the natural outcome of a long development. The comparative study of religions had flourished for some time, especially in England, France, and Holland. It was, however, reserved for the Germans, notwithstanding they had been strangely backward in the study of ethnic religions, to find in the fruits of that study a methodological principle for the understanding of the Bible and Christianity. On German soil the labors of such men as Baur, Weizsäcker, Holtzmann, Lagarde, Pfleiderer, Wellhausen, and Harnack prepared the way for the appearance of the history-of-religion school. Rade has called Wellhausen and Harnack "involuntary creators" of the school. Their studies have made immense contributions to the understanding of the development of religion upon the background of a broad history of civilization, yet they have not accepted some of the essential principles of the new school.

It was in the field of the New Testament that the history-of-religion school made its first appearance. In 1888 Gunkel published his little book on "The Operations of the Holy Spirit According to the Popular Views of the Apostolic Age and According to the Teaching of Paul." The new religio-historical method was next applied to the thought of the kingdom of God in the Gospels in works by Bousset and J. Weiss. In 1895 appeared Gunkel's epoch-making book, *Schöpfung und Chaos* (Creation and Chaos), and Bousset's *Der Antichrist*. Gunkel's book aimed to show that the materials of the first chapter of Genesis and of the twelfth chapter of Revelation were in large part ancient Semitic traditions, chiefly Babylonian. It purported to present a paradigm or specimen illustration of what the author believed to be a general state of facts in religious history, namely, no historical religion stands isolated from the whole vast movement of the thought and life that involves the whole race. In a later writing, *Concerning the Religio-Historical Understanding of the New Testament* (1903), he seeks to show that even "the Christianity of the New Testament grew up on the soil of syncretism." But, he maintains, even if heathen myths have found a place in the New Testament, they have been clarified. Myth, according to Gunkel, is not essentially of heathenism, but is rather an essential phase of religious thinking in general. "The most precious treasures of religion can invest themselves in mythical form." "We Christians have absolutely no ground for the assumption that everything that is good and valuable in religion could spring only from Israel." Bousset, in his *The Religion of Judaism in*

New Testament Times, declares: "Not one religion alone contributed to the origin and development of Christianity. . . . Judaism was the retort in which the different elements were assembled."

It is not, however, our purpose to trace the course of the development of the historical studies of the school. In order to acquire the compactness of a school the movement must find a systematic theological interpreter and spokesman. This it has found in Ernst Troeltsch. Born in 1865, Troeltsch became *privatdocent* in Göttingen in 1891, professor extraordinary in Bonn, 1892; professor ordinary in Heidelberg, 1894. He has just been called to the chair of the history and philosophy of religion in Berlin, but the professorship has been transferred to the philosophical faculty. A widespread disapproval of this change has found its best expression in a pamphlet by Deissmann. Troeltsch's earliest theological development was largely determined by the influence of Ritschl. His departure from the master was registered in his essays in the *Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche* on "The Independence of Religion" and on "History and Metaphysics" (1895-96 and 1898). The "dogmatic method" is given up and the "historical method" is affirmed as being alone warranted. From the period of these essays to the present Troeltsch's influence and reputation have been steadily increasing. The eminent regard in which he is held is due in part to his unflinching fairness in controversy and his manifestly sincere desire to recognize truth wherever it may be found. But besides all this he is a man of great intellectual energy and originality. He is, therefore, a thinker and writer from whom every serious thinker will receive manifold and powerful impulses and suggestions. He is not, on the whole, easy to read. The points of view are too manifold for simplicity of exposition. Troeltsch "sees with ten eyes" and the reader must work to follow the argument.

It is not possible in a brief space to characterize such a thinker as Troeltsch. We call special attention to him at this time because the assembling of his scattered essays into two great volumes (1912 and 1913) has enabled the public to study him more systematically and to get a clearer impression of his significance. The first of these, "Die Soziallehren der Christlichen Kirchen und Gruppen," carries out with great power the thought that social, no less than purely religious, forces have had a determining influence in shaping Christian history, even the development of dogma. This thought was formerly much neglected, but there is grave danger of its being overworked. Troeltsch himself, however, has never carried it to an extreme, such as we note in Professor E. S. Ames's *Psychology of Religion*. For Troeltsch lays stress also upon the positive content of religion. The second volume is entitled "Zur religiösen Lage, Religionsphilosophie und Ethik." The most striking thing in this volume is the treatment of the "newer Protestantism." Troeltsch holds that the Protestant churches have *inwardly* broken with the Protestantism of the Reformers as truly as the latter in its time had broken with Catholicism. For a most luminous, but perhaps too laudatory, appreciation of Troeltsch the reader is referred to Baron von Hügel's essay in the *Constructive Quarterly* (March, 1914).

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Beacon Lights of Prophecy. An Interpretation of Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Deutero-Isaiah. By ALBERT C. KNUDSON, Professor in Boston University School of Theology. 12mo, pp. xii + 281. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

The Prophets of Israel. From the Eighth to the Fifth Century. Their Faith and their Message. By MORNA BUTTENWIESER, PH.D., Professor of Biblical Exegesis, Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati. 8vo, pp. xxii + 350. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$3, net.

THE study of the great seers of the Old Testament first received notable attention with the publication of *The Prophets of Israel*, by W. Robertson Smith. Although it appeared so far back as 1882, it has gone through several editions, and it is justly regarded as one of the classics on this subject. The significance of these great preachers of righteousness to the life of the present day was later shown by George Adam Smith in his remarkable volumes on Isaiah and the so-called Minor Prophets in the *Expositor's Bible*, and in his Yale lectures on *Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament*. Among recent writers who have discussed the subject of prophecy Professor Knudson deserves a most honorable place. His volume is a distinct contribution and it will be read with pleasure and advantage by both preacher and layman. The supreme merit of this volume is that difficulties are clearly faced and nowhere evaded or explained away. He holds that the prophets were both preachers of repentance and heralds of the coming kingdom of God. They were distinguished by intense earnestness, indomitable passion, and deep insight, and the dual notes of doom and redemption were always found in their fearless pronouncements. Nowhere in the history of religion has there been anything so unique as this institution of prophecy in Israel. Its purpose was not prediction so much as proclamation of the will of God. They spoke in God's stead, with whom they were in sincere communion, and so they were possessed of his purpose and felt under compulsion to proclaim it. Professor Buttenwieser's translation of Jer. 23. 18 strikingly brings out this thought: "For he who hath held converse with God, hath perceived and heard his word, he who hath hearkened to his word must proclaim it." An interesting comparison is made by Professor Knudson between Hebrew prophecy and Greek philosophy, to which it bears a resemblance in its fruits, though not in its methods. These have been the two great creative forces in the spiritual and intellectual history of mankind. "Prophecy carries with it the idea of inspiration and revelation, not because there is no human element in it, but because it is the outgrowth of those loftiest elements of human nature which we instinctively and immediately associate with the idea of the Spirit of God. Philosophy, on the other hand, makes no claim to supernatural inspiration, not because there are no sparks of the divine in it, but because it is, for the most part, the outcome of that side of our nature which seems less closely linked with

God. In prophecy it is preeminently the heart and conscience that speak to us, in philosophy the intellect. The difference, then, between the method of the prophet and that of the philosopher finds its justification in the common conviction that the heart and conscience stand nearer to God than the intellect" (page 46). In this connection Professor Buttenwieser's chapter on "Inspiration as Opposed to Divination or Possession" is worth reading. The great service of the prophets lay in the fact that they moralized and universalized religion and made a noteworthy distinction between spiritual religion and ritualistic piety at a time when the mere institutional features of religion were regarded by the nation as indispensable. Professor Knudson rightly believes that eschatology preceded the literary prophets and that the element of doom which was larger than any particular calamity was always voiced by the prophets; but this sense of danger was intimately and profoundly related to the awakening of the religious consciousness. These facts will enable us to understand the significance of the Messianic passages in the writings of the preexilic prophets where they have a legitimate place. "The Messianic hope did not originate with Isaiah or any of the other literary prophets. It was current in Israel long before their time and assumed a great variety of forms. What the literary prophets did was to take this traditional material, purge it of its heathen elements, and give to it a distinctly ethical character. They did not, however, wholly recast it. Some of the older forms were retained. Hence, we should not be surprised if the representations which any particular prophet gives of the future are not all of one and the same piece and do not harmonize perfectly with his other utterances" (page 157). The titles of the several chapters of Professor Knudson's very helpful and able volume are: "The History and Nature of Prophecy"; "Amos the Prophet of Moral Law"; "Hosea the Prophet of Love"; "Isaiah the Prophet of Faith"; "Jeremiah the Prophet of Personal Piety"; "Ezekiel the Prophet of Individualism"; "Deutero-Isaiah the Prophet of Universalism." A book of a different character is that by Professor Buttenwieser. More than half of it is devoted to a critical and expository study of the writings of Jeremiah. Important as is the message of this prophet for the study of religion, it has not received adequate attention at the hands of scholars, although we have promise of better things from various quarters. The prophets were the supreme gifts of God to the nation, and yet every seer has paid a heavy price in bitterest isolation, in the renunciation of domestic happiness, and in the inability even to share in the common joys and sorrows of his fellow men, because his soul was filled with pictures of the desolation and misery about to overtake his people (page 17). The chapter on "The Confessions of Jeremiah" brings out very suggestively the autobiographical elements in the preaching of this prophet, who made so much of personal religion. Book I deals with the faith of the prophets, that not forms and ceremonies, but God in man's heart and in his daily life, is the very quintessence of religion. It was this faith which kindled an inner fire and inspired them to the active life of service and surrender and was the source of that wonderful

Idealism which filled the prophets with visions of spiritual regeneration and universal righteousness at the very time when everything pointed to corruption and decay. Book II deals with the message of the prophets, and only one chapter, that on Amos, is included in the present volume. This study of religious growth and development, showing the progress of prophetic thought, will appear in another volume. Mention must be made of the excellent translations of the prophets. They would satisfy the late Professor Driver's canon that an ideal translation of the Bible must be idiomatic, dignified, accurate, and clear. The familiar passage in Zech. 4. 6 is thus rendered: "Not by virtue of material strength and political power shall ye prevail, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The note of appeal is clearly brought out in this verse: "Absolutely righteous art Thou, O God, even though I venture to dispute with thee—yet of a question of justice I desire to speak unto thee: why is the way of the wicked prosperous? why are all faithless people at ease?" (Jer. 12. 1). The plaintive tone is picturesquely reproduced in the translation of Jer. 14. 8, 9: "O, Hope of Israel, its Saviour in the time of trouble, why dost Thou act like a stranger in the land, like a wayfarer that tarrieth over night? Why dost Thou act like one that is dazed, like a hero that is powerless?"

The Bible: Its Origin, Its Significance and Its Abiding Worth. By ARTHUR S. PEAKE, M.A., D.D., Rylands Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Manchester. 8vo, pp. xxvi, 517. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$2.00 net.

The Influence of the Bible on Civilisation. By ERNST VON DORSCHT, Professor of the New Testament in the University of Halle-Wittenberg. 12mo, pp. ix + 190. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

A VERY interesting event took place on June 11 at Hartley College, the theological seminary of the Primitive Methodist Church in England. Three windows in the College Chapel were unveiled in honor of Professor Peake's completion of twenty-one years of service in that school, and also in recognition of his valuable services to biblical scholarship. His contributions range over a wide area, for Professor Peake has been a versatile writer, and yet it must be said that in everything he has published there is the genuine ring of scholarly exactness, lucidity, and persuasiveness. His latest book is the crowning achievement of a notable career. He not only sums up well-known conclusions in the realm of criticism, but he offers a constructive presentation of the vital message of the Bible to the life of this day. A great deal has been done during the last fifty years in biblical learning. The results have brought confusion to some, alarm to others, uncertainty to yet more. A report such as we have in Professor Peake's chapters will therefore be welcomed everywhere because it is comprehensive, judicious, reliable, and readable. Processes and results are impartially estimated, misconceptions are removed, things which differ are relatively emphasized, losses and gains are honestly reckoned with; it is, in short, a fair and exhaustive treatment of all the issues involved. The preacher has here just the kind of material which will enable him to help young people who have difficult questions sug-

gested to them in school and college and which must be answered for the strengthening of faith. Teachers in the Sunday school who are eager for a better equipment and other thoughtful Christians need guidance, and they naturally look to the preacher. Let him make the acquaintance of this volume and he will be wonderfully benefited himself by the firmer grip on truth. Dr. Peake states, what nobody will deny, that one of the most ominous signs in the life of the churches is the prevalent ignorance and neglect of the Scriptures, with the direct consequence of a lowered spiritual vitality. We are repeatedly reminded in these pages that the Bible is the great book of experimental religion and that whatever may be taken away by biblical criticism is more than made up for us by what is given, especially the clearer comprehension of the divine element in both Old and New Testaments. A great deal of space is devoted to questions of criticism and the burning issues are expounded in a scholarly and popular way, so that the average reader can obtain a good understanding of the indispensable services of the critical movement in all its phases and appreciate its constructive contributions to biblical learning and Christian theology. The religious spirit of the author is impressively stamped on every page. The legitimacy and necessity of criticism must be admitted, if the Bible is to be studied historically. "The history is enshrined in documents, and these documents must be dated and analyzed, that we may fit each into its proper place in the onward march of God's self-revelation. It has pleased God to give us the Bible in such a form as to make criticism of it essential if we are truly to understand it in all its fullness and depth of meaning. It is a perpetual challenge to all the qualities of mind and heart, rewarding those most richly who lavish the most loving study upon it and count no tedious toil too arduous that they may more truly understand by what way God has given it to us." The essential Reformation principles are recognized in two chapters, "The Part Played by Experience in the Creation of Scripture" and "The Verification of Revelation by Experience." Here are some sentences which deserve consideration: "It is very unfortunate that the designation of the Bible as the Word of God, while emphasizing one very important side of the truth, should have obscured an aspect hardly less important. For there is much in the Bible which is not God's word to man, though it belongs to what is most precious in Scripture. It is man's word, uttering his deepest feelings of praise and adoration, of penitence and longing for purity, the passionate desire for fellowship with him or the rapturous joy which such communion brings." The titles of some of the chapters are: "The Critic and the Apologist"; "History as a Channel of Revelation"; "The Nature and Mechanism of Inspiration"; "The Misuse of the Bible"; "The Bible and Theology"; "The Question of Authority"; "The Permanent Value of Scripture." They indicate the wide and profound range of the topics considered. In all there are twenty-four chapters, and they are none too many in what can well be regarded as the best book on one of the most important subjects of the day. The volume by Professor Dobschütz may be regarded as supplementary to Dr. Peake's. He furnishes important data not easily accessible and points out how the

Bible has occupied a central position in the increasingly expanding activities of the Christian church during the centuries. Sixteen half-tone reproductions of manuscripts, inscriptions, and early Bibles add to the value of the suggestive historical matter. This author believes that the influence of the Bible will be even greater in the future than it has been in the past. "The influence of the Bible in its present position as the book of devotion is of supreme importance for civilization. Progress in civilization is guaranteed not by constitution nor by law, but only by the spirit which rules the individual and through the individual the community. We need strong characters who know the great truth of self-sacrifice. Such characters are formed by the inward inspiration given by devotional reading of the Bible. Making men devout, it makes them strong and influential in the common effort to promote civilization by removing everything which is contrary to the welfare of others. That is the most important influence which the Bible can have; and that influence it still exerts, and ever will exert, on civilization."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Humor of Homer, and Other Essays. By SAMUEL BUTLER. 12mo, pp. 313. London: A. C. Fifield. New York: Mitchell Kannerley. Price, cloth, with portrait, \$1.50.

Of Samuel Butler, novelist, philosopher, scientist, satirist, and classicist, who died in London in 1902, Bernard Shaw is quoted as saying that "he was in his department"—whatever that was—"the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century." Another calls him the most penetrating, honest, courageous, withering, and original critic of modern English life. He had clerical ancestry, his father having been one of the canons of Lincoln Cathedral and his grandfather Bishop of Lichfield. The two things which most deeply and durably impressed him in early life were Italy and the music of Handel, especially the Messiah. In 1843, when he was eight years old, the family—father, mother, two sisters, and one brother—spent a year in Italy. Of their winter in Rome such notes as these are given: "The children were taken to the top of Saint Peter's as a treat on their father's birthday. In the Sistine Chapel they saw the cardinals kiss the toe of Pope Gregory XVI, and in the Corso, in broad daylight, they saw a monk come rolling down a staircase like a sack of potatoes, bundled into the street by the man and his wife." At the age of eleven, he went to school at Allesley, near Coventry, under the Rev. E. Gibson. In after years he seldom referred to his life there, though sometimes he would say something that showed he had not forgotten all about it. For instance, in 1900 Mr. Sydney C. Cockerell, now the director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, showed him a mediæval missal, laboriously illuminated. He found that it fatigued him to look at it, and said that such books ought never to be made. Cockerell replied that such books relieved the tedium of divine service, on which Butler made a note ending thus: "Give me rather a robin or a peripatetic cat like the one

whose loss the parishioners of Saint Clement Danes are still deploring. When I was at school at Allesley the boy who knelt opposite me at morning prayers, with his face not more than a yard away from mine, used to blow pretty little bubbles with his saliva which he would send sailing off the tip of his tongue like miniature soap bubbles; they very soon broke, but they had a career of a foot or two. I never saw anyone else able to get saliva bubbles right away from him and, though I have endeavored for some fifty years and more to acquire the art, I never yet could start the bubble off my tongue without its bursting." A budding scientist, perhaps, the bubble-boy was, for bubbles belong to science rather than to worship. At the recent meeting of the Royal Society in London Mr. C. V. Boys, F.R.S., exhibited a new blow-pipe which produced soap bubbles two feet in diameter, exclaiming, as he expanded the iridescent beauty of the filmy orbs, "A bubble of that size is a joy to look upon and has more far-reaching science about it than has anything else of its weight." The second great event in the early life of Samuel Butler was his first hearing of the music of Handel, which went straight to his heart and satisfied a longing that other music had only awakened and teased. Of some of Handel's great chords he said, "One feels them in the diaphragm—they are, as it were, the groaning and laboring of all creation travelling together until now." Throughout his life "Italy and Handel were always present at the bottom of his mind as a kind of double pedal to every thought, word, and deed." Thus it appears that in him, as in many another man, the abiding impressions, the determining motives, the central inspirations which shaped and colored all his life, got into him very early. From childhood he was supposed to be destined to follow his father and grandfather into the ministry, and after taking his degree at Cambridge, he began his preparation for ordination by doing religious work among the poor in London. While at this work he tried to think out for himself various theological questions. Finding himself unable to believe the Anglican doctrine of the regenerative efficacy of infant baptism he declined to be ordained. Turning from the ministry, he could not decide between medicine, law, the army, the navy, diplomacy, literature, and art. Finally he went to New Zealand to try sheep-raising, in which he doubled his capital in five years; returning then to England in 1864, he turned to the study of art. Between 1868 and 1876 he exhibited a dozen pictures at the Royal Academy, the best one of them being hung on the line in 1878. Its subject was, "Mr. Heatherley's Holiday." Heatherley, it seems, had a school of art which Butler attended. Mr. Heatherley never went away for a holiday. Once he had to go out of town on business and did not return until the next day. One of his students remarked to him that he must have enjoyed the change and especially must have found it refreshing to sleep for once out of London. "No," said Heatherley, "I did not like it. Country air has no body." Whenever the school was closed for a holiday, Heatherley employed his time in the lively and exhilarating recreation of mending the skeleton which hung in a corner of the studio and was used in teaching anatomy. He is represented so engaged in Butler's picture, "Mr. Heatherley's Holiday," which hangs now in the

National Gallery. His bachelor habits for many years are thus described in a letter: "I live almost the life of a recluse, seeing very few people and going nowhere that I can help—I mean in the way of parties and so forth; if my friends had their way they would fritter away my time without any remorse; but I made a regular stand against it from the beginning and so, having my time pretty much in my own hands, work hard; I find that it is next to impossible to combine what is commonly called society and work." When his father's death gave him a comfortable patrimony he made little change in his style of life beyond buying a new hairbrush and a larger wash-hand basin. Here is the way of his life: "When in London he got up at 6:30 in the summer and 7:30 in the winter, went into his sitting-room, lighted the fire, put the kettle on, and returned to bed. In half an hour he got up again, fetched the kettle of hot water, emptied it into the cold water that was already in his bath, refilled the kettle, and put it back on the fire. After dressing, he came into his sitting-room, made tea, and cooked, in his Dutch oven, something he had bought the day before. He then got his breakfast and read the Times. Then he started to walk to the British Museum, where he arrived about 10.30, every alternate morning calling at the butcher's in Fetter Lane to order his meat. In the Reading Room at the Museum he sat at Block B ('B for Butler') and spent an hour 'posting his notes'—that is, reconsidering, rewriting, amplifying, shortening, and indexing the contents of the little notebook he always carried in his pocket. After the notes he went on till 1:30 with whatever book he happened to be writing. On three days of the week he dined in a restaurant on his way home. When anyone expostulated with him about cooking his own breakfast and fetching his own water, he replied that it was good for him to have a change of occupation. This was partly the fact, but the real reason, which he could not tell everyone, was that he shrank from being served by anybody; he always paid more than was necessary when anything was done for him, and was not happy then unless he did some of the work himself." He did not go to see serious plays in the theater. He preferred to take his Shakespeare from the book, because the spirit and power of the great dramas were weakened by theatrical treatment. He went once a year for laughter to see comedy or pantomime. Butler died in London in 1902, aged fifty-seven. By his direction his body was cremated and the ashes buried under the shrubs in the garden of the crematorium, with nothing to mark the spot. His writings make some seventeen volumes, part of them quite small. Greatest of all was *Erewhon*, which gave him his first fame, and which Augustine Birrell calls the best satire of its kind since *Gulliver's Travels*. Another critic says, "It really dug into the ribs of the human race and its civilization, turned it upside down and laughed at it." *Erewhon* has passed its tenth edition. The Fair Haven, published in 1873, when theological discussion was rife, purported to be an eirenicon and proposed to defend Christianity by proving its cardinal miracle, the resurrection. In this vindication he gave the skeptics their entire point of view and half their case. But the book contains such a blend of seriousness and irony that the effect is unsatisfactory. Some reviewers regarded it

as a notable contribution to Christian apologetics, and others denounced it as the insidious maneuver of an atheist. Here is a sample of Butler's reasoning about faith and reason: "Propositions are grounded upon one another. They support one another as plants and animals do; they are based ultimately on credit, or faith, rather than on the cash of demonstrative proof and irrefragable conviction. The whole universe is carried on on the credit system, and if the mutual confidence on which it is based were to collapse, it must itself collapse immediately. Just or unjust, it lives by faith; it is based on prevalent impalpable opinion that by some inscrutable process passes into will and action, and is made manifest in matter and in flesh: it is meteoric—suspended in mid-air; it is the baseless fabric of a vision so vast, so vivid, and so gorgeous that no base can seem more broad than such stupendous baselessness in positive proof, and yet any man can bring it about his ears or blur the vision by being overcurious; when faith falls, a system based on faith falls also. Whether the universe is really a paying concern, or whether it is an inflated bubble that must burst sooner or later, this is another matter. If people were to demand cash payment in irrefragable certainty for everything that they have taken hitherto on the credit of the bank of public opinion, is there money enough behind it all to stand so great a drain even on so great a reserve? Happily there can be no such panic, for even if the cultured classes do so, the uncultured are not likely to commit such stupendous folly. It takes a long course of academic training to educate a man up to the standard which he must reach before he can entertain captious critical questions seriously, and by a merciful dispensation of Providence university training is almost as costly as it is unprofitable. The majority will thus be always unable to afford it, and will base their opinions on mother wit, common sense, current opinion, and human experience rather than on demonstration, and so will find faith natural and easy. . . . Faith consists in holding fast that which the healthiest and most kindly instincts of the best and most sensible men and women are intuitively possessed of, without caring to require much evidence further than the fact that such people are so convinced; and for my own part I find the best men and women I know unanimous in feeling that life in others, even though we know nothing about it, is nevertheless a thing to be desired and gratefully accepted if we can get it either before death or after. I observe also that a large number of men and women do actually attain to such life, and in some cases continue so to live, if not for ever, yet to what is practically much the same thing. Our life in this world is, to natural religion as much as to revealed, a period of probation. The use we make of it is to settle how far we are to enter into another, and whether that other is to be a heaven of just affection or a hell of righteous condemnation. There are people who are as stuffed birds or beasts in a museum; serviceable no doubt from a scientific standpoint, but with no vivid or vivifying hold upon us. They seem to be alive, but are not. I am not speaking of them, but of those who do actually live in us, and move us to higher achievements though they be long dead. I speak of those who draw us ever more toward them from youth to age, and

to think of whom is to feel at once that we are in the hands of those we love, and whom we would most wish to resemble. What is the secret of the hold that these people have upon us? Is it not that while, conventionally speaking, alive, they most merged their lives in, and were in fullest communion with those among whom they lived? They found their lives in losing them. We never love the memory of anyone unless we feel that he or she was himself or herself a lover." In this book the three essays under the title "The Deadlock in Darwinism" are a postscript to the author's four books on evolution, namely, *Life and Habit*, *Unconscious Memory*, *Luck or Cunning*, and *Evolution Old or New*. Of the last and its author the critics wrote: "Though not a student of nature at first hand, he brought to the examination of ascertained facts a power of analysis and interpretation which his dialectic makes appear almost superhuman. He delighted in turning an authority's most cherished illustrations against the authority himself, a characteristic which together with his lucidity and satire places him among the most formidable of those who have opposed the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection. Introduce purpose, really consciously conceived purpose, into the course of evolution, as Butler's vitalistic theories do, and at least one great conviction of religion, that, namely, which views the universe as the expression of a Divine Will, comes near verification." "What was Mr. Darwin's system? Who can make head or tail of the inextricable muddle in which he left it? The *Origin of Species* in its latest shape is the reduction of hedging to an absurdity. How did Mr. Darwin himself leave it in the last chapter of the last edition of the *Origin of Species*? He wrote: 'I have now recapitulated the facts and considerations which have thoroughly convinced me that species have been modified during a long course of descent. This has been effected chiefly through the natural selection of numerous, successive, slight, favorable variations; aided in an important manner by the inherited effects of the use and disuse of parts, and in an unimportant manner—that is, in relation to adaptive structures whether past or present—by the direct action of external conditions, and by variations which seem to us in our ignorance to arise spontaneously. It appears that I formerly underrated the frequency and value of these latter forms of variation, as leading to permanent modifications of structure independently of natural selection.' The 'numerous, successive, slight, favorable variations' above referred to are intended to be fortuitous, accidental, spontaneous. It is the essence of Mr. Darwin's theory that this should be so. Mr. Darwin's solemn statement, therefore, of his theory, after he had done his best or his worst with it, is, when stripped of surplusage, as follows: 'The modification of species has been mainly effected by accumulation of spontaneous variations; it has been aided in an important manner by accumulation of variations due to use and disuse, and in an unimportant manner by spontaneous variations; I do not even now think that spontaneous variations have been very important, but I used once to think them less important than I do now.' It is a discouraging symptom of the age that such a system should have been so long belauded, and it is a sign of returning intelligence that even he who has been more especially

the *alter ego* of Mr. Darwin should have felt constrained to close the chapter of Charles Darwinism as a living theory, and relegate it to the important but not very creditable place in history which it must henceforth occupy."

Brierley's Last Book of Essays, Religion and To-Day. By the Author of *Life and the Ideal, Aspects of the Spiritual, Sidelights on Religion, Ourselves and the Universe*, etc. 12mo, pp. 288. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THE author of *Letters to Edward* wrote to the young minister in California, who was making a brave fight for life, about the great suggestiveness and stimulating power of Brierley's volumes of essays. Because no more are to come, Brierley having died recently, we present an extract from his last volume as an advertisement of his quality, hoping to induce some who have not his essays to secure them to their own well-assured advantage. It is part of the essay on "The Next Thing," and follows herewith without quotation marks: Why should there be a next thing? The mystery here is that there never is, for us, anything but the next thing. If only we could capture the present, and hold it for ever such a little while! But we never can. As we watch our moment it is gone. It is all eternal movement. We would study the picture, but it will not stay to be studied. As we look it has changed; it has disappeared, and another has taken its place. If our planet would only stop once in a while! But it rushes on. Before we have ceased rejoicing at spring's lengthening day, the summer is on us, reaches its climacteric, and we are once more on the downward course. Within us it is the same. Our thought, our feeling, is an incessant movement. For us there were neither thought nor feeling without it. Our tenure of them is on condition that we lose what we had a moment ago. And they never repeat themselves. Our relation to reality is a pin-prick here and there, and then away. There must surely be another thought, another feeling, deeper and stronger, whose hold on reality is so much firmer than ours, whose relation to it is not the fleeting moment, but the eternal Now! It is thus that, when we begin to think about thought, we have to postulate God. Our world history, as we study it, is found to be a continual production of the next thing. From that study men have deduced what they call the laws of nature. We see a grand uniformity. The sun goes on rising and setting; the waters run down hill; fire burns; cold contracts; heat expands. From certain antecedents you get certain consequences. If you attach a match to gunpowder it explodes. You may repeat the experiment a thousand times, and with the same result. You can calculate here with tolerable certainty on the next thing. Out of all this men have constructed a doctrine of materialistic necessity. Things are thus and nobody can make them otherwise. They have carried it into the region of mind and will. They find in them the last phase of material evolution. "All thought is from phosphorus." Sensation is a nervous reaction. As to willing, if you could find out all a man's antecedents and all the facts of his environment, you could predict what he would do. We are in a closed circle. The next thing, in the world's happenings, and in your happenings, is just a link in the chain of necessity. But this doctrine, so

widely prevalent during the last half century, is rapidly going by the board. And it is science, which first led us into the *impasse*, that is now showing us the way out. A clearer mental science for one thing. Things are thus; but why they should be thus is, we see, quite another question. A given impact produces a given sensation, but why it should produce that sensation, who knows? Why there should be this order of nature, against a thousand other possible ones, again, who knows? The notion, too, that the order of nature is a closed circle, that the next thing is always predictable, is being shown to be an illusion. Darwin's confession that the variation in species was in itself inexplicable made a hole in the necessitarian doctrine which has never been filled up; which, indeed, has been widening ever since. The researches of De Vries and other German scientists, which show that in the plant world the variation is a sudden one, in the nature of a surprise, is the last note in evolution, and it opens up a whole world of possibilities. Evolution has here, as it was bound to do, struck upon the supernatural. The "next thing," not in the plant world only, but, as we are discovering, in world history, in human history, is always a surprise. It cannot be accounted for by the known antecedents. The result is always more than what came before it. Something new is ever being produced. Upon the known is the incessant play of the unknown. The invisible force which makes a new plant possible in botany is what makes possible a new man in history. It is here that science and theology join hands. It is because life is seen rising stage above stage, each unaccountable by anything which has gone before—each drawing into itself all that has gone before, but adding something beyond and above—that the scientist can hail the ascent of vegetable to animal, of animal to man; and that the Christian can find in Christ, and through him, in himself, the ascent of man to God. There is then, it seems, a freedom even in matter which the earlier scientists knew not of. The next thing is, after all, not so easily predictable. We find this still more in the mind and the will. Man has always been inwardly sure of the freedom of the will, even when his reason seemed to deny it. It was as Dr. Johnson put it: "All theory is against it, all experience is for it." To-day we are getting beyond that stage. We are justifying it to the reason. Bergson's analysis has shown us where the old mistake came in; the old mistake of studying the will by the thing done, and judging that by the false analogy of space and of mechanism, instead of judging as we should, by the act itself when it is doing; by catching the consciousness while it is at work, which gives us the verdict of freedom. How is the soul free? Not, as has been excellently put, "when it is at the mercy of every random impulse, but when it is acted upon by congenial forces, when it is exposed to spiritual pressure, to constraint within itself." Let us take a concrete instance. Take a high-souled man who is injured or insulted by his fellow. How will he act? What will be here the next thing? The natural reaction, the instinctive movement will be one of revolt, of paying back in like coin. That lies nearest to the animal in him, and he feels it all. But will it determine his action? Will that actually come next? There is a beautiful story which

D'Aguesseau, a French Advocate-General of the seventeenth century, tells of his father: "Naturally of a quick temper," his son says of him, "when under provocation one saw him reddened and become silent at the same moment; the nobler part of his soul allowing the first fire to pass without word said, in order to reestablish straightway that inner calm and tranquillity which reason and religion had combined to make the habit of his soul." There you have the thing taken from the life; the trained soul caught in the entire fineness of its action. The whole philosophy of the spirit is there; the higher nature constructing its next thing, not from the grosser impulses, but from the free obedience it pays to the highest that is in it. These are the noble successes of the soul—the things that are best to learn from. But there is a whole chapter of its failures, and these also are to be noted. There is a deadly progression in evil, as well as in good; in evil, which also is ever demanding its next thing. It will not stop with what it has done; it must do more. You begin with your stimulant, and then you increase the dose. Yesterday's excess is not enough for to-day. That is true of all intoxications, whether of the flesh or of the mind. Tiberius offered a reward for a new pleasure. He had run through all he knew, and the craving was worse than ever. Why could not Napoleon stop at the point he had reached? Surely it was enough—he, a few years before a nobody, the son of a nobody, now at the top of Europe, with France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, the peninsula all at his feet! No, he must have the next thing, and so comes Moscow, the ruin of his army, the break-up of his empire. We have to-day in England an illustration of the fatal movement of the next thing—when the thing is a wrong one—which some of us contemplate with a feeling beyond words. The woman's movement is one on which we had looked with such infinite hope. Her entry into politics was surely to idealize politics, to lift it out of the brutalities in which man had so often dragged it, into something purer, tenderer, more human. We saw in it the abolition of war, the care of the children, of the needy, the Christianization of the state. And we believe it still means all that. And then some of its leaders, impatient in their ardor, take a first false step. They forsake the weapons of argument, of reason, of their true feminine influence, for the inferior one of violence. They exchange the weapons of the spirit for the arm of flesh. Did they think when that first step was taken of the law of the next thing? The first violences fall; then there must be more violences; the blows must be harder, the destruction more widespread. And the inner state must follow the same law. The first animosity must deepen into hate, until hate passes into delirium. And this amazing thing takes place in England, of all countries in the world. Not in revolutionary France, not in Nihilist Russia, not in the inflammable southern races, but in England—the practical, the law-abiding, the home, supposed, of common sense! Have these people, one wonders, studied the history of civilization? Have they studied Christianity? They suffer for their cause; they suffer heroically. But not as the martyrs of the spirit have suffered, not as the heroes of the ideal. The early Christian women suffered; their martyrdoms were the most wonderful of all. We

see young women, girls, offering themselves with a smile to the Roman torture, yielding their limbs to the claw of the wild beast. But their fight was always a suffering, never the infliction of it. Their weapons were the weapons of faith, of courage, of dauntless patience, not the stone, the firebrand; words of love and pity, never the words of calumny, of hate. How well they understood their business! The ideal was to be won by nothing less than the ideal. The soul must win by the soul's strength. Lactantius gives us their plan of campaign: "Let the heathen imitate us Christians; no one is retained among us against his will. Religion is to be defended not by killing, but by dying." May we not hope that the next thing in this piteous business will be a return to that older, better way? Has not history shown us that it is the only way? There are a thousand ways down, but assuredly there is no other way up. But there are some other and, happily, less controversial sides of this theme. It is a touchstone of the morality of our everyday life. The next thing; what is it to be? There are so many of them, and such enticing ones—an extra half hour in bed; the new novel, which we closed last at its most exciting part; the evening out, which will cost time and money, but provides its dose of excitement. On the other side there is that tough piece of work which waits to be done; that tangled mass of detail which needs to be straightened out; that service of help which we have promised and not yet touched. Let us offer here a rule of life which has been proved by long experience: Take your toughest job first; let the pleasure wait till the duty be done; of your morning callers, let old Disagreeable, or even if his card bear the name of Odious, have your first interview. Met promptly and bravely, your difficulty, your disagreeable, even your odious, will lose their ugliness, they will drop their mask of repulsion, and disclose themselves as the best of friends and helpers. It is part of the humor of life that the soul's best friends come to it first in masquerade. They test our courage, our perception, by putting on a stern and forbidding aspect. How glad they are when they see we have discovered the jest; that we know them for what they are! Penetrate their disguise; bid them come in; give welcome to duty, to toil, to fatigue, to the troublesome, the difficult, and your fortune is made. You have annexed the finest apparatus of living, the surest instruments of success. The next thing! Who knows what it is going to be? We can predict eclipses, assign the moon's position at a given day and hour, be wise about a thousand things in nature. The one thing where our ignorance is absolute is as to what is going to happen to you or to me to-day or to-morrow. A singular position this, surely, to move incessantly to the encounter of the unknown! You and the event! Through all the ages you have been traveling to meet each other. The thing that is going to make or mar you—at least, to change you immeasurably—untracked, invisible, is moving on to the point where it will cross your path! It may be the lover whose face you will see to-day for the first time; or an accession of fortune; a death; or perhaps a book that will fall into your hands. Ignatius Loyola, the gay young knight of Spain, meets on a given day at Pampeluna a cannon ball which breaks his leg. That is one life encounter. As he lies in hospital,

to help along the weary hours he opens a book, *The Lives of the Saints*. He reads of Augustine and Jerome; of Dominic and Saint Francis. He reads, and his life is fixed for him. He drops the knight and becomes the saint, the world-shaking spiritual leader. Surely in life there is nothing so awesome as this: the wedding of our soul to that outside thing, now on its way, which is to be our destiny! Let us be sure it is on an appointed way; that its mission is not a chance, but a Providence. Can we offer a better petition for our morning prayer than this: O God, prepare us this day for what thou art preparing for us! The next thing is never the same as the last thing. History, on the large scale or the small—your history or the world's—does not repeat itself.

Better, so call it, only not the same.

Nothing can be as it has been before,

And shall we not say that it is better; that the movement is an advance? The route is often a circuitous one, with halts, with lapses, with puzzling detours to left and right. Nature, as Lessing says, often takes us the long way round instead of by the short cut, and has her reasons for it. But there is no mistaking the general line of movement. The fact that humanity is perpetually obsessed by its ideal is the surest guarantee of its upward destiny. The ideal, flaming before it—its pillar of fire in the wilderness—guides it surely toward Canaan. For the ideal, as Fouillée puts it, "is but the deepest sense and anticipation of future reality." And may we not with him dismiss the notion that it is not real because it is distant? [And now that Brierley is gone how impressive are his closing words]: Some day we shall reach the point where, for us, the next thing will be a step into the invisible. So simple, yet so great a thing! In that hour we shall have nothing to do, but everything to experience. Nature will take us by the hand and lead us through the great portal. She will deal with us, be sure, as gently as when she brought us, a little child, into this world—where she brought us into the center of a home, into a circle of those who loved us. We like that saying of old Walton in his life of Donne: "In the last hour of his last day, as his body melted down and vaped into spirit." Dying should be our last, best act of faith. It calls for faith, but the faith has such good reasons. We have experienced too much of God's goodness in this life to anticipate aught else in any other. Said Kant once in his later days to a circle of his friends: "Gentlemen, I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that if, on this very night, suddenly, the summons to death were to reach me, I should hear it with calmness, and should raise my hands to heaven and say, Blessed be God!" Why not? We bless God for our life, which is his gift. Shall we not also bless him for death, which, be sure, is no lesser gift? And thus end the words of J. Brierley to his fellow men, who for mental and spiritual help are to him much indebted.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody. Edited by DANIEL GREGORY MASON. 12mo, pp. 171. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, \$1.50, net.

MORE quintessential than biography and more self-revealing than autobiography are such letters as these, written in the freedom of privacy to trusted friends by a man of candid nature with never a dream of their ever seeing the light of publicity. That is how we like to catch a man—*tête à tête* with his intimate friends, when he doesn't know anybody is listening or looking, as we find him in these letters. In 1889 a boy of twenty, born in the village of Spencer, Ind., entered Harvard College with twenty-five dollars as his entire capital, and partly responsible for the support of a relative. He worked hard at tutoring, proctoring, type-writing, and anything else he could find to do, and studied so hard that he covered the four-years' course in three years, and so was free to spend his senior year abroad in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Greece, earning his expenses and more by tutoring a rich man's son with whom he traveled. Graduating in 1893, he remained two years more at Harvard, the first year in post-graduate studies and the second as instructor in English composition. In vacation after his post-graduate studies he and his sister are in the Adirondacks, and he writes from Long Lake: "Since reaching this loafer's paradise I have melted into a spiritual jellyfish. I sleep by the week, eat by the tubful, and never have an idea. The hotel, a mile up the lake, is full of human spawn, only human by virtue of being made in the likeness of an outraged God. My plans of work have crumbled: simply lie and cumber the earth, disgracefully contented. I feel myself drifting toward the damnable heresy that the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin have some advantages. Can't you throw me a rope in the shape of a lyric idea? I should hardly know what to do with it, but it might comfort me." The vast pine forest with its stately indifference, its huge *insouciance*, awes and humbles him: "It ignores your interesting personality in a way that puts your self-importance out of countenance. Lying on your back under the dense domes and arches of these gigantic trees and listening to the murmur of their solemn soliloquy, it occurs to your reluctant mind that perhaps God could manage to think his thoughts without pouring them through just your ingenious brain. I begin to suspect that even the voice of many prophets prophesying may be as the noonfly and the strident midge in the ears of God." Finding himself obliged, that autumn, to ask a friend to lend him fifty dollars for two months, he writes: "I feel very mean to ask for it, but being in a hole is being in a hole, and the situation transcends philosophy." Sending his thanks for the check, which came promptly, he says: "It is comforting to find that the ravens still come so opportunely to feed the starving prophet." In 1895 Moody became instructor in the English department of Chicago University. Arriving in September, one of his first necessities was to replenish his scanty wardrobe, which prosaic business, transacted in a Jew department store, the young poet reports poetically: "Spent the morning shopping in the New Jerusalem, walking on golden pavements,

and interwarbling on the theme of shirts and socks with whatever seraphic creatures had found it good that day to put on the habit and estate of shop-girls for the glory of God and the furtherance of his kingdom." Coming from the classic calm of Cambridge, the rude roaring Western metropolis ruffles and jars him: "I do not know what Chicago is going to do to me and for me, but I am sure of its potency—its alchemical power to change and transmute. It contains the crude juice of life, intellectual and social protoplasm. It is appallingly ugly, so ugly that the double curtain of night and sleep does not shut out the horror of it nor screen the aching sense." After being there a month, he explains why he hasn't answered a friend's letter: "If you knew the beast Chicago, the pawing and glaring of it, you would forgive me. I have been in the condition of a boy in the bear-pit; it has taken all my dexterity to keep out of the jaws of the creature. But now I am learning its ways a little, and can make it crack my nuts and dance to my fiddling." Approaching his work in Chicago University, the task seemed to him portentous and himself comically small for it in that new great world; but in a few months he writes: "I have been having a highly exciting time. I have two classes—one of forty, the other of twenty—nearly two thirds of whom are girls. Picture my felicity when I inform you that far from the frowsy, bedraggled, anæmic, simpering creatures I anticipated, half of them at least are stars. I regret that popular usage should have dechromatized the term, for I mean stars of the most authentic stellerity and the most convincing twinkle. Lecturing before them is like a singing progress from Boötes to the Lyre, with wayfaring worlds to lift the chorus. At the beginning I made an honest man's effort to talk about the qualities of style and the methods of description, but I am a weak vessel. Now I drool blissfully about God in his world, with occasional wadings into spumy Styx and excursions into the empyrean." But he does not enjoy the treadmill of teaching; he often feels like trundling his "little instructorial droning-gear into Lake Michigan and stepping out on the Open Road, west or south, a free man by the grace of God and a tramp by preference." He chafes at confinement, and, finding life dull out at the University, wishes he lived in the very heart of that "gigantic ink-blot of a town," where, he thinks, he might "make a happy and efficient peanut-vender on Clark or Randolph Street because the rush and noise of the city's human tides would solicit and engage him; or the life of a trolley motorman might have attractive and exhilaratory features; and an imaginative bootblack might be lord of unlimited realms." "But out here in this academic eddy," he continues, "where there is no city life to gaze at, nothing to relieve the tedium of a mushroom intellectuality, no wild wickedness or valiant wrestling with hunger to break the monotonous spectacle of gospel-peddling comfort, the imagination doth boggle at it." One effect of his suppressed and tethered life is seen in this explosion of a volley of ejaculations in a letter to Josephine Preston Peabody in his first year there: "Ruskin would not be happy in Chicago—God is a very considerable personage—so is Rockefeller—The poet in a golden clime was born but moved away early—Art

is not long, but it takes a good while to make it short—An angle-worm makes no better bait because it has fed on Caesar—I am owner of the spheres and grow land-poor—A man may yearn over his little brothers and sisters and still be a Laodicean—God bless McKinley." Moody's passion was poetry from his college days to the end of life. The lines selected by Stedman for his *American Anthology* to represent the quality of Moody's verse are from "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," his tribute to Robert Gould Shaw, whom he calls "this proud Republic's perfect son"—the colonel of Massachusetts's colored Fifty-fourth Regiment, who led his black men to death and glory in the assault on Fort Wagner:

This delicate and proud New England soul
Who leads despised men, with just unabacked feet,
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
To show all peoples that our shame is done,
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

Crouched in the sea-fog on the moaning sand
All night he lay, speaking some simple word
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
Holding each poor life gently in his hand
And breathing on the base rejected clay
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
Against the breaking day.

Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed—
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed—
They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
Like freemen and like men of noble breed, those
Black men whom he led:
And when the battle fell away at night
By hasty and contemptuous hands were hurried
Obscurely in a common grave with him,
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.

But Moody did far better work than this. Stedman's *Anthology* was published in 1900, and Moody's greatest poetry came after that—a trilogy of verse-dramas, "The Masque of Judgment," "The Fire-Bringer," and "The Death of Eve," also a volume of Poems, and later still two prose plays for the stage. Of these the first was "The Great Divide," the scene of which was a gorge in the Rocky Mountains, which was a great popular success and had a ten-years' run, paying him part of the time five hundred dollars a week; the second was "The Faith-Healer," dealing with Schlatter, the "New Mexico Messiah," its scene the sick-room of an Ohio farmer's wife, and its motive-force the self-questioning spirit of a mystical revivalist; this play fell flat and was a complete failure. One of the first to recognize Moody's genius was that ever generously appreciative and fraternal soul, as well as competent critic, Richard Watson Gilder, who is said to have had Moody in mind in his stanzas entitled "A New Poet":

Friends, beware!
 A sound of singing in the air!
 The love-song of a man who loves his fellow men;
 Mother-love and country-love, and the love of sea and fen;
 Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long;
 There has come to the old world's singing the thrill of a brave new song.

They said there were no more singers,
 But listen!—a master voice!
 A voice of the true joy-bringers!
 Now will ye heed and rejoice,
 Or pass on the other side,
 And wait till the singer has died—
 Then weep o'er his voiceless clay?
 Friends, beware!
 A keen, new sound is in the air—
 Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day!

Candor requires the reviewer to notice one blemish which mars these letters. Now and then a silly swear-word is dropped like an ink-blot on the page, as senseless as a street urchin's or 'longshoreman's expletives and oburgations. They would fall under General Grant's reproof of his chief of staff: "Rawlins, your language would be just as forcible and a good deal more gentlemanly if you left out the bad words." Why a man like Moody, Harvard graduate and university instructor as he was, ever allows it in himself is incomprehensible to us. It is impossible to class the author of the "Daguerreotype," Moody's tender poem to his mother's picture, with Thackeray's "Georgey Osborne," that insufferable boy who regarded "damning and swearing" as the sign-manifest of a gentleman, and who practiced it swaggeringly. It is humiliating to find the brilliant fellow who wrote "Good Friday Night" in need of a lecture from Auld Burnbrae, whom Dr. Weelum MacIure, in the Bonnie Briar Bush, is thankful for having known in his youth and of whom he says, "Mony a lecture he gied me aboot gaein' tae kirk an' usin' better langidge; he was the richt sort, nae peetifu' chaff o' heepocrisy aboot him." Even the convicts in Auburn Prison formed an Anti-Swearing League in one shop, and decreed penalties for every oath or dirty word. A man of Moody's training and taste and culture should have been above such lowering and senseless language. From that one ugly blotch we gladly turn away to the general brightness and delightsomeness of these letters. In one letter we find Moody extremely moody—in a mood of despondency worthy of any writer or preacher. He has written a poem and sent it off, and "then," he says, "the inevitable revulsion set in. I lost faith in it, and then, being in a state of nerves, I took the easy step of losing faith in myself and my future." In that mood he read the lines over: "They were only dead ink. The paper dropped to the floor, and I sat, elbows on desk and head in hands. I had really felt the thing, I had put my best brain and heart into the lines; and here they were, not only dead, but graceless, repulsive, without the pathos or dignity of death. Life seemed hopeless." Then he got up out of his chair, looked out of his Chicago window, and saw the moon over Lake Michigan, "walking in

light as when she tormented the lowered eyes of Job, tempting him from Jehovah." Thus standing there by the window in the moonlight, desponding and tempted to despair, he remembered Job and what Job said when he refused to offer to the heavenly bodies the worship due to their Creator: "If I beheld the sun when it shined and the moon walking in brightness, and my heart had been secretly enticed and I had kissed my hand to them in worship; this would have been an iniquity to be punished by the Judge, for I should have denied the God that is above." Just how religious that despondent and tempted man felt there by the window we have no means of knowing; but he did the best possible thing—he went out for a long walk along the lake shore with triumphant Job for company, shook himself briskly in the cool air, stretched his lungs and his legs, got some of the blood from his brain into the muscular system; and when he came back to his quarters it was in a healthier mood, and, though he still pitied those poor pages on the floor, he gathered them up with a patient tenderness, "as one cares for a dead thing one picks up in the hedge, thinking of its brave fight for life." Next day came a letter praising his poem: "So it was not dead after all? I picked it up again and read it through with a flush of pleasure, and found it good, absurdly, ravishingly good!" And then he went back to his work with courage and determination. Ah, well! My brethren, this William Vaughn Moody seems much like the rest of us. Did his family get its name from being subject to extreme moods? Again we see him with a sense of failure when, after toiling hard for a week upon a piece of writing, he looks it over at the end and says, "Six days have I labored and done all this work, and lo! the result is 'Lollypop.'" Hear him again when a critic has dealt severely with one of his productions: "As for the Milton, it has, I believe, been out several weeks or months, though I have not yet seen a copy. If you want to learn what the New York Nation thinks of it, look in the columns of that sheet for the latter part of April. It does not leave enough of me to bury. I am told that other critics (Literature, the Dial, etc.) have been more plenteous in mercy, but I haven't had strength to look, after the Nation manhandling." One of his friends, a composer and teacher of music, was disabled and suffering with a broken wrist. He writes him sympathetically and helpfully thus: "The news from your sister-in-law about your wrist is distressing. My first feeling was rebellion at the world order and disgust at its ghastly lack of breeding. But my Methodist training urges me to give you a warm hand-grasp, the purport of which is, *Keep your sand!*" Then he reminds his suffering friend that dark hours, like a dark cellar, ripen and mellow some things, and adds, "And meanwhile, after one's eyes get used to the dim dirty light and one's feet to the mildew, a cellar has its compensations. I have found beetles of the most interesting proclivities, mice altogether comradely and persuadable, and forgotten potatoes that sprouted toward the crack of sunshine with a wan maiden grace not seen above. I don't want to pose as resourceful, but I have seen what I have seen and some dark hours." And then, in his effort to divert his friend's thoughts and lift him out of a depressed and disconsolate mood, he flings him this

enlivening picture: "Even I have learned how to pick up shreds of comfort out of this or that one of God's ash-barrels. Yesterday I was skating on a patch of ice in the park, under a poverty-stricken sky flying a pitiful rag of sunset. Some little muckers were guying a slim, half-grown Irish girl who circled and darted under their banter with complete unconcern. She was in the fledgeling stage, tall and awkward, with a huge hat full of rusty feathers and a gay aplomb and swing of the body. We caught hands in midflight and skated for an hour, almost alone and quite silent, while the rag of sunset rotted to pieces. She was something absolutely new, authentic, and inexpressible, something original which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication. I came away mystically shaken and elate. It is thus that angels converse. Few casual experiences have I had in life for which I would exchange this one. I am supported by a conviction that, if I were put up for sale to-day on the steps of the great White Throne, I would bring more at auction, by several harps and a stray dulcimer, than if I had not had that experience. . . . The thing for you to do, in your enforced furlough, is to come to Chicago. It is the greatest health resort going—*mirabile dictu!* We live on bicycling, baseball, breezes, and buncombe, and keep right chipper mostly. Can't you come out for a while? I could put you up snugly if you could stand the shiftlessness of bachelor housekeeping. Don't let traveling expenses deter you. The walking is good all the way from Boston to Chicago, and handouts are rich and plentiful along the road." He has to tell his musician-friend, however, that Chicago prospects for a musician are poor: "Not that Chicago is not musical—it is amazingly and egregiously so. Calliope is the one Muse we recognize, and we give her the front spare bedroom and unlimited pie. But the town is overrun with music teachers, chiefly foreign, whereof I find recorded the names of unbelievable thousands." Nevertheless he exhorts him to stick to his trade: "For you to give up music for anything else is for an oyster to renounce pearl-making in order to devote its energies to the composition of sea-weed pills." Many of Moody's letters are the fountain-play of an exuberant vitality, indulging freely in romping exaggeration, a delirious adventure of expression, antic wit and frolic fancy; as exuberant as his writings, which are marked by profuse bloominess and also by studied and practiced artistry, by a lush variety of colorful metaphors as lavish as the morning-glory vine which tapestries the wall at the head of the New Bedford pier and "shakes its trumpets to the sun," also by the skilled literary workmanship which fits the felicitous phrase to the well-formed idea as fits a woman's figure the gown of which women say, "It fits as if she had been melted and poured into it." Moody set much store by, and spent much labor on, what he called the conquest of language, corresponding to a painter's mastery of colors and a musician's mastery of tones. When criticized for his florid vocabulary and exuberance of expression he defended himself against the demands of a too prim and pedantic plainness and severe simplicity, and he insisted on the liberty to invent new forms and try experiments even daringly and as unrestrainedly as a June rosebush blooms. He finds that the West is more

tolerant and avid of his exuberance than is the East, and writes a Boston friend: "I find that the West cries out for the feathers and furbelows of feeling that you Cambridge mode-makers consigned to the garret decades ago. They're a little bedraggled at times, but we wear them with an air! Rousseau would weep over us, Chateaubriand would call us brothers; and I wonder if those two were so ridiculous after all as they seem from the serene middle of Harvard Square? . . . Alas, the better ways of gilding the gray days slip from me. Apollo has gone a-hunting, and I wasn't asked. I have hung my harp on a willow, where it gathers rust and caterpillars. I am gone stark dumb. I rap myself and get sound of cracked clay. A white rage seizes me 'at times, against the pottering drudgery that has fastened its lichen teeth on me. . . . O, if Providence will only get this shiny taste of themes and literary drool out of my mouth, and let me taste the waters of life where they are near the well-head! O, to go a-brook-following! O happiness! . . . O, to walk in a country of many-colored bushes beside bright gleaming waters! To hear the shy bird at evening!" No school boy ever longed for vacation more impatiently, or relished it with keener zest, or found it harder to settle down contentedly to lessons and the desk again. Once, when he returned to his university work after the Christmas holidays in shrill and bitter weather, he wrote: "Chicago is many kinds of a hell, and seemed more infernally ugly and grim than I had believed possible. But there was nothing for me to do but to put my sensibilities in the lower bureau drawer and buckle down to business. Gradually the beneficent numbness of drudgery stole over me; and that unilluminated dogged patience which is my substitute for moral courage is beginning to possess what in more favorable seasons I am wont to refer to exuberantly as my soul. Yet the best I can do at present is to hump my back, turn down my hat brim, and stoically count the number of streams running down my back, until the drizzle decides to cease." This Indiana boy, notwithstanding his fondness for New England culture, really glories in the West—its freedom, its expansiveness: "As for Chicago, I find that it gives me days, or at least hours, of broad-gauge Whitmanesque enthusiasm, meagerly sprinkled over weeks of tedium. Genuinely, I feel mellow, deeper-lunged, more of a lover of life, than I have ever felt before." Looking forward to revisiting the precincts of fair Harvard, he writes a Boston friend thus: "Cambridge, mellow and autumnal, begins to loom symbolic, under the stress of the relentless prairie light and vast featureless horizon. . . . I am eager for the inimitable charm of Cambridge, for that atmosphere of mind at once so impersonal and so warm, for that neatness and decency of you children who have been washed and dressed and sent to play on the front lawn of Time by old auntie Ding-an-Sich, while we hoodlums out here contend with the goats for tomato cans in the alley." Much of Moody's work was rooted at bottom in the religious instincts; and a real, even when disguised, spirituality breathes its fine fragrance through his verse; due doubtless to early religious culture to which he refers as his "Methodist training." His attitude toward life was an affirmative and hearty acceptance of it as a whole, rejecting and

condemning most of all the negative things like doubt, hesitation, cowardice, indifference, aimlessness, sluggishness, self-indulgence, and querulous or cynical or stoical denials of life. His underlying purpose in "The Masque of Judgment" was to inculcate a brave love of life and faith in its issues. He held that in some periods and places Christians have leaned too much toward ascetic denials and refusals of life, its delights, its bloominess, and its fullness, contrary to the spirit and teachings of Christianity's Founder. This attitude he opposed and satirized. He regarded life as rich and wonderful because of its aspirations and struggles, its heroisms, loves, liberties, and renunciations. His most lovable trait was his broad, warm-hearted sympathy with humanity. He took human nature as it is, with its conflicting elements, and glorified it, pitying its frailties and admiring its aspirations. To every struggler in the mesh of spirit and of flesh, striving to make spirit triumph over flesh, he would say: "My bosom yearns above thee, thinking of all thy gladness, all thy woe; I am thy friend, thy friend, whoever is thy foe." Moody agrees with William Winter that "a spiritual result is the main object and supreme justification of life." He conceives of the feelings, the passions, the senses as ministers of spirituality, and sees them transfigured in that ministration; in harmony with Browning's words, "Nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul." And it must be said of this virile and robust young poet that even in regions near the danger line his verse keeps on the safe side, never goes over the brink. Even his gayest and most fragile butterflies never alight in the mire. Even his sensuousness is not sensual. His vision never stops in sense. In his "Masque of Judgment" he makes Raphael sing: "The spirit through the senses five doth peer as a fawn from the green windows of a wood." He is exquisitely aware of the spiritual qualities in his best friends. To one of them he writes with gentle and sincere appreciation: "Consider what the spiritual grace of your character has been to me, looking as I do with wistful eyes after righteousness and remembering that I am a man with a man's eternal aims and a man's chances of help and hindrance on the tragic road; for which help in living it is not unbecoming to give thanks from time to time." To another friend he writes: "I envy you your unflinching hold upon spiritual truth and your power of walking in the light of it." When his college friend, Philip Henry Savage, author of some poems of rare delicacy and distinction, died, Moody wrote: "The news came to me with a strange solemnity on shipboard in mid-ocean. I know nobody who could go beyond Time with better-grounded hopes of contentment there. I do not know why the death of a spiritual man, especially one who dies in youth, is so much more moving than that of another. One would expect it to be the contrary way; perhaps it is to the true understanding." These letters are in no way great, but they give us the best view we shall get into the friendly soul of a brilliant boy who did fine work and died before his prime. In the spring of 1905 he was laid up for some time by the necessity for an operation in a New York hospital, and hobbled about on crutches for quite a while after. In the spring of 1908 his stalwart constitution was further broken by a severe and prolonged attack of

typhoid fever, during which he was faithfully nursed in his New York apartment by his devoted long-time friend, Mrs. Harriet Brainerd, whom he married a year later, though in such feeble health that he died the year following their marriage.

The Minister as a Man. By ANDREW GILLIES. 16mo, pp. 63. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 35 cents.

AN inspired and inspiring matriculation day address delivered at the Boston University School of Theology. To broadcast it as widely as possible is a duty owed to the church and its ministers and the human race. We wish it might be in the hands of every minister and every candidate for the ministry. It is full of fire and incitement. It has the summoning thrill of bugles and the compulsion of a call to arms. It sounds the orders of the Captain of Salvation to the Christian ministry to mobilize all its forces. The preacher of the gospel *must* have education and culture, but also, and far more, *must* he have impassioned ardor, burning conviction, the passion of the Cross, the eager yearning for souls, the determination to win and compel men to accept Christ, the readiness to do and endure for pure love all that men of the world do for money or patriotism or ambition. Dr. Gillies's words are as practical as they are impassioned. Nowhere do they suggest a man awed by an occasion, or aiming to air his scholarship or culture; but rather a man bent solely and intensely on his Master's business, a working pastor, with his soul in its working clothes, a fine odor of labor about him, rich in experience, loaded with the heavy responsibilities, and happy in the glorious privileges of a fruitful pastorate, from which he steps aside for a day to talk, in dead earnest and with straight drive, to his young brothers preparing for the same lofty and holy calling. The address seems spoken by a man in haste, with urgency and immediacy, yet it is full of the wisdom of long-gathering and hard-won experience in a faithful and intense ministry. We must justify what we are saying about it by some specimens of its quality. "Time was when a call to the Methodist ministry was synonymous with a summons to the heroic. It offered a man hardship in place of ease, a battlefield for a home, abuse and persecution for a salary, and short rations most of the time. It sent him where he wasn't wanted, and usually where he didn't want to go. He was ostracized by his kind, opposed by misguided Christians, and often maligned by those to whom he proclaimed the evangel. Some years ago it was mine to know a real Methodist preacher. In early manhood he was called to preach, and forsook all to respond. He offered himself as an itinerant when that word meant what it said. They sent him out on the trackless prairies, and he went with a song on his lips. Like Abram he went forth, not knowing whither he was going. He roamed those wastes in a ceaseless quest for immortal souls. He was baked in summer and frozen in winter, and blown about by the winds all the year. For some time his salary was nothing, paid in advance. Then it was raised to three or four hundred, and he was left to raise it. 'He did double work on half rations and quarter pay.' For forty years he plodded on

without a groan or a whine. In some unaccountable way he saved a few hundred dollars. Then he bought a little farm in Vermont, and tried to avoid becoming a mendicant and a burden on the church. He worked his farm for a living, and continued serving God for fun. He preached in a little chapel out at Forgotten Corners. He rode over the hills to beseech men to be reconciled to God. He went in and out of the homes of the village like a benediction on two legs. He had little, but was immensely rich and happy with that little. And then one day God called again, and he answered, 'Here am I.' He slipped out with a smile on his face, and joined the ranks of the redeemed. And everybody for miles around came and bared their heads and wept while they laid the worn body to rest. O, he was a glorious man, an ambassador of Christ indeed! I would walk barefoot, if need be, ten miles to behold his like again. Has the need for a life like that really gone from our religion? Is there no longer a call for genuine self-effacement? Has a something else come to take the place of the heroic and the sublime? In fact, does this age of plenty and power require that its ministers be simply well-educated, tactful, and well-dressed? The law of vicarious suffering is the law of service for all time. It was true in the age in which it was given. It is true in the age in which we live. Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Neither is there anything else. There is no church, no gospel, no Kingdom, no conquest. And that law is woven inextricably with the work of the Christian ministry. There, above every other place or profession, it must find its reincarnation. The gospel of a broken heart demands the ministry of broken hearts. As soon as we cease to bleed we cease to bless. When our sympathy loses its pang we can no longer be 'servants of the passion'—in those other and most wonderful words of Dr. Jowett's, 'To be in the sacrificial succession, our sympathy must be a passion, our intercession must be a groaning, our beneficence must be a sacrifice, and our service must be a martyrdom. In everything there must be the shedding of blood.' In the church of to-day there are those leaders who illumine the glory of this principle. Their lives are invested for the race, their strength is gladly spent for their fellow men. Some years ago I read Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' book—*A Singular Life*. Some years ago I read, too, that much-talked-of book Robert Elsmere. And only yesterday did I finish that book *The Inside of the Cup*. They are all crude in their theology and in some of their ecclesiasticism. They all err in some important particulars. Robert Elsmere was a fool to leave the church because of new light. And John Hodder was wrong in identifying Socialism with Christianity. But they are all tremendous in that they point out the subtlest peril of the ministry, and in that they show us the only way that we as men of God can grip the world. The peril is not that we won't be orthodox, but that we won't be honest. It is not that our sermons will be doctrinal, but that they won't be vital. It is not that we will sell our convictions, but that we will unconsciously lose them. 'The world offers itself as a climate, and we may be led into accepting it as the atmosphere of our lives.' In *The Inside of the Cup* you re-

member John Hodder, the preacher, is awakened. He sees that the church itself must be changed in its ideals, and with grim determination he goes to face Eldon Parr. But at the door of the mansion he pauses in actual fear. He is afraid of himself in the air he is to breathe. He is afraid, not that he will be cowardly, but that he will be overwhelmed. He fears 'lest the changed atmosphere of the banker's presence might deflect his own hitherto clear perception of true worth.' And John Hodder here stands for every man who preaches. One day Frederick Robertson came to a crisis in his own religious experience. No longer could he believe or proclaim as he had been taught. So he left his pulpit and people and sought the mountain fastnesses; and there he found faith that lifted him to heavenly places in Jesus Christ. He knew, however, that to be true he must also suffer. But he said: 'Henceforth I expect to stand alone. But I am not afraid of a solitude which his presence peoples with a crowd.' One day Lorenzo the Magnificent said: 'I am dying. Bring me that honest friar. I don't want those who have said what I liked. I want him who said what was true.' And they brought to the room the lean and gaunt Girolamo Savonarola, and the king said, 'Savonarola, confess me and give me absolution.' And, true to the last, the friar said, 'I will do so on three conditions—that you confess your dependence on the mercy of God, that you order your sons to pay back your ill-gotten gains, and that you restore to the people of Florence the liberties which you took from them.' And Lorenzo the king refused, and the faithful friar walked out. One day young Henry Ward Beecher was made pastor of a church in Indiana. And he found that the subject of slavery was tabooed in the pulpits of that section. They might preach of the sins of the Jews, but not of the sin of the South. And young Beecher began to touch it by means of illustration. And then he went farther, and touched that open sore of civilization. And after his sermon one of the men came up to him and said, 'Mr. Beecher, if you preach against slavery, six of our most prominent families will leave this church.' And that young preacher, with his future before him, lifted himself up in his might and said, 'Give me their names now, please, that I may give them their letters at once.' One day the Wesleyan Church forgot the spirit of Wesley. William Booth wanted to go out and work among the social outcasts. They wanted to tie him down and run him in a mold. In pious stupidity they said, 'You can do just this and this.' And a little woman in the gallery rose up and cried, 'Never, William! Never!' And William Booth took his hat and went out to found the Salvation Army. Those were supreme moments in the lives of those mighty men. They were moments upon whose issues hung the destiny of countless human souls. Such dramatic moments may be ours, and again they may not. But ours it is to choose the higher or lower road, the road of slavish subserviency, or the road of conscience and God, the road to the greatest power, or the road to impotence and barren labor. Let us fall not when the test comes; fall not as God is our God. Do not be a casuist in the pulpit and an opportunist outside. Do not do your pastoral work from the pulpit, but

preach the whole counsel of God. Preach it in tenderness and love, but preach it direct to men's souls. Preach it not destructively, but constructively and wisely. Be the slave of no man or class, but be the servant of all. Go forward with the Christian program though you walk the way alone. Compromises you must make, but make them always toward the goal. Tact and patience you must have, but both must be servants of fidelity. Never take a backward step for considerations of self-interest. Never let personal friendship blind your eyes to the truth, or stay your feet from the path of duty. You can trust the truth. You can trust the best in men. Above all else, you can trust God. Keep in touch with all classes and get out of sympathy with none. Let your conscience be captive to God, and your wisdom be from above. If need be, and some time it may, take your whole ecclesiastical future and lay it on the altar of duty. Risk all in loyalty to conviction and in one vast venture of faith. Renounce! Renounce if need be all that makes life dear. And then the world will heed, for it will hear again the voice of the Christ, the call of Almighty God. In the urgent words which came to me long, long ago,

Be true to all truth the world denies,
Not tongue-tied to its gilded sin,
Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within.

The man of God must be a lover of men. The salvation of souls and the restoration of the race must be his real meat and drink. The only qualified leader of the church is a genuine lover of men, who cares for men's souls, and cares till he cannot sleep. It is he who makes everything bend toward the one work of getting men saved. In the new edition of John Wesley's Journal I find this naive entry: 'On Thursday, the 20th, I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport Pagnell, and then rode on till I overtook a serious man, with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were, therefore I said nothing to contradict him. He was quite uneasy to know whether I held the doctrine of the decrees as he did. But I told him over and over we had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry at one another. And so we did for two miles, till he caught me unawares and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him, "No, I am John Wesley himself," upon which he would gladly have run away outright. *But being the better mounted of the two, I kept close to his side, and endeavored to show him his heart till he came into the street of Northampton.* Superb! Sublime! That is personal work, and there a lover of men. Some time ago I sat and talked with a district superintendent in the West. He was deploring the inertia of the church to-day, and trying to find the cause. At last he said: 'I wish I had the same faith and fearless persistence that my preacher-father had. He feared neither man, nor devil, official board, nor mob.

On one of his charges the work languished, and the church was spiritually dead. So he called his official board together and said, "What shall we do?" "O," they said, "there is nothing to do. Things are as they are." "I want a series of meetings," he said. They replied: "We are behind in the finances this year. We can't afford what they would cost." "All right," he said. "If I can't have a series of services with you, then I'll have a series of services without you." And he did. On Sunday morning he announced from the pulpit, "Special services will be held in this church every evening this week except Saturday." Monday evening he and the janitor were the only ones present. When he asked the janitor to lead in prayer the man fled, and he was left alone. And alone he met every night that week. He built the fire and lighted the lights. Then he read the Scriptures, sang a hymn, prayed, and went home. The next Sunday morning he announced from the pulpit, "Special services will be continued in this church five evenings this week." And they were. On Monday evening a group of young men heard him holding forth. "Come on," said one, "let's go in. There's an old fool in here who is holding meetings with himself. Let's go in and see how he does it." They went in. He preached the gospel. One of those young men arose and came to God. The next night there were twenty there, including some of the official board. The next night the church was filled, and for six consecutive weeks that old man preached Christ, and a hundred and fifty came to God. There are times of despondency and times of despair, for the flesh is weak indeed. But the joy of fidelity and loving service impoverishes man's vocabulary to express. To have the aged and infirm declare that you have brought heaven nearer, to have strong men say, 'You put heart into me for the heavy work of life'; to have children say, 'You led me to Jesus and made me to know life in God'—and then to be able to say, 'It is not I; it is my Master!' No other being ever knew what it was to taste joy like that."